For [illegible] see p. 203.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/travelsthroughge21stol

TRAVELS

THROUGH

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, ITALY,

AND

SICILY.

Julian Ludlow.
Frances

TRAVELS

THROUGH

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, ITALY,

and SICILY.

J. A. Carroll

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

FREDERIC LEOPOLD COUNT STOLBERG,

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Τὰ καλὰ ἐπὶ τοῖς ἀγάθοῖς. PLATO.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1802.

RBR
Lw2
#820
v.2

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

LETTER XXXVII. — Page 1.

JOURNEY to Milan—Carthuſian monaſtery—Hiſtorical abſtract of Milan—Revenge of Frederic the Firſt—Cathedral—Ambroſian library—Books, manuſcripts, pictures, and ſtatues.

LETTER XXXVIII. — Page 14.

The province of Milan—Robberies—Power of the nobility—Lodi—Placenza—Cattle, ſheep, and ſwine—Inundations—Parma, paintings, theatres, library—The famous picture of St. Jerome.

LETTER XXXIX. — Page 29.

Reggio and Modena—Arioſto and Correggio—Cultivation—The bucket—Bologna.

LETTER XL. — Page 37.

Population and inſtitutions of Bologna—Pictures, and ſchool of painters—St. Luke and his picture of the

Virgin—Particulars concerning the people and city of Bologna.

LETTER XLI. — Page 53.

Journey to Florence—Hiſtorical traces of the Tyrrheni and Etrurians.

LETTER XLII. — Page 62.

Florence, picture-gallery, ſtatues, muſeum, palaces, paintings, churches, library—Dante—Benevolent ſocieties.

LETTER XLIII. — Page 76.

Journey to Piſa, mild air, garden productions, hiſtorical traces—Ugolino, botanic garden, architecture—Algarotti—Bridges, quays, and buildings, wine, fruit, and flowers.

LETTER XLIV. — Page 87.

Journey to and country round Sienna — Hiſtorical ſketch of that place—Buildings, library, paintings, ſtatues — Journey to Rome—Radicofani and the ſurrounding country——Acqua Pendente—Lake of Bolſena—States of the Church—Viterbo—Ronciglione—Proſpect of and entrance into Rome.

LETTER XLV. — Page 98.

High maſs in St. Peter's—Reflections on the building —The reigning Pope, his perſon, age, guards, and proceſſion.

LET-

LETTER XLVI. — Page 101.

Angelica Kauffmann—Painting in wax-colours—Cardinal Bernis—Converſazioni of Italy and Rome—Italians characterized—Painters new-named—Pictures—Thermæ deſcribed—The Fontana del Aqua Felice—The form of the Baſilic.

LETTER XLVII. —Page 115.

Moſaic work—Palazzo Colonna—Magnificent buildings of modern Rome—The Coloſſeum—Theatres—Roman luxury—Gladiators—Buildings in the vicinity of the Coloſſeum—The Capitol—The villa Ludoviſi, its gardens, ſtatues, antiquities, and paintings—The theatre of Marcellus.

LETTER XLVIII. — Page 150.

The Capitol—The hill Janiculus—Temples built by the Kings of Rome—The Tarpeian rock—Buildings and ſtatues of the Capitol—Muſeum—Particulars concerning the Pope, ſome Cardinals and Grandees—The Roman nobility, and the manners of modern Rome.

LETTER XLIX. — Page 174.

Hiſtorical anecdotes of Rienzo—Buildings, ſtatues, and anecdotes of the ancient Romans—The garden of the villa Borgheſe—The circus of Caracalla—The tombs of the Scipios.

LETTER L. — Page 204.

Torre degli ſchiavi—Ancient aqueducts of Rome—Foun-

tains—The museum of the Capitol, its statues, sarcophagi, bassi relievi, busts, vases, and antiquities—The Aventine hill, its neighbouring buildings and fine prospect—Ancient anecdotes—Church of St. Paul—Characteristic traits of Nero—The pyramid of Cestius—The Monte Testaccio—Snow, skating, and climate.

LETTER LI. — Page 238.

The villa Albani, its antiquities, statues, bassi relievi, busts, and paintings—The Palazzo Rondanini and its antiquities—The Palazzo Giustiniani, statues, busts, and pictures—The monument of St. Constantia—Patriotism of the ancient Romans—Jacob More—Hackert and Wenzeslaus Peter.

LETTER LII. — Page 251.

Poetical thoughts on Raphael.

LETTER LIII. — Page 255.

A trip to La Riccia—The country and its antiquities described—Anecdote of the treachery of Tarquin—Miraculous tale of the siege of Veii—The hill of Albano, and the grove of Ferentina—The lake of Albano—The Horatii and Curiatii—Lake and town of Nemi—Canals—Agriculture—Wine—Roman roads.

LETTER LIV. — Page 278.

The picture of the Transfiguration.

LETTER LV. — Page 280.

The villa Borghese, its statues, bassi relievi, pillars, vases,

vases, pictures, and antiquities—Lessing—Guido—the Abate Puccini—and Raphael.

LETTER LVI. — Page 298.

The Palatine hill and its antiquities—The baths of Livia—Domitian's hall of audience—Pratorian barracks—The temple of the Palatine Apollo—Patriotism of Valerius—Palaces and Forum of Domitian—Astonishing Thermæ of Caracalla—Mount Cœlius, and its antiquities—The church of Lateran—The obelisks of Rome.

LETTER LVII. — Page 311.

The Pantheon, its antiquities, grandeur, and beauties—The pillar of Trajan—Pillars of the Antonines—Statues of Castor and Pollux—Pictures in the Palazzo Colonna—Apotheosis of Homer—Remarks on the Dilettanti—The Museum Pium Clementinum, and its beautiful antiques—The Torso, Apollo Belvedere, Laocoon, and Antinous—Pictures in the Museum Pium Clementinum.

LETTER LVIII. — Page 336.

The Last Judgment, and other pictures, by Michael Angelo—Poetical thoughts on this master.

LETTER LIX. — Page 343.

Pictures in the Palazzo Borghese, and in the Palazzo Farnesina—Letter written by Raphael—Thoughts on that painter—Remarks on the mistakes of antiquarians—Gloom of ancient artists.

LET-

LETTER LX. — Page 357.

Journey to Naples—Draining of the Pontine marſh, and repairing of the Appian way—Buffalces and birds of the Pontine marſh—Bad roads, and dangerous air—The ſpring of Feronia—The town of Terracina, and its beautiful rocks — Hoſpitable monks—Mildneſs of the climate—State of Agriculture—Fondi—Caſtellone—Mola and Gaeta—Antiquarian conjectures—Remarkable rock, and natural bridge—Ruins and town of Minturnæ—Quarrel of the Romans and the Samnites—Capua, and Roman cruelty—Amphitheatre at Capua—Caſerta, and its noble aqueduct.

LETTER LXI. — Page 389.

Ancient Neapolis and modern Naples, with hiſtorical traits—Remarks, characteriſtics, and anecdotes—The Lazaroni—Nicola Sabbato—Population, carriages, crowds—Architecture—Indolence and curioſity of the Neapolitans—Beauties and riches of the ſea and ſhore—The hill and grotto of Poſilipo.

LETTER LXII. — Page 411.

Proſpects from the Caſtello di Sant' Elmo—Remarkable feature of the iſlands of the Mediterranean—The hill of Poſilipo, its proſpects, products, and derivative name—Lucullus, and his villa—Sannazaro, and the tomb of Virgil—Facetious carnival ſports of Naples—Hackert, and his paintings.

LET-

LETTER LXIII. — Page 422.

Excurſion to Pozzuoli—The lake of Avernus—Cumæ—Baiæ and Bauli—Ruins near Pozzuoli—The earthquake of 1538*—Poetical fictions concerning the lake of Avernus—An ancient remain of Cumæ—Beautiful proſpect—Fertility—Antiquity of Cumæ—Roman luxury—The haven of Baiæ—The Elyſian fields of Bauli—Antiquarian and geographical reſearches, and cenſures on commentators—The Piſcina Mirabilis, and other remains—The earthquake, and the fourteen towns of Aſia—The bridge of boats, and the folly of Caligula.*

TRAVELS

OF

COUNT STOLBERG.

LETTER XXXVII.

Milan, 15th November 1791.

THE day before yeſterday, on our way from Pavia to this city we viſited the great Carthuſian monaſtery; which is a ſhort German mile diſtant from Pavia. It lies near the high road; from which there is a very charming alley of Lombardy poplars, that leads to the monaſtery. I never before ſaw trees of this kind that were ſo fine. The building, at a diſtance, certainly conveyed an idea of its grandeur: but this idea was greatly magnified by its truly Gothic but awful magnificence, as we approached.

It was built toward the end of the fourteenth century, by Giovanni Galeazzo Viſconti, the firſt Duke of Milan; whoſe monument ſtands in the church. His ſtatue, cut in white marble, lies extended on the monument; next to which is the ſtatue of Franceſco Sforza. The façade of the church is of white marble; on which there are many inſipid *baſſi relievi*. The workmanſhip is, generally ſpeaking, rude; and there is a very uncommon mixture of ſacred and prophane hiſtory, about its parts. In the latter, they have betrayed great ignorance: I ſaw a medallion of Alexander, with the following inſcription

Imperator Alexander Magnus *.

Over another head was written

Magnus Pompejus Theſſaliæ Rex †.

The church is uncommonly ſpacious, and magnificent. It has ſeventeen altars; each of which, if I do not miſtake, is adorned by a painting. Some of theſe altars are of white marble; and very artfully inlaid, with uncommonly beautiful moſaic work, of variegated

* The Emperor Alexander the Great.

† Pompey the Great, King of Theſſaly.

marble,

marble, jaſper, onyx, lapis lazuli, and other ſtones.

Among the pictures, there is a large one, by Perugino; the maſter of Raphael.

The late Emperor took this monaſtery from the Carthuſians, and gave it to the Ciſtercian monks.

The whole country, between Pavia and Milan, is one entire flat; which would be more inſupportable to the eye than it is at preſent, were it not relieved by a tolerable number of trees. A canal, which unites the Ticino, and the Po, flows, or rather, in this level country, ſtagnates, beſide the high road. This canal was dug in the time of Philip the Third, of Spain.

It was on this plain, under the reign of Charles the Fifth, in the year 1525, and not far from the Carthuſian monaſtery, that the famous victory was obtained over the French, by the Imperialiſts; in which Francis the Firſt was taken priſoner.

Milan is a very antient city. The Gauls, having overrun the country from Tuſcany to the Ticino, founded it about four hundred years before the birth of Chriſt. It was the chief place of the Inſubri; and, in the time of

Polybius, was of a conſiderable ſize. In the age of Trajan, it was numbered among the municipal cities of the Romans; and in it the ſciences, even at that time, flouriſhed. It was the archiepiſcopal ſeat of St. Ambroſe; who had the noble fortitude to refuſe the Emperor Theodoſius the Great all entrance into the church, till he ſhould firſt have done public penance, for having in a fit of anger put to death many of the inhabitants of Antioch, after an inſurrection. Theodoſius revered the zeal of the ſaint, acknowledged and repented of his offence, and eſteemed Saint Ambroſe ſo highly that, on his death bed, he recommended his ſon to his care.

Milan became the ſeat of many of the Emperors, after the diviſion of the Empire. About the middle of the fifth century, it was laid waſte by Attila. It was again recovered by Beliſarius. In the year 539, it once more fell into the power of the barbarians. After Charlemagne had driven the Lombards out of Milan, the city recovered its proſperity, under the archbiſhops; who reſiſted the papal authority, and were conſidered as the chiefs of the Ghibeline faction.

The inhabitants rebelled againſt the Em-

peror

peror Frederic the Firſt; and inſulted the Empreſs, by tying her on an aſs, and, placing her with her face toward the tail, leading her through the city. Frederic marched againſt them with an army; the city was obliged to capitulate; and the enraged hero took an indignant and terrible revenge, for the inſults that had been committed on his wife. The inhabitants, with their hands tied behind their backs, were obliged each to take a fig, with their teeth, from under the tail of an Aſs; and the city was laid in ruins *.

In the year 1171, at the requeſt of the Pope, the people of Milan were again permitted to rebuild the city; and it ſoon recovered its former importance. The town and territories of Milan, afterward, were governed by *podeſtas*, of the houſe of Turriani. This family was expelled in the year 1313, by Mattheus Viſconti; who aſſumed the government. His grandſon, Giovanni Galeazzo, was named Duke; and was of the greateſt ſervice to this country. By him military diſcipline was reſtored in Italy. He likewiſe gave life to agri-

* This hero, if hero be his proper title, totally demoliſhed the city, three churches excepted, burnt it to the ground, and plowed and ſowed the land with ſalt. T.

culture, and commerce; and enjoyed a very commanding reſpect, among the Italian princes and free ſtates. He died in the year 1402, and left a daughter, named Valentina, who was married to Lewis, Duke of Orleans, the ſecond ſon of Charles the Fifth, and father of Lewis the Twelfth of France; and he, by the extinction of the houſe of Viſconti, was conſidered as the heir. Lewis the Twelfth wiſhed to take poſſeſſion; when Franceſco Sforza, who had married a natural daughter of Philip Marcus Viſconti, the ſon of Giovanni Galeazzo, by the ſupport of the archbiſhop and the favour of the people, although he was but the natural ſon of a peaſant, acquired the Dukedom.

From Franceſco the family of the Sforzas deſcended; whoſe courage in war, and high ſpirit, have had ſo much influence on the affairs and the fate of Italy.

Franceſco died in 1466; and, in 1499, Lewis the Twelfth firſt ſeized on the city: but the Sforzas ſoon recovered their power. This ſudden revolution happened within a year.

Francis the Firſt, the ſon of Lewis, conquered Milan; and loſt it again, in 1525, by the battle in which he was taken priſoner.

It

It was ſubdued in 1734 by Marſhal Villars; but two years afterward, at the peace, was reſtored to the houſe of Auſtria.

The city is ſuppoſed to contain a hundred and forty thouſand inhabitants; and laſt year, the people of Auſtrian Milan and of Mantua, being numbered, amounted to one million three hundred and ten thouſand.

At the ſpoiling of the city under Frederic the Firſt, called Barbaroſſa, or Red Beard, the antiquities were likewiſe deſtroyed: except about ſixteen uncommonly large pillars, which remain, of a temple that was dedicated to Hercules.

The cathedral here was built by Giovanni Galeazzo Viſconti. It is exceedingly large; and, after St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's at London, is eſteemed the largeſt in Europe. The aſpect, as you enter, is very grand; and this church is not, like ſo many others, diſfigured by falſe ornaments. The treaſury of the church is of ineſtimable value. The ſilver, gold, pearls, and precious ſtones which this treaſury contains, are ſuppoſed to render it the richeſt in Italy, that of Loretto excepted. I was chiefly intereſted by the ſilver ſtatues of St. Ambroſe, and Carlo Borromeo, who were

both great, ſincere, and holy men; the benefactors of their country, and of the human race.

In the church of *Santa Maria delle Grazie*, there are many beautiful pictures. Chriſt crowned with thorns, by Titian, and the Holy Virgin with the child Jeſus, are both of them placed in ſuch dark ſituations that they can ſcarcely be ſeen.

St. Paul, by Gaudentio of Ferrara, is a beautiful piece.

As appertaining to the church, in the refectory of the Dominicans, we were ſhewn the Laſt Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci; which was once a moſt excellent painting, in freſco. It was injured by the audacious bruſh of a painter, who inſolently undertook to renew it: yet notwithſtanding many traces of its original beauty remain. Its excellence is more indubitably proved by a copy, which Baptiſta Bianchi painted, in the library of St. Ambroſe.

This library, which was founded by Charles Frederic Borromeo, Archbiſhop of Milan and nephew of the great Carlo Borromeo, is exceedingly deſerving of the attention of travellers. I cannot conceive how Addiſon, when

examining this collection, could say that "books are the least part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to see in an Italian library." Is it any just cause of reproach, that they have decorated it with many noble pictures? The number of books is very great. Here are above fourteen thousand manuscripts; and about forty thousand volumes of authors in print. The manuscripts, which constitute the richest part, are kept in an apartment by themselves; and among them I saw a Latin version of Josephus, which is said to be thirteen hundred years old. The books are arranged in a spacious gallery, which has windows only on the top at both sides, and which is yet very light. By this method, much room is gained; which in our libraries is occupied by the windows, though they do not give so much light as these high uninterrupted sky-lights. The library is open four hours every day, for the use of the public. Among other things, the collection of paintings contains a large original drawing of Raphael's School of Athens, executed by himself in black chalk, and which is very well preserved.

I was particularly delighted with a Holy Family, by Titian; a Magdalen, by the same master;

maſter; and his own portrait, painted by himſelf: and no leſs ſo by a John the Baptiſt, when a child, careſſing a lamb; a lovely piece by Bernardino Luino; and a half length female figure, with a ſmall urn, by the ſame maſter.

I was likewiſe ſhewn two drawings, faſtened on a board; the one by Andrea del Sarto, the other by Raphael, both when young. They repreſent two men on horſeback; and both drawings afford tokens of the future great painter.

In a hall of the Ambroſian library, plaiſter caſts are kept of the principal ſtatues of the antients; and of one by Michael Angelo.

One of the works moſt precious to artiſts is that of Leonardo da Vinci, in twelve volumes folio; which are kept here. It diſplays an uncommon knowledge of anatomy, perſpective, mechanics, mathematics, and architecture, by which this great painter had ſtudied, with very ſingular induſtry, to improve his art.

That which was formerly the Jeſuits' college, and which is now a celebrated gymnaſium, has a ſquare court; in which there is a continued colonnade with a double row of pillars. The upper pillars are of the Ionic order; and the under of the Doric. Theſe

kind

kind of colonnades, which are here common to many buildings, are not only beautiful but exceedingly convenient, in ſummer, for the ſhade they afford. You are aſtoniſhed to find ſhady places erected in their cities at ſo great an expence; when, at their country ſeats, the Italians care ſo little for ſhade. This ſeeming paradox is ſolved by the cuſtom they have, of ſpending the heat of ſummer in the city. Toward the end of autumn, they go into the country; but rather from habit than for the purpoſe of enjoying the beauties of nature; and return to town in December. The winter, which in this country may be called the ſpring time of Paradiſe, and the ſummer, when they might guard themſelves from heat under the duſky foliage of their groves, and recline on the banks of their rivers, they ſpend in the gloomy walls of their cities. Artificial amuſements are ſubſtituted, to the more gentle and dignified joys of nature. A capricious crowd of fictitious follies come limping along; and, wherever they once gain admiſſion over the threſhold, all true joy is baniſhed. Thoſe who impriſon themſelves in their houſes, at the ſame time impriſon vice, and abſurdity; and with them a long train of miſeries.

We

We now come from viſiting the church of *Santa Maria del Celſo;* at the entrance of which two beautiful ſtatues, of Adam and Eve, in white marble, are placed in niches. The ſerpent has a woman's head and breaſt; and the body of the deceitful animal winds round a tree behind Eve.

There are ſome good and ſome indifferent pictures in this building: its chief ornament is a copy after Raphael. It is a repreſentation of the Virgin and the child Jeſus, under a palm tree. The child is at play with the infant John; and Joſeph in the back ground is leaning over Mary. The original was ſent to the late Empreſs, Maria Thereſa; and this copy is by Martin Noller, a German painter from the county of Tyrol. So much does the copy prove the heavenly ſpirit of Raphael that, in my opinion, it is equalled by very few originals. Inexpreſſible innocence and dignity are diſcoverable, in the features of the beautiful Virgin; and I have never ſeen the child Jeſus more finely imagined, nor with more of heavenly piety; which Raphael, better than any other painter, knew how to expreſs. The infant John, and a noble figure of Joſeph, are no leſs worthy of Raphael.

Near

Near the two children, at play, there is a goldfinch, among flowers. Raphael executed nothing with a thoughtleſs hand. This profound and feeling painter well knew that, in treating a dignified ſubject, it would be diſgraced by unneceſſary ornaments: but theſe flowers do not bloom in vain. This bird is a bird of good augury. The preſence of the godlike child inſpires peace and love through all nature: birds loſe their fear, and flowers ſpring under his feet.

Oppoſite to this of Raphael is a picture by Leonardo da Vinci, repreſenting the Holy Ann, the mother of Mary, careſſing the child Jeſus. The child is very beautiful; and Maria, who ſtands behind her mother, beams with maternal delight. The idea is good, and well expreſſed: yet the picture of Raphael, though but a copy, allures you back, before you have well examined the work of Da Vinci.

It is our intention at preſent to depart tomorrow, for Lodi. Time, and the innumerable objects that are to be ſeen in Italy, preſs upon us: although there are many here that I ſhould willingly have viſited. Among them are the Seminary, the Helvetian college, both

of

of them founded by the great Carlo Borromeo, the large hoſpital, the archiepiſcopal palace, the Duke's palace, the door where Theodoſius was denied entrance by the undaunted Ambroſe, by which it is become remarkable, and ſome other of their churches.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Parma, 19th November 1791.

WE arrived at Lodi the evening of the day on which we left Milan. The broad high road proceeds, in a right line, through fruitful plains; which are interſected with numerous canals. Throughout Milan, trees are every where planted, to divide the fields from each other. I did not meet with ſo many mulberry trees, here, by far, as in the Sardinian diſtrict of Milan: but more paſtures, and poplars. The government recommends, or rather commands, the planting of trees: that the unwholeſome air may be rendered leſs noxious.

Milan

Milan is one of the richeſt provinces of the houſe of Auſtria. Its lands are very productive to their owners; but I do not envy them their wealth. One endleſs uniformity fatigues the eye, and the heart. A large tree, with its inviting ſhade, is ſeldom ſeen. Seldom do we meet any of thoſe charms of nature which ſhe, in ſportive and free good will, would preſent: all here is the effect of formal labour.

I am likewiſe informed that moſt of theſe rich lands are poſſeſſed by the nobility. I grant that the countryman is not here a ſerf: but he is not a landholder. He works partly as a day labourer; and partly that he may be permitted to live in the hut he inhabits.

It is to this cauſe that the frequent highway robberies may be aſcribed. Were robbers here, as in many other places, ſometimes to unite, like banditti, and ſometimes to rob without aſſociates, in this level country, they would not be able to eſcape the active vigilance of the Auſtrian government: but the high roads are peculiarly unſafe, becauſe the robbers, watching their opportunity, expert from practice, and well acquainted with the country, ruſh from their neighbouring huts; to which it is difficult again to trace them, for, in appearance,

appearance, they are in no manner different from thoſe of the other inhabitants. The traveller has nothing to fear by day; but, in the dark, theſe high roads are dangerous.

The nobility have likewiſe great power, in the towns of Milan. Ten or twelve men are choſen, from their order, to be the chief magiſtrates: who, in other countries, are choſen from among the citizens. The adminiſtration of the conſiderable revenues of all poor houſes, hoſpitals, and other inſtitutions, is in the hands of the nobility. A regulation like this muſt have pernicious conſequences. It is oppreſſive to the citizen, and makes the noble hateful; and, in all probability, often with good cauſe.

About a mile on this ſide Milan, looking behind us toward the city we had left, we ſaw the Alps once more towering: a proſpect which delighted us the more by being contraſted with the flat lands, of which we were heartily weary.

Lodi is not the antient Laus Pompeia; which owed its foundation to the Gauls, and to which the father of Pompey led a Roman colony; for that town was deſtroyed, by the people of Milan, in the twelfth century.

When

When Frederick Barbaroſſa had razed Milan to the ground, he built the preſent Lodi on the Adda; with a fortreſs upon a height, which height itſelf is ſcarcely viſible, though the moſt commanding in theſe level plains. The town is well built. Büſching tells us that, in the year 1773, it contained above ſixteen thouſand inhabitants. It is ſituated about half a mile from the antient town; which now is called Lodi Vecchia. It is at Lodi and in the neighbouring country, which is called after it, that the celebrated cheeſe is made, which has unjuſtly obtained the name of Parmeſan.

On the 16th in the forenoon, we travelled to Placenza. The country between Milan and Lodi was every where one continued level. The horned cattle were all of a dark red colour. I have no where in Italy ſeen any motley coloured cattle. The ſheep are large, entirely white, and with hanging ears. The ſwine are all black, like the Indian hen.

We croſſed the Po over a bridge of boats; beyond which the town roſe, with a noble aſpect. It was from its charming ſituation, on the banks of this broad river, that the Romans gave it the name of Placentia. It was

 founded,

founded, and a colony was ſent hither, in the year 569 of the Roman æra; under the conſulſhip of P. Cornelius Scipio, and Tiberius Sempronius Longus. It was burnt, during the ſecond Punic war, by the Carthaginians; and rebuilt by the Romans. In the time of Cicero, it was a municipal city. When it was beſieged by Cæcina, in the war of Otho againſt Vitellius, the amphitheatre, which ſtood in the front of the city, was laid in aſhes.

It again ſuffered a dreadful ſiege from Totila, king of the Goths. Alboin, king of the Lombards, took it; in the year 570 of the Chriſtian æra.

In the time of Charlemagne, it fell under the dominion of the kings of Italy. It afterward became ſubject to the changeable fortune of the Guelphs and Ghibelins, as each party prevailed; and from them deſcended to the families of the Scotti, Turriani, Viſconti, the kings of France, and the Popes.

Pope Paul the Third, of the houſe of Farneſe, gave to his natural ſon, Peter Aloyſius Farneſe, Parma and Placenza, with the title of Duke. Philip the Fifth, king of Spain, married a princeſs of this family, of which ſhe was the heireſs; and his youngeſt ſon, Don Philip,

Philip, father of the preſent Duke of Parma and Placenza, was put in poſſeſſion of theſe lands, part of which were in the hands of Auſtria, and part of Savoy, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748; after his elder brother, Don Carlos, who was king of Naples and Sicily, had been four years in poſſeſſion of them, from 1731 to 1735.

Placenza, as a city, is not ſo beautiful as its ſituation would promiſe; when we view it from the Milan ſide of the Po. It rather appears in a ſtate of decay.

The cupola of the cathedral is painted entirely by Guercino. The church of St. Auguſtine is a fine building; eſpecially the façade, which has lately been erected. There is a beautiful performance, in the ſacriſty, which is the work of a German. It is Chriſt on the croſs, with a great multitude of people, ſome of whom are on horſeback, carved out of a ſingle piece of wood. The figures are fine; and ſome of them, for their reality and freedom of action, maſterly. Under this performance, and if I do not miſtake on the ſame piece of wood, there is a carving of the Nativity.

In the church of St. Sixtus, over the high

altar, there is a copy of the beautiful picture by Raphael, which is in the gallery of Dreſden: the Virgin with the Holy Jeſus ſtanding on a globe.

There are two bronze equeſtrian ſtatues, ſtanding in an open place, of two princes of the family of Farneſe. The riders are, in my opinion, better executed than the horſes. The artiſt was deſirous of communicating ſtrength and fire, to the latter; but, inſtead of theſe, he has given them an expreſſion of wildneſs, which is leſs difficult to obtain than the mild and full expreſſion of life; and in which, if he fail, the pretenſion and vanity of the maſter are but the more eaſily detected. Theſe ſtatues, however, are not without merit. At ſome diſtance from Placenza, the Trebia, which is celebrated by the ſecond victory of Hannibal over the Romans, falls into the Po.

The day before yeſterday, we left Placenza; and have been two days on our journey to this city. The overflowing of the waters had very much injured the roads; and when we arrived at Borgo San Domnino, which was about noon, we were informed that the next ferry was impaſſable; becauſe of the inundation of the Taro. We were obliged to remain

in

in this ſmall town all night; where we found what in this country may be called a tolerable inn, but which in Germany we ſhould accuſe of not being cleanly.

During the night, the rain was ſo heavy that we were yeſterday obliged to make a circuit, that we might croſs at another ferry; but the river was ſo high, and ſo impetuous, that we remained five hours, in a vile inn, in the village of Porto Grugno, on the banks of the Taro; and expected that we ſhould have been obliged to ſtop there perhaps ſome days. The waters however very ſuddenly fell; and we paſſed the river, and arrived at Parma.

The country of the duchies of Parma and Placenza is not quite ſo flat as that of Milan. It likewiſe has more trees; many of which indeed are lopped, but ſtill there are ſome that have been permitted to attain their full growth: among others, we found large oaks and poplars. The fertile lands appeared to be well cultivated. We thought it remarkable here, as we had done in Piedmont, to ſee the young flax in this month; while, in Germany, this tender plant is often injured by the night froſts of ſpring.

Theſe roads are never ſafe, by night.

About a mile on this ſide of Placenza, we ſaw a ſkull incloſed in an iron cage, that was faſtened to a tree; that the terror of the ſpectacle might deter other robbers. The air was yeſterday extremely mild. It was a ſoft ſouthern breeze, which was very diſagreeable, and a ſpecies of the ſcirocco: a wind which, in Africa, is frequently deadly; and which, traverſing the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples, is extremely iskſome, during the ſummer, and is felt even to the foot of the Alps.

The city of Parma is very antient: it was founded by the Etrurians; and was afterward in the poſſeſſion of the Gauls. In the year of Rome 569, when M. Claudius Marcellus and Q. Fabius Labio were conſuls, a hundred and eighty-four years before the birth of Chriſt, a Roman colony was ſent to this place. After the depredations committed in Italy, under the third triumvirate, Auguſtus ſent a new colony to Parma; and gave it the name of Julia-Auguſta-Parma. Time ſeldom ſubſtantiates the uſurpations of tyranny, or of ſelf-conceit: Parma, the antient name of this city, is only remembered.

Alboin, king of the Lombards, in the year of Chriſt 570, ſeized on this place. About

two

two hundred years afterward, Parma and Placenza were both taken from Aſtolf, one of the ſucceſſors of Alboin, by Pepin king of France; who preſented them, with the duchies called after them, as he likewiſe did Modena and Reggio, to the Pope. It is affirmed, by ſome, that Charlemagne confirmed this gift of his father.

Mutual pretenſions, on Parma and Placenza, were maintained; by the kings of Italy, the ſucceſſors of Charlemagne, and the Popes.

In the middle of the thirteenth century, Parma ſuſtained a ſevere ſiege of two years, from Frederic the Second; and the citizens preſerved themſelves by a courageous ſally; which obliged Frederic to raiſe the ſiege, and in which they took the imperial crown. In revenge, Frederic laid waſte Placenza.

The fate of theſe cities was variable. They ſometimes maintained their freedom, were ſometimes ruled by tyrants, and were now devoted to the Guelphs, and now to the Ghibelins; with or without their conſent, as it happened.

Alexander Farneſe, who as pope aſſumed the name of Paul the Third, in the year 1545, beſtowed both theſe duchies on his natural ſon,

Peter Lewis Farneſe. Two years after this, the Duke was murdered, for his tyranny: yet his ſon, Octavius, was as great a tyrant as himſelf. The Pope was hurried to the grave, in the year 1549, by grief; at the ill conduct of his ſon and grandſon. This branch of the houſe of Farneſe continued to reign till the year 1727. Don Carlos, Infant of Spain and ſon of the Princeſs royal Elizabeth of Farneſe, was duke of both theſe countries. When he afterward became king of the Two Sicilies, his brother, Don Philip, ſucceeded to the government of them; and likewiſe to the duchy of Guaſtalla; and they are now governed by his ſon.

Parma was the native place of Caſſius; the brother in law and friend of the great Marcus Brutus, and the firſt who joined him in the conſpiracy. A poet Caſſius, who, according to a line in Horace, was a very voluminous writer, was likewiſe born here.

The river Parma flows through the city; which is large, and may well formerly have contained about ſixty thouſand inhabitants. Its preſent number is ſuppoſed to exceed forty thouſand.

There are ſome beautiful paintings in the

churches. The cupola of the cathedral is painted by Correggio; but, as the church is very dark, neither theſe paintings nor thoſe of the cupola of St. John the Evangeliſt, which are likewiſe by Correggio, are ſeen to advantage. It is not without good reaſon that the churches of Italy have been accuſed of being dark: nor can I conceive how ſo many great painters could ſo frequently have determined to ſacrifice their talents, on the cupolas of churches like theſe; where the fineſt ſtrokes of the pencil muſt be utterly loſt.

The martyrdom of St. Conſtantia, and of St. Placidus, in the church of St. John the Evangeliſt, is likewiſe by Correggio. Both the Saints are excellently painted. Oppoſite to this picture, there is a dead Chriſt, ſurrounded by the holy women, by the ſame great painter.

In this church there is St. John writing the Goſpel, painted in freſco, by Correggio; in which the expreſſion of holy enthuſiaſm is moſt inimitably delineated, in the beautiful head of the apoſtle.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre is decorated with the Flight into Egypt, by Correggio. This picture is called *La Madonna della Scodella*

Scodella (Our lady of the cup): becauſe the Virgin holds a cup in her hand, to feed the child Jeſus. Chriſt ſtands before her, with one hand holding the hand of his mother, and the other that of Joſeph. Joſeph is plucking dates from a palm tree; the branches of which are ſwayed down by hovering angels; and the beautiful idea is excellently conveyed.

There were formerly ſome fine paintings in the new palace of the Duke, which is built very near the city; but they were taken by Don Carlos to Naples. Only one chamber, which is painted in freſco, and which therefore could not be ſtripped, eſcaped the plunder. The roof is painted by Agoſtino Caracci, who died during the work; and the Dukes have rather ſuffered it to remain unfiniſhed than to truſt it to another hand. The walls, which, as well as the roof, contain ſubjects taken from mythological hiſtory, are painted by his ſcholars; whoſe works do honour to their great maſter.

The old palace of the Farneſe family is rich in curioſities. Here is the immenſe theatre; the moſt famed for its beauty, and grandeur, of any in modern times. The architect of this building was Bernini. It will contain upward

of

of twelve thouſand ſpectators; and is ſo admirably contrived that neither the loweſt whiſper of the performers eſcapes the ear, nor do the loudeſt ſhouts occaſion any confuſing echoes. The front of the theatre, containing the ſeats of the ſpectators, has a gradual aſcent, in ſemicircles; and the boxes conſiſt of a gallery, decorated with pillars. The ſtage is aſtoniſhingly large, which muſt be exceedingly advantageous to the ſcenery. The ſinking under the ſtage is of a great depth; and the old Dukes of the houſe of Farneſe have frequently taken away the flooring, and had water conducted through pipes from the Parma, to fill up the cavity and repreſent battles at ſea. The whole theatre is built of wood.

As the lighting up of this theatre was very expenſive, and the number of the ſpectators not adequate to its ſize, another has long been built; and this maſterpiece of art is beginning to decay. The academy of arts and the library are both kept in the above-mentioned palace. The library is very reſpectable. It is rich in beautiful editions, and muſt contain about fifty thouſand volumes. It has been fifty years in collecting; for Don Carlos, who carried away the whole contents of the picture

gallery

gallery to Naples, likewiſe took the former library. The only picture which the library now contains is a painting in freſco, by Correggio; which repreſents God the Father crowning the Virgin with ſtars.

The moſt ſuperb ornament of the hall of the academy, and indeed of all Parma, which Don Carlos would certainly not have left if it had not belonged to a nunnery of the city, is that which is eſteemed the maſter-piece of Correggio. It repreſents the Virgin, holding the child Jeſus on her lap. Mary Magdalen, half kneeling, reclines her cheek on the foot of the child; before whom ſtands an angel, holding a book open. In the fore-ground is St. Jerome, with his half-appearing lion; and behind Mary Magdalen a youth, with a vaſe containing the nardus. Heavenly beauty and grace are communicated, in rich abundance, to the whole picture. The manly St. Jerome, and the holy family, are here dignified by the moſt bewitching harmony of colours. Although the picture is above two hundred and fifty years old, it breathes all the freſh charms of youthful beauty; eſpecially at a little diſtance.

The ſickle, in the hand of the dignified St. Jerome,

Jerome, who is contemplating the godlike child with veneration, ſuggeſted to me the idea of Time, contemplating this maſter-piece of art; and, out of veneration, forbearing to commit his uſual ravages on the picture.

LETTER XXXIX.

Bologna, 21ſt November 1791.

EARLY yeſterday morning, we departed from Parma. The air was mild, and we arrived at Reggio in the forenoon; where we remained ſome hours.

This town may contain ſeventeen thouſand inhabitants: but it is not well built. It was probably founded by the Romans, in the year of Rome 565, under the conſulſhip of M. Æmilius Lepidus and Flaminius Nepos. It was at firſt called Forum Lepidi; though Cicero calls it Regium Lepidi. The father of M. Brutus was murdered here; becauſe of the hatred borne him by the father of Pompey. Thoſe people, who aſcribe its origin to Lepidus the triumvir, are miſtaken. This city

is

is the chief place of the duchy of Reggio; which is united to the duchy of Modena. In the year 1474, Arioſto was born in this city: one of the greateſt poets that ever lived.

On our road to Modena, we paſſed the little town of Correggio; at no great diſtance, but not ſufficiently near to be ſeen. Here was the great painter, who formed himſelf by the efforts of his own genius, born: he took his name from the place of his birth. Having ſeen a picture by Raphael, his whole ſoul was moved: *Anch'io ſono pittore* !* ſaid he. The love of his art inſpired his labours; and, with little ſtudy either of the antique or the works of Raphael or of Titian, he became a painter whom poſterity has ranked immediately next to Raphael himſelf.

The whole country between Parma and Modena is fertile and well cultivated. The fields are ſeparated from each other by rows of large trees; round each of which a vine plant clings, winding its luxuriant tendrils among the branches of the neighbouring tree, or extending in ſinking curves its prodigious length from one tree to another.

We ſaw whole fields covered with young

* I too am a painter!

growing

growing horſe beans; which here can withſtand the winter, though with us they cannot endure the froſts of ſpring, and are not ſet till the month of April. As I approached Bologna, I ſaw more of them, that were taller and in full bloom: they are uſed here as green fodder, for the cattle.

Modena is a handſome city. The chief ſtreets are ſpacious, and in a right line. The houſes are beautiful; and ſo flat roofed that the roofs cannot be perceived from the ſtreets. Lofty arcades, projecting from the houſes, give the town a noble appearance; and afford the foot paſſenger a dry as well as a ſhady walk. The population of the city may be about twenty thouſand perſons; and of the two duchies of Modena and Reggio, taken together, three hundred thouſand.

Modena was likewiſe a Roman colony. It became famous during the civil war of the laſt triumvirate, by the ſiege which D. Brutus ſuſtained here, againſt Anthony. He was relieved by Octavius, with the aid of the two generals of Cæſar, Hirtius and Panſa.

In the year 1288, it fell under the government of the houſe of Eſte. It was next ſeized on by the Buona Corſi, tyrants of Mantua: then

then by the princes of the houſe of Ferrara. The houſe of Eſte recovered poſſeſſion of it, in the year 1450; and it was erected into a duchy by the Emperor Frederic the Third. It is now governed by the laſt male deſcendant of the Italian branch of the houſe of Eſte; whoſe daughter and heireſs is the wife of Ferdinand archduke of Auſtria, the governor of Milan, and brother to the Emperor.

In the cathedral the bucket is kept, which the people of Modena took from the people of Bologna; and carried with them as a proof of their victory. It is become famous by the favourite poem of Taſſoni, called *La Secchia rapita* (The rape of the bucket); which is very highly eſteemed, by the Italians. In my opinion, however, it has few charms for readers of the preſent age; who cannot underſtand the numerous alluſions which the ſatiriſt made to his contemporaries. Beſide which, it is diſgraced by equivocal impurities. In a French book which I lately read, Taſſoni was confounded with Taſſo; the immortal author of *Jeruſalem delivered.* I cannot boaſt of having ſeen the bucket, that remarkable token of victory, which is a valuable monument of the ſpirit of the middle ages.

Not

Not far from the city of Modena, there was formerly a ferry, over the Panaro; at preſent there is a magnificent bridge. The Panaro ſeparates the territories of Modena from the territories of Bologna. The road we travelled, from Placenza hither, was the old Roman Æmilian way, renewed and made wider; which had been conſtructed in the times of the republic. It leads from this place to Rimini.

From Modena to Bologna, both ſides of the road are planted with large mulberry trees. The fields are ſeparated, in right lines from each other, by elm trees; round which the high vine branches twine. The land is fruitful; and, immediately round Bologna, we meet with many well cultivated kitchen gardens. In this mild climate, the vegetables of ſummer and of autumn are ſeen in great plenty, ripening at the ſame time.

The city is very pleaſantly ſituated on the river Rene. A row of cultivated hills, adorned with country ſeats and cloiſters, runs by the ſide of Bologna; and behind theſe hills the Apennine mountains riſe.

Bologna is a very antient place. In the times of the original Etrurian inhabitants, its name was Felſina; and it was the chief place

of the Etrurian confederacy. As early as the reign of the firſt Tarquin, the Gauls began to make war on the northern limits of the Etrurians: Felſina was conquered by them, and they called it Bononia.

In the year of Rome 563, a Roman colony was planted here. The people of Bologna attempted to ſhake off the Roman yoke, under the reign of the emperor Gratian; but they were ſoon obliged to return to obedience.

Theodoſius the younger founded the univerſity that is here. The city was ſeized on by the Lombards; but Pepin, of France, obliged Adolphus, king of Lombardy, to yield it to the Pope; together with the exarchate of Ravenna. It once more fell under the dominion of the Lombards: but it was again recovered, by Charlemagne, when he took Dietrich, the king of this people, priſoner. Bologna rebelled againſt Lotharius, the ſon of Charlemagne; but was reduced to ſubmiſſion by famine, and remained for ſome time afterward under the government of the Emperors.

After it had long been ruled by tyrants, like ſo many other of the old towns of Italy, it ſhook off its chains, and maintained its freedom. During the middle ages, the free ſtates

of

of Italy well knew how to profit by the wars of the Emperors, their contentions with the Popes, and the commotions excited by the Guelphs and Ghibelines, to recover their independance. The Emperors, in general, being more formidable than the Popes, the people willingly gave their ſupport to the latter: ſo that the cities were generally of the faction of the Guelphs, which was the party of the Pope: but their aid was not without wavering or without exception.

Proud of its proſperity, Bologna conquered Imola, Faenza, Ravenna, and Modena, with ſeveral little towns, and was the chief of a powerful republic. Internal quarrels put an end both to their grandeur and their freedom. The faction of the family of Lambertazzi, being oppreſſed by the family of Geremei; demanded help from Pope Nicholas the Third. Nicholas, and the following popes, interfered rather indirectly, than immediately, in the affairs of this city; and perſuaded the other cities to renounce its alliance: but, in the year 1324, the Pope ſent a legate hither, who lorded it at will; and, ten years afterward, he was driven from Bologna, by the citizens.

They once more recovered their indepen-

dance, with a ſacrifice of ſome part of their antient freedom, which they were not very capable of maintaining, and choſe Taddeo Pepoli for their chief magiſtrate; who governed them twelve years with wiſdom. The unworthy ſon of a noble father ſold the city to the archbiſhop, Viſconti, of Milan; whoſe deputy, John Oligio, reigned deſpotically, and, after the death of the archbiſhop, would have ſubjected it to a ſucceſſion of tyrants. Foiled in this attempt, he ſurrendered it to the papal legates; who were baniſhed, in the year 1376; and Bologna once again had a ſhort enjoyment of liberty.

It was then ſeized on by John Bentivoglio, and he was maſſacred. John Galeazzo Viſconti, following his example, took it and delivered it over to the Pope; and it became ſubject to frequent changes, now being in the poſſeſſion of the Popes, and now of the family of Bentivoglio.

At laſt, in the year 1513, the citizens willingly ſubjected themſelves to the Pope; and made conditions, which ſtill left them in the poſſeſſion of valuable privileges, after they found themſelves unable to obtain or perhaps to endure freedom.

By

By virtue of theſe conditions, no fortreſs was to be built in Bologna: and the city appoints a repreſentative, who has a ſeat in the principal tribunal of the Pope, which is called the *Rota*. The city keeps an envoy at Rome. The citizens are not to be diſturbed in their poſſeſſions; and Bologna coins its own money, on which the word *Libertas* is impreſſed.

The Pope's legate muſt always be a cardinal; and he and the vice legate, who is the next in rank, preſide in a ſenate conſiſting of fifty ſenators, one of whom always has the title of Gonfalonier, and which dignity every two months he is obliged to reſign to one of his peers. Eccleſiaſtical affairs are ſubjected to the archbiſhop; whoſe juriſdiction extends over ſix Italian biſhops.

LETTER XL.

Bologna, 24th November 1791.

THIS city is ſuppoſed to contain ſeventy thouſand inhabitants; and, next to

Rome, is the principal of the States of the Church. The arcades, that project from the houſes, are ſome of them high, and conſiderable; but, in general, the town is ill built.

The grand inſtitution for the encouragement of the ſciences and the fine arts, which was founded in the year 1712 by Count Marſigli, and nobly endowed by Clement XI, Benedict XIV, and many private perſons, is an enormous building; which contains above forty apartments, with many halls under them, and a proviſion for the ſupport of the arts and ſciences, rich beyond all that I have ever ſeen. The learned have aſſured me that the cabinet of natural hiſtory is not only amply provided with the wealth of nature, in every diviſion of her three kingdoms, but that the ſpecimens are peculiarly fine; eſpecially the foſſils.

The library is ſaid to contain above a hundred and twenty thouſand volumes; not including the numerous and valuable manuſcripts, which fill an entire apartment. Beſides which, thoſe apartments that are dedicated to ſtudy are furniſhed with an individual library for each ſcience. The celebrated hall of anatomy is large, and well ſupplied with all parts of the human body; which are

admirably imitated, in wax. The large and valuable collection of philoſophical inſtruments, which belonged to the late Lord Cowper, was laſt year purchaſed by ſome private citizens of Bologna, and preſented to the Inſtitution.

What ſhall we ſay, of thoſe travellers who repreſent Italy as a country in which the arts and ſciences are neither known nor valued? Had authors like theſe, who have endeavoured to throw contempt, nay odium, on this nation, gained credit in Germany, we ſhould at leaſt have been ſubject to the bitter retort of ignorance: but our countrymen are too well informed, and too juſt, to be thus deceived. Contempt more generally falls on thoſe who, ſometimes from ignorance, ſometimes from malice, are diſpoſed to contemn. The works of young artiſts, both painters and ſculptors, as well diſplay the genius of the pupils as the induſtry and talents of their teachers.

There is a hall in which Turkiſh arms are kept, that were taken by Marſigli; who was in the imperial ſervice. Though engaged in war, the love of ſcience did not forſake him;

for he took ſome valuable Eaſtern manuſcripts, which he preſented to this Inſtitution.

The public palace is a very large building, the foundation of which was certainly laid in the thirteenth century. It is inhabited by the cardinal legate, and the gonfalonier who is in office.

There is a beautiful collection of pictures here; among which is a Samſon, graſping the jaw bone of an aſs, and ſurrounded by the bodies of the ſlain Philiſtines, by Guido. There is likewiſe a Holy Virgin, holding the child Jeſus in her arms, and repoſing on a rainbow, ſurrounded by hovering angels and ſaints, who are regarding her, by the ſame maſter; which is an admirable picture.

Bologna is immortalized by the number of noble maſters it has produced: who formed a grand epocha, in the art of painting, and after whom the Bologneſe ſchool took its title: though by ſome it is called the ſchool of Lombardy, becauſe many of the maſters were natives of that neighbouring country. The Roman ſchool, in the beginning of the ſixteenth century, having, through the works of Raphael,

Raphael *, attained to what was ſuppoſed to be, and what perhaps really was, the ſummit of the art, many imitators of this great man aroſe; but few rivals. Correggio alone poſſeſſed that full, that glowing, conviction of his own powerful genius, which made him exclaim *Anch'io ſono pittore:* yet this great man was by no means valued according to his deſert, while he lived. The painters of his own age carefully purſued the path which, they imagined, only led to the temple of Fame: they were imitators of Raphael: but imitators never can approach the great original, for they are ſtill no better than imitators. Wings are the property of genius, and of genius only. He that encounters genius in its flight muſt himſelf be upon the wing. What advantage is it to the man on foot that he ſhall take the ſame direction; ſince, though he can creep, he cannot ſoar?

Ludovico Caracci was born in Bologna, in 1555; and, rouſed by the works and the fame of Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Correggio, and Julio Romano, he did not ſubmit

* Raphael was born at Urbino, in the territories of the church, in 1483; and died, in 1520, at the age of thirty-ſeven.

to

to the vexation of being an imitator, but had the courage to be a rival. He ſtudied theſe immortal maſters, and the antients, with aſſiduity, and paſſion; with burning zeal, and an attentive love of nature. Agoſtino Caracci was formed in his ſchool: as likewiſe were his brother Annibal Caracci, and his couſin Guido, who were ſtill more excellent. Perhaps there never was a bolder pencil than that of Annibal Caracci. But, though he was bold, he was not raſh. He was not, like many modern artiſts, who, by their unmeaning and unneceſſary traits, and their impotent attempts at that which they have not the genius to attain, wiſh us to believe that they underſtand how to tranſgreſs the laws which Nature herſelf has given; and that they are audacious enough to ſoar beyond that which they never could reach. Thoſe men of daring yet delicate perception who can diſtinguiſh the true line of beauty, who do not injure the free harmony of ideal perfection, either by timid touches that ſink into inſignificance or ſwelling exceſs that defies truth and nature, they only underſtand how, when, and what, to dare.

By critics we are truly told
Inſects are raſh, eagles are bold.

Guido,

Guido, perhaps, was not ſo inceſſantly daring as Annibal Caracci; but he was inexpreſſibly lovely, and full of grace. His truth of repreſentation is exquiſite; even in his figures that hover in the air, which no painter ever touched with ſo light a hand.

In this famous ſchool, Guercino, Dominichino, Albani, Cavedone, Tiarini, and other great maſters were formed: each of whom had a manner of his own, which not only collectively acquired fame for themſelves, but communicated it to their inſtructors. The ſchool of Bologna was diſtinguiſhed by this great and peculiar quality, that thoſe who attained a certain degree of perfection had each a manner that was truly original.

Next to Rome, there is no city in the world ſo rich in excellent paintings as Bologna. Here we find noble ſpecimens of all the great artiſts of Europe; and the maſter pieces of thoſe painters who formed themſelves in this ſchool. Of about two hundred and fifty churches, there are few which do not contain ſome of the works of theſe great artiſts; and many are full of them. The ſight of theſe pictures cheriſhes a love of the art, among the citizens: ſome of whom truly feel

their

their beauties, and others pretend to feel them; which occaſion the galleries of the palaces of Bologna to be richly furniſhed.

From what I have ſaid, you will perceive how much employment there is here, for any traveller who ſhould viſit Italy for the ſake of the pictures it contains. Of this multitude, I ſhall only examine a few; and ſome only of thoſe I ſhall ſelect to mention. It would be well for good taſte, were it to paſs over mediocrity, and examine only the beautiful: nay to paſs over the beautiful itſelf, and contemplate none but the moſt beautiful.

I muſt here remind you, requeſting you to remember, that I may not have to repeat it at Florence, Rome, and Naples, I ſhall view many pictures with admiration, which I ſhall paſs over in ſilence.

I am wandering in the Heſperian garden; where I behold the fruits of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Caracci, Guido, Michael Angelo, and I know not how many other immortal men. The poor commemoration, which I can beſtow on ſuch miracles of art, you muſt conſider as a few flowers that I have plucked in Paradiſe: but flowers alas that, having been torn from their roots, wither in my hand.

In

In the Sampieri palace, I ſaw a picture by Guido, which is eſteemed one of the moſt beautiful this maſter ever produced. The ſubject is Peter weeping, after having denied Chriſt, with a diſciple ſtanding before him, wiſhing to afford him conſolation. Profound grief is expreſſed with inimitable force in the manly countenance of Peter. His cheek is bedewed with a tear; and the whole attitude of the body, correſponding with the convulſive motion of one of his arms, is inexpreſſibly fine. The diſciple ſtands facing him; full of compaſſion, and anxiety. I thought I ſaw his embarraſſment, wiſhing to conſole yet feeling the whole guilt of his friend. It was Lebaus ſtanding before Peter; as Klopſtock has deſcribed—

——"Here, here, I bleed! This is my burning wound!"

were the words which every line in the countenance of the penitent ſeemed to utter, while Lebaus was troubled to find an anſwer that ſhould afford relief—

"The heart o'erwhelmed of Simon to conſole."

The head of an angel, by Guido, is full of heavenly grace. The cieling, painted by the three

three Caracci and Guercino, is inexpreſſibly bold. The ſubject is the labours of Hercules. None but artiſts like theſe ſhould dare to paint cielings. They have a peculiar charm, by the deception of their foreſhortening.

The architecture of the church *Del Santiſſimo Salvatore* is fine; the nave of which is ſupported by very large Corinthian pillars. Being entirely white within, it has a more light appearance than is uſual, in the churches of Italy. Over the altar is the Aſſumption of the Virgin: a beautiful picture, by Agoſtino Caracci.

In the church which is dedicated to St. Dominic, the body of this ſaint is buried; and his ſepulchre is adorned with a magnificent monument of white marble: the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, and other great maſters.

There are many excellent pictures in this church; one of which is the Murder of the Innocents, by Guido. Here a mother preſſes her infant to her boſom, hovering over it, kneeling, as if hoping to eſcape the eye of the murderer! Here another, impeding the blow with her right hand; and claſping her babe with the left! One appears as if eſcaping: extreme

extreme anguiſh is in her countenance, and you think you hear the ſhriek of deſpair, from her opening mouth, while, in her flight, ſhe is ſeized behind by the veil. In the fore-ground, a beautiful young mother kneels, with her hands claſped and her eyes directed to heaven, with unutterable agony; while her murdered child is lying at her feet. The murdered innocents, on the ground, are ſtill lovely in death. The pallid hue of death is lightly expreſſed, on the fading cheeks of the gentle ſleepers.

The Dying Virgin is likewiſe ſhewn in the church. The drawing is ſaid to be by Guido; and the colouring by Elizabeth Serani, who died at the age of ſix-and-twenty. Be it as it will, it appears to me a heavenly picture. Twenty holy people ſtand, or kneel, round her bed: one is reading, with a noble mien; but they pay little attention to him: the whole ſoul of each is fixed on the dying Virgin. The ecſtacy of approaching heaven beams in her upward-directed eyes. A young man ſtands cloſe by her ſide; whoſe joyful expectation is moſt excellently contraſted, with the grief of the reſt. This no doubt is St. John. Angels are ſeen hovering in triumph; and the open-

ing

ing heaven pours down its ſources of eternal light on the expiring Virgin.

In this church, Taddeo Pepoli, Ludovico Caracci, Guido, and Count Marſigli, the founder of the univerſity, are buried.

The famous St. Cecilia, of Raphael, is in the church *Del Santo Giovanni in Monte.* To denote her invention of the organ, ſhe holds a row of pipes in her hand; and is looking toward heaven with mild ecſtacy. St. Paul, St. Auguſtin, and Mary Magdalen, ſtand round her; the latter of whom, in the dignified calm of her countenance, I think much more beautiful than Cecilia.

There is likewiſe a Holy Family in this church, finely painted, by Perugino; the maſter of Raphael.

In the Ranuzzi palace, there is a St. Agatha, by Raphael, which I prefer to the ſo much celebrated Cecilia. In her countenance there is that full expreſſion of dignified tranquillity and female grace, which no painter knew how to repreſent equal to Raphael.

Beſide its gallery, in which among many other maſter pieces there are a Sybil and an Iſaiah, by Guercino, the palace of Caprara has a hall that is ornamented with Turkiſh tro-

phies;

phies; which were the ſpoils taken by Æneas Caprara, Field Marſhal of Leopold the Firſt.

There is a charming road, that leads to the handſome monaſtery of *S. Michele in Boſco*, which ſtands about a quarter of a league from the city; on a hill from which the whole city, and its environs, are overlooked. There was formerly an ancient temple ſtanding on this height. The monaſtery contains ſeveral fine pictures; among which there are paintings in freſco, by Guido and Annibal Caracci, which would have been very remarkable, had it not been for the great injuries they have received from time and the air. They are the decoration of a circular portico, which ſurrounds the court of the fountain. There is a copy, after Guido, of a Mary Magdalen, in the ſacriſty of this church, which is finely executed, by Canuti. When I come to Rome, I hope to ſee the original. The church of *Gli Mendicanti di Dentro* is remarkably rich in paintings, by Guido, Annibal Caracci, and others of the ſame ſchool.

A noble painting, by Guercino, embelliſhes the principal altar of the church of *Geſù e Maria;* the ſubject of which is the circumciſion; and it contains ten manly figures of

inimitable force and truth, ſuch as were the peculiar characteriſtics of this great maſter.

The greateſt part of yeſterday morning was ſpent by us in reviewing pictures which we had ſeen before; and, in the afternoon, we viſited a monaſtery, that is called *La Santa Madonna di Luca.* It is ſuppoſed to contain the picture of the Virgin, by the Evangeliſt Saint Luke. Poſſibly, the painter's name might be Lucas. The picture became known by the name of the artiſt, and it would not be at all wonderful that it ſhould afterward be called the work of Saint Luke. The church is magnificent, and the architecture noble. It ſtands on a hill, a ſhort league from the city. There is an arcaded walk all the way to it, which is ſpacious, and ſupported with pillars on one ſide. This and the church have both been erected by a voluntary tax, and by the donations of individuals, and of various companies and communities. The benefactors are denoted by arms and inſcriptions. The very ſervants of the city have taken a ſhare in this expence; and, what is more extraordinary, a company of French comedians, who performed in Bologna, were likewiſe contributors. The ſanctified picture is a rude performance;

formance; and, like all miraculous paintings, exceedingly black. Nine Dominican nuns live in a cloiſter near this church; who every two years are replaced by nine others from the city. Their mode of living is exceedingly recluſe and ſevere.

The celebrated Caſſini has drawn a meridian line, upon a pavement of white marble, in the church of St. Petronius. The ray of light paſſes through a ſmall aperture, in the upper part of the building. The meridian paſſage of the ſun and the moon may here be taken in a very convenient manner.

Near Bologna, the famous ſtone called after the city is found; which, when calcined and expoſed to the daylight, acquires the property of ſhining for ſome time in the dark.

There are two ſmall ſquare towers in the city, which are named after the noblemen at whoſe expence they were built: Aſinelli, and Gariſendi. The height of the firſt is three hundred and ſeventy-ſix feet; and that of the tower of Gariſendi a hundred and thirty. The latter ſtands ſo obliquely that the top is nine feet from the perpendicular. The people of Bologna eſteem this as a wonderful effort of architecture; though probably it is nothing

more than a conſequence of the ſinking of the ground. However, though leſs than the other, and ſinking, it will live the longeſt in the memory of man: for it is mentioned in the immortal poem of Dante *.

Here, as in many parts of Italy, the men wear cloaks; and the women, as in Modena, have them of black ſatin. At a diſtance from various of the gates, arcades are built, as walks. During ſeveral days, while we were here, the weather was ſo mild that we had no need of fires; and, though the windows were left open all day, we felt no cold or inconvenience from the ſtone floors of the chambers.

The young gentlemen exhibit themſelves frequently in this city, as ſo many Phaetons, in their high carriages. They are well dreſſed, drive ſtanding, and have ſervants behind. This in itſelf may be a good and a proper exerciſe, for a young nobleman: but to have the vanity of attracting attention, by their theatrical attitudes, is only a proof that they have no better mode of making themſelves known; nor any talents more valuable than

* Like Gariſendi's tower the giant ſtood
Portentous leaning o'er Bologna's flood.
Inferno, canto xxxi. Boyd's tranſlation.

theſe, when they palpably court public admiration by ſuch means.

I had almoſt forgotten to remark that Salvani reſides at Bologna, who has made himſelf ſo famous by his new diſcoveries in Animal Electricity. I was informed, by a learned friend from Italy, that he finds the muſcles poſſeſs poſitive and the nerves negative electricity. Signor Volta, of Pavia, has gone ſtill farther; and has proved that the nerves, ſet in motion by electricity, likewiſe move the muſcles.

LETTER XLI.

Florence, 7th December 1791.

I EXPECTED to have left Bologna on the 25th of November; but was attacked by a cold and fever, which detained me nine days: and I was obliged at laſt to ſet out before my fever had left me. I hope that the mild change of air, and the advice given me by Signor Bicchierai, who is as intereſting a man

as he is a ſagacious phyſician, will be of ſervice to me.

My journey over one of the Apennines might have been very dangerous to me, had not the weather been extraordinarily mild. We found ſnow on the top of the mountain, which is in part planted with cheſnut trees, which however are of very poor growth, and part is open. A few oaks are ſcattered here and there, which, being lopped as is the cuſtom in this country, afforded but a gloomy aſpect.

The day before yeſterday, we were ſurpriſed by a very unexpected appearance: we ſaw a fire, which, as we were told, proceeded from a volcano. It burns continually, and I wonder that it ſhould be ſo little known.

We perceived the air grow milder, as we approached Florence; and it was ſo like ſummer, yeſterday evening, that we ſaw the glow worm ſhining in the graſs. Although indiſpoſed, here I ſit without a fire, and with my windows open. The balſamic mildneſs of the air entirely exceeds my expectation: it is the garden of Heſperia.

Perhaps you will not be diſpleaſed to be briefly reminded of the origin of the antient inhabitants of this country. They were called *Etrurians*;

Etrurians; and *Tuſcans;* and by the Greeks *Tyrrheni;* or *Tyrſeni.* The cradle of all nations is ſtrewed with the flowers of fabulous hiſtory. Various writers impute their origin to various ſources: but who among them is ſo deſerving of belief as Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus? that profound enquirer into antiquity!

According to him, as far as the uncertainty of hiſtory and the darkneſs of former times might be depended upon, the Etrurians had always been inhabitants of Italy: but not in the country which was properly called *Etruria.* They had lived more northerly, between the Apennines and the Po, from Bologna to Placenza.

The Tyrrheni were a very different people. They were Greeks, and by origin certainly the *Pelaſgi.* They were driven out of Theſſaly, by the *Cares* and the *Leleges;* and became wanderers, went to Lydia, and at laſt, above three hundred years before the deſtruction of Troy, or fifteen hundred years before the birth of Chriſt, they ſettled in Italy; extending themſelves from the two ſeas, as far as the Apennines and the Tiber: which includes the preſent Tuſcany, with a conſiderable part of the States of the Church. The Tyrrheni ap-

pear to have been a very flouriſhing people. The following is the account given us by Diodorus Siculus.

" The Tyrrheni, in early times, were vali-
" ant, conquered many countries, and ſeized
" on numerous and large cities. Long maſters
" of the ocean, they gave their name to the
" Tyrrhenian ſea. They improved the mili-
" tary art, and invented the Tyrrhenian trum-
" pet; which is very excellent in war. They
" firſt gave their leaders lictors, the curule
" ivory chair, and the purple embroidered
" toga. They firſt built pillared-walks round
" their houſes. They made a great progreſs
" in natural hiſtory, in mythology, and the
" fine ſciences. They were obſervers of the
" weather, and explained the lightning as de-
" noting the will of the gods; for which rea-
" ſon the all-conquering Romans admired and
" conſidered them as the interpreters of this
" will. They induſtriouſly cultivated their
" fruitful plains; which not only afforded
" them ſufficient food, but abundance, and
" ſuperfluity. They made two meals each
" day: and the cuſhions on which they re-
" clined, while at table, were embroidered with
" flowers. They had numerous drinking
" veſſels

" veſſels of ſilver, and a great number of ſer-
" vants to attend them: who were all clothed
" above the condition of ſervitude. They had
" many different houſes, and ſeparate cham-
" bers. They had ſunk into inactivity and
" voluptuouſneſs; and, with the loſs of their
" admirable valour, had likewiſe loſt their fame
" in war. This kind of indulgence was not a
" little increaſed, by the fertility of their lands;
" for the excellence of their ſoil afforded them
" great abundance, which they ſtored in their
" granaries. Their fertile hills increaſe the
" beauty of their wealthy plains; and their
" country is ſufficiently watered, even in ſum-
" mer *."

Diodorus, in this paſſage, evidently confounds the Tyrrheni with the Etrurians. This however is the more pardonable ſince, in reality, the two nations mingled with each other, and gradually became one. What he ſays of their commerce belongs intirely to the Tyrrheni. Their enquiries into nature, mythology, and their reſpectful obſervance of the will of the gods, were qualities for which the Etrurians were famed; whom the Romans, applying to them the Greek word, θυειν, to ſa-

* Diodor. vol. i. p. 362, ed. Weſſel.

crifice

crifice, called Tuſcans, and employed principally to ſerve in their temples. We are told by Livy*, that it was aſſerted, in his time, that the Roman youths formerly uſed to be inſtructed in the Etruſcan language; as they afterward were in the Greek.

The Tyrrheni appear to have enjoyed a republican conſtitution; which, among the Etrurians, had ſomething of the monarchical form. Their government was divided into twelve branches; over each of which they appointed a chief, whom they called the *Lucumo*. Long before the Etrurians, forſaking their antient reſidence on the other ſide of the Apennines, had come into that country which had firſt been inhabited by the Tyrrheni, and afterward took the name of Etruria, they certainly had extenſive poſſeſſions in this country; which reached even as far as Campania, where they had built the city of Capua before the founding of Rome. We are informed, by Virgil, that Piſa, in the time of Æneas, was certainly an Etrurian town. Their removal over the Apennines happened at the time that the Firſt Tarquin governed in Rome. It was then that the Gauls attacked them, with a

* Liv. lib. xi. 36.

powerful

powerful army, and ſeized on their principal city, *Felſina;* which they called *Bononia:* the preſent Bologna. Though we may well imagine there were bloody wars, between the Tyrrheni and the Etrurians, when the latter attacked the Tyrrheni in the country they enjoyed beyond the Apennines, yet the people became ſo mingled, with each other, that at length they formed but one nation.

They carried on a great trade, ſeized on the coaſts of Sardinia and Corſica, and from thence ſailed into the great ocean, beyond the pillars of Hercules. Here they diſcovered an iſland; to which they would have ſent a colony, but they were oppoſed in this project by the Carthaginians.

By degrees, the Etrurians became ſhamefully vitiated; and therefore were the more eaſily ſubjected, by the Romans.

Whether Florence had with certainty been an Etrurian city, or, as others affirm, was built by the ſoldiers of Sylla, and was called *Fluentia*, afterward *Florentia*, it is difficult to determine. It was deſtroyed by Totila, king of the Goths; and rebuilt by Charlemagne. It maintained its liberty for ſeveral centuries; but at length became neither capable nor worthy of liberty,

liberty, and was therefore continually diſtracted by different factions. The Guelphs and Ghibelins aſſaulted each other, with unextinguiſhable rage. The party ſubdued was obliged to fly the country; and was induſtrious in exciting enemies againſt it.

Jealous of their freedom, the Florentines took the ſingular reſolution of excluding the nobility from all public offices; and conſequently the nobles had no other road open, to power, than that of becoming of the rank of citizen. This rank very ſoon included all the power and dignity that had formerly appertained to the rank of noble; and there can be no doubt but that, after the degradation of the nobility, the reign of riches, which is certainly the moſt rigorous and the moſt degrading, muſt have taken place.

The family of the Medici ſoon predominated, by its wealth and influence; and Coſimo Medici, a man of great talents, governed Florence without poſſeſſing the title of prince. The government was continued in his family, till at laſt its power was publicly acknowledged by the people.

Freedom is an ineſtimable bleſſing: but, if it be not promoted by purity of manners, it

ſoon

ſoon degenerates into anarchy, and the deſpotiſm of the multitude; which, of all others, is the moſt dreadful misfortune that can befall a country. Whoever will read the excellent hiſtory of Florence, by Machiavel, will be convinced that the Florentines were incapable of freedom; and that the change, which happened in their conſtitution, was evidently a bleſſing.

At the extinction of the family of the Medici, Francis of Lorraine, grand duke of Tuſcany, was the huſband of Maria Thereſa; and ceded Lorraine to Staniſlaus, who had been king of Poland. Tuſcany is now governed by the grandſon of Francis; who is the ſecond ſon of the Emperor.

P. S. I have obtained further information, concerning the volcano I mentioned, from the learned Signor Bicchierai; who has viſited the place himſelf. He does not believe it to be a volcano; as he can neither find traces of any crater, of ſtones that it has thrown out, or of lava. He has only diſcovered cavities in the earth, which exude a petrol, or liquid bitumen. This oil probably gives the air an inflammatory quality. He believes that it is often enflamed by violent guſts of wind; and that

that then it catches fire: though it does not conſtantly burn: but that very frequently this inflammatory air catches fire by the torches that are brought thither. A ſlight degree of warmth is felt in theſe places. Sir William Hamilton had this air bottled, and ſent to England: experiments were made upon it, and it was found to be of the ſame kind as the inflammable air, which is common to the coalpits at Newcaſtle.

LETTER XLII.

Florence, 17th December 1791.

THIS city, which in the time of its freedom was one of the moſt populous in Europe, does not now contain more than ſeventy-four thouſand inhabitants. Its ſite on the Arno is beautiful; and its four large bridges give it a grand appearance: but it is not well built. I allow that the ſtone houſes, of this as well as of all the Italian towns, are greatly preferable to our own: but their ſtreets are narrow and crooked.

I muſt

I muſt own, the famous Florentine gallery has not equalled my expectation. It contains pictures of the greateſt maſters; but they are not their beſt performances: and the remainder are of the Florentine ſchool; the works of which are inſipid and lifeleſs, compared to the full and powerful impreſſions we receive, from the Bologneſe artiſts: the three Caracci, Guido, and Guercino.

It is better provided with antient ſtatues; for it contains the fineſt productions of antiquity. I will not enumerate all the antient emperors, and the empreſſes, with which this hall abounds; but paſs on to the famous Venus de Medicis, an Apollo, the Roman ſlave or whetter, the wreſtlers, and the dancing Fauns. You have ſeen excellent caſts of all theſe ſtatues: but, oh, how inferior is the very beſt of them to the originals!

Ariadne ſleeping, of a coloſſal ſize, Hercules attacking Neſſus, the Centaur, and a ſleeping Morpheus, with poppies in his hand, are all full of expreſſion. The Morpheus is of black marble.

A coloſſal head of Alexander, dying, is of the higheſt beauty. I cannot imagine how Addiſon could have ſuppoſed the artiſt meant

to

to repreſent Alexander weeping, becauſe he had no new worlds to conquer. A deſire of new worlds might paſs fleeting through his great mind; but ſuch a thought never could have been followed by ſuch an earneſt appearance. I could much ſooner believe that the ſculptor intended Alexander ſhould be repreſented in the moment of repentance, for the murder of Clytus. Be it as it will, we ſee evident marks of the approach of death. The genius of the artiſt has repreſented the ſtrength of the dying Alexander as ſinking before that approach.

Niobe, with her ſeven ſons and ſeven daughters, ſtands in a ſpacious hall. Her offspring are all as large as life; but the figure of Niobe is coloſſal. I know not how it happens, but this exception, with reſpect to the mother, diſturbs the harmony of the whole much leſs than you would imagine. The point of time, choſen by the artiſt, is when only one ſon is ſlain, by the arrow of Apollo. The figure of the fallen youth is very fine. However, it appears to me unworthy of the great artiſt to have given him two large wounds. The Greek artiſts are generally careful to keep the diſagreeable out of ſight; and what need was there

there for more than one wound, from the bow of the far-ſtriking God, to lay the dying youth in the duſt?

The youth lies on his back, and there is a horſe ſtanding beſide him; from which it has been conjectured, with great probability, that the dead youth was ſhot from his horſe. The animal cannot in truth be praiſed: which is the caſe with many of the horſes of antiquity, though ſome of them are excellent.

The young women are much more beautiful than the youths; ſome of whom appear to me to be worthy neither of their mother nor their ſiſters. All are repreſented in different attitudes, in expectation of approaching death.

Ovid, who in his noble narrative gives a different picture to that of the artiſt, ſuffers more of the youths to be ſhot from on horſeback: but he appears to have ſeen theſe ſtatues, for he has caught the moſt lovely idea of the ſculptor, that of the youngeſt daughter flying to take ſhelter in the lap of her mother.

Ultima reſtabat, quam toto corpore mater,
Tota veſte tegens, Unam, minimamque, relinque!
De multis minimam poſco, clamavit, et unam!

The laſt with eager care the mother veil'd,
Behind her ſpreading mantle cloſe conceal'd
And with her body guarded, as a ſhield.
Only for this, this youngeſt, I implore:
Grant me this one requeſt, I aſk no more.

CROXALL.

The expreſſion of the mother, whoſe beauty ſhines viſibly through her grief, is inimitable.

There is a ſixteenth figure, that is ambiguous. Some affirm it to be Amphion, the huſband of Niobe; who, according to the fable, killed himſelf for grief, after the death of his children: but the figure of this man does not appear to me to be ſufficiently noble for Amphion. He has a bonnet and a cloak, which are rather the coſtume of a ſlave than of a hero. Heyne, the aulic counſellor, it is ſaid, ſuppoſed it to be a ſlave, who had been a tutor to the ſons; and yet this opinion does not I think appear to be well grounded; for this ambiguous repreſentation of a ſlave, between Niobe and her fourteen children, would be a diſagreeable expedient; or ſomething worſe.

It appears much more probable that this figure, though it was diſcovered with the others

in

in the ſixteenth century, is no part of the ſame ſtory *.

The muſeum of the Grand Duke is a very ample and remarkable collection, from the three kingdoms of nature. The anatomical preparations, in wax, are executed with great powers of deception.

I have no where ſeen ſo many ſpecimens of birds, which were equally well preſerved, and equally natural in their attitudes. It is likewiſe admirably rich in inſects, and ſhells; and connoiſſeurs affirm that the mineralogical collection is exceedingly ample. One apartment is entirely filled with plants, kept under glaſſes; and thoſe tender plants that cannot be well preſerved are repreſented, with uncommon art, in wax. They appear to grow, in all their beautiful bloom; and the ſilver coloured down, of certain leaves, is imitated with the utmoſt degree of reality.

The new palace of the Grand Duke, which

* When I wrote this, I had not ſeen a baſſo relievo, at Rome; in which there is the figure of Amphion, and likewiſe of the pedagogue, and the nurſe. In a ſarcophagus of the Villa Borgheſi at Rome, we likewiſe find the pedagogue and the nurſe. I therefore retract my opinion, and think it probable that Counſellor Heyne was right in his conjecture; but that, perhaps, the Amphion, as well as the nurſe, has not been diſcovered.

is called the *Palazzo Pitti*, the name of its former poſſeſſor, is noble in appearance, without, and magnificent, within. It is moſt remarkable for its fine collection of pictures, only ſome of which I ſhall notice.

Here is the ſo juſtly famed, and the ſo frequently copied, *Madonna della Sedia*, by Raphael; which our Preiſler, with his maſterly hand, has lately engraved. The picture is in excellent preſervation, and is kept covered with a glaſs.

A large allegorical picture, by Rubens, is full of poetic fire. A warrior iſſues from the open gate of the temple of Janus, tearing himſelf from the arms of a beautiful woman, who appears to be the figure of Peace. The Furies of war force him from her. Another woman follows him, ſhrieking, bearing a mural crown; and before him are extended, on the ground, various figures of men.

Two large landſcapes, by Rubens, poſſeſs all that life of nature which that great painter knew how to beſtow, as well on this branch of the art as on hiſtorical ſubjects.

Here too is a very beautiful painting, by Rubens, repreſenting himſelf, his brother, Hugo Grotius, and Juſtus Lipſius.

I found the ſame Holy Family, by Rubens, here,

here, which I had ſo much admired in the palace of Giacomo Balbi, at Genoa. This of the Grand Duke may be the original; but I confeſs, if that at Genoa be the copy, it has ſomething in it of the lovely, which I cannot but prefer. I muſt not however omit to add that the picture here is in a bad light.

The portraits, by Raphael, are very fine; and I was exceedingly intereſted to find, among them, thoſe of Pope Julio the Second, and Leo the Tenth.

A Madonna, with the Holy Child, by Carlo Dolce, is excellent: but there are two pieces, by the ſame maſter, a Chriſt and a Madonna, which I think more excellent.

There are two Holy Families, by Raphael; one of which is very ſmall, and uncommonly beautiful.

Here are Martin Luther and his wife, by Holbein. We are ſurpriſed to meet our Luther, ſo frequently, in the galleries of Italy.

Another Holy Family, by Raphael, in his firſt manner. It is very intereſting to contemplate by what degrees the mind of this great man ſoared beyond his maſter, Perugino. His firſt performances might be taken for the maſter pieces of his inſtructor.

A Saint Sebaſtian, by Andrea del Sarto, is one of the fineſt ornaments of this rich collection.

Four landſcapes, by Gregorio Fidanza, a painter now living at Rome, are excellent. Two of them are of ſummer: the third is a winter piece, and the fourth a view on the ſea ſhore.

There is a large garden, belonging to the *Palazzo Pitti*, which might be called a winter garden; for it is full of evergreens: among others are the prickly oak, the cypreſs, various pines, the olive, the common laurel, the *lauro-ceraſus*, the *lentiſcus*, and the wild laurel; which is in bloom about Chriſtmas in our hot-houſes, and then bears no fruit; but here, in the open air, at this ſeaſon of the year, it teems with its clear blue berries. Even the *philyrea*, and the black poplar, are ſtill in leaf in this garden.

There are ſeveral pictures in the church of the Annunciation, none of which appear to me very remarkable; except the famous *Madonna del Sacco*, in freſco; which is ſo called becauſe Joſeph is leaning on a ſack. The perſonages are the Holy Virgin, the child Jeſus, and Joſeph. It is painted by Andrea del Sarto, and is very fine.

The figure of Dante is in the cathedral, crowned with laurel. We often meet with him, here, and always crowned with laurel. This great man was not buried in his native city, but at Ravenna.

In the church *Della Santa Croce* are the monuments of three remarkable men of genius, all Florentines: Galileo, Machiavel, and Michael Angelo Buonaroti. The following inſcription is on the monument of Machiavel, which has been erected in modern times.

Tanto nomini nullum elogium par.
Nicolaus Machiavelli
Obiit Ao M.D.XXVII.

The church of St. Lawrence is famous, for being the burying place of the family of the Medici. They lie in the ſacriſty; in which there are two monuments, with beautiful ſtatuary, by Michael Angelo: but they are not quite finiſhed.

A large and magnificent chapel has long been building, in which the remains of the family of the Medici are to be placed. Its form is octagon, and it contains ſix large ſepulchres; four of Egyptian and two of oriental granite; deſigned by Michael Angelo.

There are niches wrought above theſe ſepulchres, in which coloſſal ſtatues of the Medici are placed; ſome of which, by Giovanni di Bologna, are very excellent.

There is a fine library belonging to this church, the books of which are all chained to tables, and which may be reached with convenience. The number of volumes does not appear to be conſiderable; but it contains ſome choice manuſcripts. I ſaw a Latin bible, and a Virgil; the firſt of the ſixth, and the laſt of the fifth century. I looked into the beginning of the Æneid, and did not find the four firſt verſes; beginning *Ille ego qui quondam;* which the beſt commentators hold to be ſpurious. The poem begins with *Arma virumque cano.*

For my own part, I confeſs theſe four verſes do not appear to me unlike Virgil: but his fine taſte might diſcover that they were unneceſſary, and not worthy to begin the Æneid: he might therefore omit them.

The celebrated copy of the Pandects, of the time of the Emperor Juſtinian, is not allowed to be ſhewn, without permiſſion. I eaſily conſoled myſelf with the loſs of this ſight; and could not help recollecting the queſtion

that once was put to me, with great vivacity, by a German profeſſor: who demanded whether the King of Denmark, then on his travels, had been to Florence, and had looked at the famous copy of the Pandects? The ſagacious pedant thought that no object was ſo worthy of remark, to a young prince, as this manuſcript.

There is a conſiderable collection of pictures, in the *Palazzo Riccardi:* among others the Four Evangeliſts, by Carlo Dolce.

A very fine portrait of Andrea Del Sarto, by himſelf.

The cieling of a large chamber full of ornaments is by Luca Giordano. The ſubjects he has choſen are all mythological; and the whole performance is of remarkable beauty.

On the walls of the *Palazzo Altoviti* are fifteen famous men, as Mercuries, cut in ſtone: among whom are Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Guicciardini, Ficino, who is well known for his fine edition of Plato, and Amerigo Veſpucci. In the palace itſelf is a ſmall collection of pictures; which is remarkable for containing a noble portrait of Raphael, by himſelf, and preſented to the anceſtors of the preſent family.

I am

I am juſt come from the ſtone of Dante *(Il ſaſſo del Dante)*; a place on a ſeat of ſtone, which is oppoſite to the cathedral, and is ſo called becauſe the poet uſed to delight to ſit there. The memory of this great man, who lived five hundred years ago, is very freſh among his countrymen; and will never be forgotten, while *la dolce favella Toſca*, the ſweet Tuſcan tongue, ſhall be ſpoken and read.

When his noble poem firſt became public, the people often pointed with aſtoniſhment to the man who had returned from viſiting purgatory, hell and heaven. They ſuppoſed the hundred cantos, of his *Divina Comedia*, to be the deſcription of a real journey.

The church *del Battiſterio* is of noble architecture, circular, and ſupported by Corinthian pillars. Tradition maintains that it was an antient temple of Mars. Its brazen gates are of remarkable beauty, adorned with noble deſigns in baſſo relievo, which repreſent the hiſtories of holy writ. It is the work of Lorenzo Ghiberti. Michael Angelo admired theſe gates ſo much that he called them the gates of Paradiſe.

I muſt not conclude this letter without noticing an inſtitution, which does honour to Florence;

Florence ; and which originated in the age of liberty. A community, which is called *La Societa della Miſericordia*, which conſiſts of all ranks of people, make it their duty to afford aid to the poor and helpleſs of the city. After enquiring into the diſeaſes of the ſick, they either take them to an excellent hoſpital or into their own houſes. Any perſon, meeting with an extraordinary misfortune, may depend upon receiving ſuccour, from this community. When the ſociety aſſemble, or when any ſudden accident calls a number of them together, they appear in maſks : partly from prudence, to conceal themſelves, and partly not to put the poorer members of the ſociety to the bluſh, by the difference of dreſs in the more wealthy.

They afford their aid, when neceſſary, unaſked. When a diſtreſſed perſon meets with any accident, though he have never belonged to the ſociety, he is made welcome. Similar ſocieties, which are called *confraternita*, are common to the towns of Italy.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

Piſa, 18th December 1791.

I COULD not withſtand the inclination I had to viſit this antient and famous city, though it was out of our road; and I was the rather induced, becauſe Piſa is not only well deſerving of notice, but is remarkable for the mild air it enjoys.

We ſet out early, yeſterday; for we had a long day's journey to perform. The road is pleaſant, and ſometimes led us to the banks of the beautiful Arno. The Apennines were ſeen on our right, and ſometimes the proſpect before us was very extenſive. The road itſelf is excellent; eſpecially the laſt half of the way. The land is cultivated with extreme care, and planted with numerous olive and mulberry trees; round which the vine riſes, and clings: the ſhoots of which there is no occaſion to lay, in winter.

The nearer we came to Piſa, the milder we found the air. The *Pyracanthus*, which we call the fiery buſh, and plant in gardens, was

was here verdant, and covered with its glowing berries. We saw garden beans, that were about six inches high; and that, after growing all winter, are gathered in April. The men and women were employed in digging large fields with the spade. In these fields, a later kind of garden bean, *vicia faba*, is planted; which ripens in June. Many different trees have not yet lost their leaves; particularly the oak, on parts of which we found green and tender sprouts, as in summer.

Pisa must have been built some centuries before the destruction of Troy. Tradition attributes its origin to the Greek town of Pisa, in Elis, on the banks of the Alpheus, which was made so famous by the Olympian games. Virgil, speaking of it, says, *Alpheæ ab origine Pisæ.*

Aristotle however, whose enquiries were much more extensive and profound, and after him Strabo, both tell us that Pisa was founded by the Ligurians; who were a Celtic nation. It afterward became one of the principal cities of the Etrurians. In the year of Rome 572, the Romans sent a Latin colony hither; and in later times it became a municipal city.

On the decline of the Roman Empire,

Pisa

Piſa obtained its freedom; which contributed, with its ſituation on the Arno, to raiſe it to a high degree of power and rule. When all Italy was overrun by the invaſions of the pirates, the people of Piſa took the iſlands of Sardinia and Corſica, from the Saracens, the town of Palermo, in Sicily, and likewiſe Carthago. They greatly aided the cruſaders, who followed the holy banners into the Eaſt, and, themſelves, raiſed the ſiege of the city of Alexandria, in Egypt.

Piſa did not eſcape the general misfortunes which befel the inland parts of Italy, during the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelins. Diſtracted by both theſe factions, its power declined; but its liberties received the moſt deadly wound during the war it waged with Genoa. In this war, Piſa loſt twelve thouſand men, forty-nine gallies, and, what was ſtill more fatal, its haven, *Porto Piſano*, and the navigation of the Arno; for, from this time, the commerce of Piſa became dependant, and inſignificant.

Ugolino, count of Gherardeſca, a citizen of Piſa, for having favoured the faction of the Guelphs, was aided by them, and became the tyrant of his country. He was baniſhed, but

reſtored

reſtored again by the Florentines; was afterward ſeized, by the people of Piſa, and he and his three ſons were impriſoned in a tower, by the Archbiſhop Ruggieri; where they were ſuffered to die with hunger. This mournful ſtory Dante makes Ugolino himſelf relate, in hell, with all the ardour of poetry. Beſide, where is the German who is unacquainted with Gerſtenberg's terrifying tragedy of Ugolino? which, had the author never written any thing elſe, would have immortalized his name!

Piſa, afterward, more than once, was ſubjected to the Florentines; and, more than once, recovered its liberty: till it was finally ſubdued, by Florence; which did but act in obedience to the family of the Medici. Many of its citizens abandoned their native place, where they could no longer be free. The people of Piſa made an ineffectual attempt, a hundred years afterward, to recover their antient liberty; and, after this ſtruggle, Piſa declined ſo faſt that the number of its inhabitants was decreaſed from a hundred and fifty thouſand to fifteen thouſand. The Grand Duke endeavoured to afford it relief, and founded the order of St. Stephen; the knights

of

of which order were to inhabit Piſa. He likewiſe made it a univerſity. But how ineffectual are means like theſe, to ſupply the loſs of benevolent and all fertiliſing freedom!

The preſent Grand Duke loves Piſa: and, in imitation of his father, the Emperor, paſſes ſeveral months of the year at this city.

The climate of Piſa is uncommonly mild. At ten o'clock this morning, our thermometer ſtood at twelve degrees above the freezing point. This was in the open air; and, at the ſame ſeaſon of the year, was one degree warmer than it was in my chamber in Germany, in which I had a fire.

We viſited the botanic garden; having a letter of recommendation to the ſuperintendant, Signor Gregorio Santi, a very active man, which was given us by Doctor Bichierai, of Florence.

As we walked through the garden, we were charmed by the proſpect of large orange and lemon trees, teeming with the golden fruit of the gardens of Heſperia. A lovely laurel grove, of ſlender and tall trees, made the garden, at this time of the year, very pleaſant; and, in ſummer, its cool ſhades and innume-

rable

rable ſinging birds muſt render it uncommonly delightful.

We ſaw the *Cactus Opuntia* in the open air, with its red fruit; the *Cactus heptagona;* ſeveral Aloes; a large now leafleſs *Morus papyrifera;* the *Chamærops humilis* with its fruit, which did not yet bear* becauſe the male tree was wanting; ſeveral *Jucca* with their fruit; the *Laurus Alexandrinus (ruſcus)* with fruit; and the *Gleditſia Triacanthus*, with its ſeed burſting through the large huſk, from which it is ſaid the crown of thorns was made. We likewiſe ſaw a large *Cactus cereus*, planted againſt a wall, which was thicker than a man's arm and full ten ells high. The *Oleander*, with its fruit; and the *Colutea* and *Cytiſus*, which here do not loſe their leaves till late in the winter: they are ſtill green; and the *Cytiſus* now bears its yellow flower; which does not hang in ſuch long bunches, at preſent, as it does with us in May.

The famous tower of Piſa, which is ſwayed

* The text is—*mit ſeinen früchten, welche doch nicht befruchtet waren.* This may ſignify *not yet impregnated*; or perhaps *not ripened:* but I pretend to no knowledge on the ſubject, and therefore quote the author. T.

fifteen feet from the centre, has a noble appearance: it is the belfry of the cathedral. This cathedral, like thofe of Florence and of Affifi, muft have been the work of a German architect of the eleventh century. In this age, architecture flourifhed among the Germans. The Gothic architecture travelled, from Spain, through France to Germany. The numerous rich and free cities of our country expedited its progrefs, and architects of the German fchool found their way to Italy; till at laft the Italians, from the great works of antiquity which remained among them, were induced to reftore the fine arts. This they effected, and defervedly became the tutors of Europe.

In this church is the famous *Campo Santo*; which confifts of a fpacious corridore within a court, the figure of which is an oblong fquare. The infide is painted in frefco; and the fubject of the paintings is Dante's Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven; but the execution is very unworthy of the immortal poet. On the outward open fide, fupported by pillars, are fepulchres of very rude workmanfhip; which denotes their high antiquity.

Among theſe monuments is that which the late King of Pruſſia cauſed to be erected, to the memory of Algarotti.

At the top is the following inſcription :

ALGAROTTO, OVIDII ÆMULO, NEWTONII DISCIPULO,

FREDERICUS MAGNUS.

Below is a marble buſt of Algarotti, with theſe words :

ALGAROTTUS NON OMNIS.

Above the monument is a Muſe, reading ; and the owl of Pallas.

From this place, we went to the obſervatory ; the different ſtories of which are provided with good aſtronomical inſtruments. The profeſſor of aſtronomy, who is a native of Tyrol, ſhewed them all to us with great politeneſs. From the top of the obſervatory, we ſaw the Apennines toward the north, by which Piſa is protected from the north wind ; and this, added to the influence of the ſea air, produces that mildneſs of climate which the city enjoys. The famous marble of Carara is dug in a part of theſe mountains, which now appertain to the Duke of Modena : the

Duke having married the heireſs of Maſſa Carara, though this lady is dead.

We once more had the pleaſure to ſee the Mediterranean; and to trace the courſe of the Arno, which empties itſelf into the ſea. We likewiſe ſaw Leghorn, the high iſland of Gorgona,* and that of Elva. In clear weather, Corſica may be ſeen; but the ſky was then too cloudy: and I was aſſured that Sardinia itſelf might ſometimes be perceived; though this appears to me impoſſible.

The people of Piſa maintain that the origin of their city was the Greek city of Piſa; and every three years, on the 12th of May, they have a game which they compare to the

* Dante mentions this iſland; and another that is not far diſtant from it, which is called Capraja. He wiſhes they both would riſe from their beds, and dam up the mouth of the Arno; that Piſa might be puniſhed, for the cruelties inflicted on Ugolino.

Muoraſi la Capraja e la Gorgona,
E faccian ſiepe ad Arno, in ſu la foce;
Si ch'egli annieghi in te ogni perſona.

DANTE, Inferno, xxxiii. 82—84.

Ye towers of Piſa, may Gorgona's ſtrand,
With lofty mounds, the coming flood withſtand;
And ſend it foaming down to whelm thy ſhame.

BOYD.

Olympic

Olympic games. Three hundred and fifty men, from that quarter of the city which is called *Santa Maria*, aſſemble on the principal bridge of the Arno, in complete ancient armour; in oppoſition to three hundred and fifty other men, who come from another quarter, called *San Antonio*. A banner is placed on the centre of the bridge; and whichever party can drive the other beyond this banner is allowed to have gained the victory. The river uſed to be covered with boats; the purpoſe of which was to catch the falling combatants: but the fury of their ſtrife has been limited, and now nothing but armour falls into the ſtream.

There is a handſome quay on each ſide of the Arno; which would have a ſtill better effect, if the proſpect toward the river were not interrupted, by a ſtone parapet that is rather high. Several bridges are built over the Arno, which make the walks pleaſant. The houſes of the city are antient: the ſtreets however are wide; and, on one quay, there are ſome noble palaces, that were built by Michael Angelo.

The Exchange conſiſts of very handſome

high arcades, built of ſtone, which on feſtival days are illuminated.

The market is ſupplied with fine fruit, vegetables, and with flowers, through every ſeaſon of the year: for they bloom here all winter in the open air. We ſaw roſes, carnations, hyacinths, gilly flowers, the ranunculus, anemone, and other flowers. Like as our common garden apples are ſold by ſcores, ſo here ſweet oranges are tied twenty together, and ſold for a very trifle.

The wine of this country would be excellent, were it not that, like moſt of the Italian wines, it has the quality of not keeping longer than from year to year. This defect does not appear to proceed ſo much from the preparation as from the quality of the air; for foreign wines will ſeldom keep, Rheniſh only excepted. Burgundy indeed may be kept; but then eſpecial care muſt be taken to purify it from the dregs which it depoſits.

We were deſirous of ſeeing *La Torre della Fame* (The tower of hunger) which had been ſo named after the death of Ugolino and his ſons: but there is no trace of it remaining, and the place where it ſtood is even diſputed.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

Rome, 24th December 1791.

WE left Pisa early on the 19th; and travelled, through very fertile and well cultivated countries, to Sienna: where we arrived on the 20th. This district abounds in mulberry trees; round which the vine clings, bearing fruit of an incredible size. Sienna lies high among the Apennines, between hills that are planted with olive trees. This town is indebted for its cool summers to the height of its situation; but the winter is often very severe here; at least it is so thought by the Italians.

Some affirm that Sienna was one of the twelve principal cities of the Etrurians: others maintain that it was founded by Brennus, during his war with the Romans. Some contend that it derived the name of Sena from the *Senones*, a tribe of the Gauls: but this opinion would be as difficult to prove as to deny. A colony was sent hither in the time of Augustus, when it took the name of *Sena Julia*.

After the decline of the Roman Empire, this place underwent many changes; but at laſt obtained its freedom, and ſupported itſelf courageouſly againſt Florence, and Piſa. The citizens of this little free ſtate, in the year 1260, gained a famous victory over the Florentines and Guelphs.

Inteſtine broils were much more dangerous to Sienna than foreign foes; and Pandolfo Petrucci erected himſelf its tyrant. His ſucceſſors followed his example; till new diſturbances aroſe, and excited the deſire of ſubjecting it in France and Spain.

It is probable that France, according to its antient and modern cuſtom, encouraged theſe contentions: but Spain took advantage of them, oppreſſed the citizens, and gave them into the power of the Medici. The loſs of freedom occaſioned the decay of the city. Its circumference is computed to be a German mile, yet the number of its inhabitants is only ſeventeen thouſand. It formerly contained a hundred thouſand people.

Sienna is tolerably well built; but we miſs here, as in the other towns of Tuſcany, the arcades of the houſes; which afford ſuch cooling ſhades, and give ſo noble an appearance,

ance, to the towns on the other ſide of the Apennines. This appears the more ſingular becauſe, according to Diodorus, the arcade walks were the invention of the Tyrrheni.

The open place is handſome; and larger than you uſually find, in the cities of Italy. It is circular, and in the hollow form of a muſcle ſhell; being lower in the middle than at the ſides.

The cathedral is a good Gothic building, of white and red marble. The front is perfectly Gothic; and covered and disfigured by numerous carved images. The pavement within the church is of great beauty. It repreſents ſtories from holy writ, in moſaic work; and is covered with boards, which are removed whenever ſtrangers come to viſit the church. The body of the cathedral is decorated with many figures, of the Popes, cut in ſtone.

In one of the chapels, there are two beautiful ſtatues, from the hand of Bernini, of Mary Magdalen and St. Jerome; both of white marble. An old octagon pulpit, of white marble, is ornamented with fine baſſi relievi; of the workmanſhip of Nicolao and Giovanni of Piſa.

Here too is what is called the library; but

in

in which the only books now remaining are about thirty large folio volumes of church muſic; which have belonged to the cathedral more than three hundred years. They are decorated with finely illuminated figures, painted by a monk. The Spaniards have taken away more than half, which are now to be found in the great library of the Eſcurial.

The library of Sienna is moſt remarkable for ſome large paintings, in freſco, by Pinturicchio; in which Raphael muſt have had a hand. In fact, we diſcover his portrait in one of theſe paintings: but, what is more convincing, we diſcover the true ſpirit of Raphael; in the freedom of the outlines, and in the breathing animation of many of the figures.

Here is likewiſe an antique group, of white marble, repreſenting the Graces. It has been aſcribed to the father of Socrates. Although it is much damaged and is placed in a bad light, we ſtill could recogniſe in it the noble ſtyle of the antients.

Between Sienna and Rome, Tuſcany is chiefly barren, and mountainous. We travelled three leagues before day-break, on the 21ſt; and hoped to have reached Radicofani before

before night: but a torrent ſwelled by rains, and the melted ſnow from the mountains, occaſioned the waters to riſe; and we were obliged to turn back, and ſleep at a wretched inn. Fortunately, the weather changed; and we were able to paſs the ſtream in the morning. To be detained by the riſing of the waters is an accident to which travellers are frequently liable, in Italy. The inhabitants of this country allege, as an excuſe for the want of bridges, the rapidity of the torrents: but are the torrents of Switzerland leſs rapid? And what power has a narrow ſtream of water over a bridge the arch of which is turned from bank to bank, ſo that the waters cannot reach it?

Radicofani is a fortreſs, built on the top of a hill. It commands an important paſs of the Tuſcan territories, on the borders of the States of the Church. No tree ſhades the inhabitants of this ſmall place; where, in ſummer, the heat is inſupportable. Many hamlets and villages are ſeen, as you travel through the country, round which there is not a ſingle tree. The people of Tuſcany do not appear to love the ſhade; and have very little conception of the beauty of trees. They plant but

but few; and thoſe they lop. The country houſes of the rich are only planted with a few gloomy cypreſs trees, mingled with the pale green olive. They live in the country only during the months of November and December, and ſpend the whole ſummer in their towns; where they ſeek the gloom of their houſes, becauſe their naked fields expoſe them to the heat of the ſun. This diſmal cuſtom prevails even in Lombardy, Modena, and Parma.

The country round Radicofani exhibits many traces of extinguiſhed volcanos. Naked rocks abound on the barren hills; and appear to point out the foregone deſtruction of nature.

Soon after we left Radicofani, we entered the States of the Church; and, before duſk, we paſſed over a tolerably ſteep hill, on the top of which the ill built little town of Acqua Pendente ſtands. The hill is very pleaſant. The prickly oak, and the olive, grow among the wild rocks on the right; and the intervals are rendered pleaſant with noble cheſnut trees. The valley opened upon us, toward the left, ſmiling with the cluſtering vine. It afforded us ſome regret, when we were afterward

ward told that this place derived its name from a waterfall, which ruſhes from the top of the mountain.

Yeſterday morning, we paſſed the lake of Bolſena; the woody ſhores and rocky iſlands of which, covered with trees, render it remarkably pleaſant. It took its name from the antient Volſci; Bolſena being their principal town in theſe parts. Pliny mentions its woody iſlands*; but ſays they float in the waters of the lakes: whereas they viſibly reſt upon rocks.

This lake was called by the antients *Lacus Volſcinienſis*, and *Lacus Tarquinienſis*. In the States of the Church, you here and there find noble trees that have not been lopped. The cattle are large, of a light grey colour, as in Tuſcany, and have horns of an extraordinary ſize.

It is remarkable that, in theſe provinces as well as in all the provinces of Italy, through which I have travelled, though their grounds are cultivated by cattle, and the breed of the cattle is ſo fine, there is yet a want of milk. Probably they ſell the heifer to the butcher oftener than the ſteer: we do the reverſe.

* Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. ii. c. 95.

Agricul-

Agriculture, in the States of the Church, is but ill underſtood. Stones, which lie unmoleſted, and unbroken clods of earth, interrupt the courſe of the plough. Whole fields are covered with high broom, fern, and thiſtles; which denote the goodneſs of the ſoil, and the negligence of the people *.

Notwithſtanding the time of the year, we occaſionally ſaw the broom in bloom. Yeſterday before noon, we arrived at Viterbo; a town that contains about ten thouſand inhabitants, among whom there appears to be much trade.

At four o'clock this morning, we went to Ronciglione; the ſituation of which, yeſterday by the light of a torch, had appeared to be pleaſant. We paſſed ſome places where the ſmell of the mephitic vapours was exceſſively diſagreeable. The whole country, from this place almoſt to Rome, containing a tract of thirty-five miles, ſixty to a degree, is for the moſt part barren; with here and there ſome ſigns of wretched cultivation, but almoſt for-

* I was afterward convinced, as I travelled through the eaſtern provinces, that this reproach, though generally made without exception, is not deſerved by all the States of the Church.

ſaken

ſaken by mankind. The eye was only relieved by a few buſhes, growing on the hills; on which goats and ſheep were paſtured.

The want of fertility, in the *Campagna di Roma*, has unjuſtly been entirely attributed to neglect in cultivation. I believe that the antient Romans, partly becauſe they held agriculture in honour, and partly becauſe they were regardleſs of the health of their ſeverely treated ſlaves, cultivated theſe lands as well as it was poſſible: but the ſoil, in their time, was poor and unhealthy. The republic early placed a Roman garriſon in Capua; and wiſhed to ſeize upon the fertile plains of the inhabitants. "Why," ſaid the ſoldiers, "ſhould this people, who have not the cou-
"rage to defend their poſſeſſions, enjoy the
"moſt fertile territories of Italy? Why ſhould
"they not rather be ours, warlike and victo-
"rious as we are; and who have driven out
"the Samnites with our ſweat and blood? Is
"it juſt that they, who have ſurrendered to us,
"ſhould enjoy the produce and pleaſure of
"the earth: while we, fatigued with war,
"muſt again return to till the unhealthy and
"barren

" barren lands of Rome; or ſuffer, in the " city, the daily extortion of uſurers *?"

It appears to me probable that the founders of Rome did not build the city on that ſpot from choice; but becauſe they had no other territory.

Sixteen Italian miles from Rome, we had a proſpect of this great city; the very name of which awakens ſuch innumerable ſenſations. The cupola of St. Peter's riſes, predominant, over every object, to a great diſtance. The other large buildings, compared to this church, appear like ſo many ſhops; built for the convenience of the pilgrims, who come and throng round St. Peter's.

Two miles from the city, we paſſed a bridge, over an arm of the Tiber; the waters of which had a yellow tinge. Horace rightly called it the yellow Tiber: *Vidimus flavum Tiberim.*

The entrance, through *La Porta del Popolo*, is grand. This gate is likewiſe called *Porta Flaminia:* for here the Flaminian military way began. As you approach it, you ſee three ſpacious roads; which lead from the fine place

* Liv. vii. 38.

through the gate into the town. This place is adorned with a lofty obeliſk, which was called after Auguſtus: it having been brought by that Emperor from Egypt to Rome, and erected in the large circus. It was found under the ruins of this circus, and Pope Sixtus the Fifth had it erected again here.

Two beautiful churches are built in this place, which add greatly to its magnificence.

The recollection of the former grandeur of Rome ſeized me, as I entered the city, and reminded me of the feeling of Horace while he ſang,

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliuſque et idem
Naſceris, poſſis nihil urbe Roma
Viſere majus!

HOR. Carm. Sec.

Fair Sun, who with unchanging beam,
Riſing another and the ſame,
Doſt from thy beamy car unfold
The glorious day,
Or hide it in thy ſetting ray,
Of light and life immortal ſource,
Mayſt thou, in all thy radiant courſe,
Nothing more great than ſeven-hill'd Rome behold!

FRANCIS.

On my arrival here, I found ſeveral letters from my ſiſters and friends; with accounts, which I ſo eagerly deſired, of my children. Their tender images ſwam before my eyes. They danced before me full of life, and baniſhed the ſhades of the Scipios, Catos, and the elder and younger Brutus. Immortal men, whoſe awful preſence had ruſhed upon and taken poſſeſſion of my ſoul!

LETTER XLV.

Rome, 25th December 1791.

THIS very Chriſtmas day, the firſt after our arrival, in the forenoon, we ſaw the Pope celebrate high maſs, in St. Peter's. Do not expect, at leaſt not yet, a deſcription of this temple: the largeſt and moſt magnificent on earth. I ſhall viſit it frequently, and then ſend you ſome few remarks; with a drawing of the outward building, and of the place in which it is erected. A place worthy of the temple: a temple worthy of the place. Each

in

After Piranesi

St. Peters Church

Letter XX

in its kind the moſt ſuperb in Europe. No work of man ever ſeized upon and filled my mind like this. Aſtoniſhment and delight fixed me, for a time, while I contemplated the objects without; and ecſtacy and awe, as I entered the church.

It is ſingular that both the outſide and the inſide of this church, although at the firſt aſpect they fill the heart with a ſublime ſenſe of majeſty, do not appear ſo vaſt as they are in reality. Some critics affirm that this is a defect in the ſtructure: others maintain that the gradual development of its grandeur, though it does not immediately convey to the eye an idea of its extraordinary magnitude, is but a conſequence of its perfect ſymmetry; and I believe that theſe laſt are in the right. You muſt frequently have remarked that beautiful human figures, as well male as female, appear leſs than thoſe of equal ſize, that are not ſo well formed. I have often made the ſame obſervation on trees. The fineſt oak I ever ſaw did not appear to me ſo tall, or ſo large, as others around it; which were leſs beautiful, and which in fact were leſs in ſize.

The Pope is a handſome old man, ſeventy-

four years of age. He exerciſes his office with great dignity; and, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, when ſpeaking of ſo ſacred a trade, with native grace. The muſic, which is performed by men, from fifty to ſixty in number, and without inſtrumental accompaniments, exalts and enraptures the heart of the hearer. The principal perſons ſtand in a circle round the altar; and ſurrounded by the Swiſs guard. This guard, which is really compoſed of men born in Switzerland, is a gigantic company; and, on ſolemn days, is clad in antient armour: which effectually contributes to increaſe the ſolemnity of the whole.

When the ſervice was over, the Pope was placed on a high throne, and borne out of church. The guards marched on each ſide of him; and two men followed the throne, who wore large plumes of white peacock's feathers. The Cardinals walked before the Pope, who beſtowed his benediction on the kneeling people. Our company, and ſome other Proteſtants, did not kneel; either to receive the benediction, or when the Pope at maſs raiſed the ſacred chalice, and ſhewed it to the people.

We ſuffered all the people to leave the church,

church, in which we afterward remained about half an hour. The longer we ſtaid the more we found the building expanding itſelf to our view. Full of the impreſſion it had made upon us, at laſt we left it; but ſhall often return. I will lead you thither again, at leaſt in imagination, when the individual obſervations I ſhall have made, ſhall have aſſumed ſomething like the form of a whole. The firſt view has overcome my faculties. Like the king of the beaſts, it not only reigns but it devours.

LETTER XLVI.

Rome, 28th December 1791.

THE very day after our arrival, we viſited our dear country-woman, Angelica Kauffmann. This diſtinguiſhed artiſt unites the ſimplicity of a great man with all the loveline ſs of the female. Kindneſs and dignity beam in her countenance; confirming all that had been told me of her, by my ſiſter and ſeveral friends.

From Angelica Kauffmann, we went to Counſellor Reifenſtein; who is an active open friendly man, and an enthuſiaſtic lover of the arts. He requeſted us to come to him the next morning; and he then ſhewed us a picture painted in wax colours. You know that the antients made uſe of theſe colours; but that the art had been loſt. A Spaniſh Jeſuit, whoſe name was Requino, recovered it, and wrote a book on the ſubject. Artiſts deſpiſed it; but Reifenſtein read the book, made ſome experiments himſelf, convinced himſelf of the truth of the diſcovery, and induced a young painter of talent to exerciſe the art. After ſome trials, he produced an excellent picture; the ſubject of which is Catullus conſoling Leſbia, for the death of her ſparrow; and beginning his excellent poem, *Lugete o Veneres Cupidineſque!* Catullus is ſeated: the beauteous Leſbia ſtands before him, weeping. A female holds a plate, on which is the dead bird. Something behind the latter, another figure peeps; mocking at the ſorrow of Leſbia, but unſeen by her. Leſbia is very lovely; and the figure of Catullus, who is looking at her and writing the firſt verſe of his poem in his tablets, is in my opinion excellent. Theſe colours

colours are pleaſant, expreſſive, and animating; and have not that ſhining glare, which is peculiar to oil colours; and which obliges the ſpectator to remove from ſide to ſide to find the point of view.

The art of painting in this manner, if I have underſtood Counſellor Reifenſtein rightly, is as follows. Wax and gum are put in water, and placed on the fire. The *caput mortuum* is depoſited; and the remaining oily water is mixed up with colours. Theſe colours, when ſingly laid on, are entirely ſpiritleſs: but the picture is afterward coated with melted wax. It is then placed with its back toward a chafing diſh, properly prepared: by which the ſuperfluous wax is taken away.

Either I miſtake, or, the excellent production of this young painter leads us to hope that the loſt art will be completely reſtored: if I ought not rather to ſay that it is reſtored.

The paintings found in Herculaneum prove the durability of this art. They have lain under ground above fifteen hundred years, and are yet freſh: whereas our oil and water colours, ſo ſituated, would not have preſerved their beauty twenty years. I remember to have read in Plutarch that the paintings with

which Pericles adorned one of the temples of Athens, and which Sylla brought to Rome, according to the teſtimony of hiſtorians, who had ſeen them, were as well preſerved as when they came freſh from the hands of the artiſts. Who can ſay the ſame of the pictures of Raphael; or of later maſters? Yet thoſe, which Plutarch ſaw, had been painted ſome centuries longer than thoſe of Raphael have now been.

I have made a viſit to Cardinal Bernis. This old gentleman, who ſo many years performed the ſplendid character of Ambaſſador from France, lives now retired in his palace. All Rome ſtill teſtifies great reſpect for him: and this behaviour muſt be much more flattering to him now than formerly; becauſe its ſincerity is much leſs liable to be ſuſpected. He is an agreeable man, though he begins to feel the weight of years.

You know that what are called *converſazioni*, in Italy, reſemble our aſſemblies; and they well deſerve their name, for there is much more converſation in them than among us, who ſpend our time in gaming. Here they ſeldom play. Though the apartments, in which they aſſemble, are much more ſpacious than

than in other cities, yet, the nobility is ſo numerous that they are often very crowded. People go from one *converſazione* to another: for, as they come uninvited, they are at liberty to ſtay or go.

Here, the animation of the Italians is diſplayed, in its full force. To liſten to their voices, to obſerve their attitudes and geſticulation, you would imagine they were diſcuſſing the moſt momentous queſtions: but, when you approach and liſten to their diſcourſe, you are amazed that the ſubject is ſo trifling.

Among the uninſtructed, this vivacity diſplays itſelf in a tempeſtuous manner. Would you imagine that an aſſembled crowd were on the very point of drawing the ſtiletto, and falling on each other with blind rage, only becauſe, while one had been telling a ſtory, others had been acting it with grimace? I muſt however do the Italians the juſtice to own, that they do not poſſeſs vivacity that is merely momentary; but that they have in general much more true ardour, than is common to other nations; and when, as it frequently happens, they are inſpired by the true and the beautiful, their converſation reſembles a ſtream of fire. The boldeſt and fineſt expreſſions

preſſions crowd on each other. Imagery and metaphor rapidly hurry them away; and yet, amidſt all their heat, they will ſtrictly keep to the queſtion they are diſcuſſing. It is delightful to converſe with ſuch men. They do not poſſeſs the gravity of the antient Romans; but rather ſeem to have the argumentative, animated, and pictureſque, powers of the Greeks. The latter are the noble gifts of nature: the former were partly aſſumed, and partly the conſequence of the conſtitution of antient Rome.

I have become acquainted with an Abbate, of the name of Puccini, who is one of the moſt witty and animated men I have ever known. He has a fine ſenſe of the beauties of poetry; and is a great connoiſſeur in antient and modern art. He does not, like too many of his countrymen, browſe among the brambles; but enters at once the gates of Paradiſe, which here open to receive him.

The ſame vivacity is obſervable among the women; but the wretched education the moſt of them receive gives it a falſe direction. Beautiful faces and forms are ſeen, among the women of faſhion; but more among the lower orders. In all the parts of Italy that I have

have viſited, I have met with many women, who might well ſit as models for the greateſt painters. In reality, we immediately recogniſe the figures of Raphael and Guido, when we look at women with children in their arms, or handling the ſpindle; which, eſpecially in Tuſcany, is ſeldom out of the hands of the women among the poor.

To a ſtranger, who has but few acquaintance, the *converſazioni* are likewiſe intereſting by the beautiful pictures, with which the apartments are uſually adorned. In the palace of Prince Doria, I lately ſaw two large apartments, the walls of which were entirely covered with landſcapes by Pouſſin.

I do not mean Pouſſin the famous hiſtory painter; but his brother-in-law, whoſe true name was Dughet, who lived in the houſe of Pouſſin at Rome, and from that circumſtance was likewiſe called, by the Romans, Pouſſin. Few of the principal painters have retained their true names. Corregio was called Corregio from the place of his birth, in the territory of Modena: his proper name was Allegri. The name of Guercino was really Barbieri; and he was called Guercino becauſe he ſquinted; which the word ſignified. You may

may remember that, among the old Romans, it was not held diſgraceful to be named after ſome bodily defect; and this cuſtom they communicated to their deſcendants. Thus they had *Pætus*, the ſquinting: *Verricoſus*, the warty: *Varus*, the crooked-legged: and many others. Paul Veroneſe was called after his native city: his name was Cagliari. Alexander Veroneſe, whoſe true name I do not know, was called the *Orbetto*, the blind boy: becauſe, when a boy, he led a blind man. The great Raphael was much oftener called Raphael *d'Urbino*, from the place of his birth, than by his family name, Santio.

The works of great maſters, while they are modern, have frequently the fate not to be eſteemed equal to their worth. Theſe paintings by Pouſſin were firſt made uſe of as ſkreens; and in ſeveral of them we ſtill perceive the folds.

Vernet has often related, with unaſſuming candour, what ſmall and contemptible prices were given at firſt for his moſt excellent pictures, and how little they were eſteemed.

I ſaw four beautiful pictures, by Albani, at the palace of the Prince of Santa Croce; and a noble Aſſumption of the Virgin, by Guido.

I ſup-

I ſuppoſed it to be an extraordinarily beautiful copy of the picture at Düſſeldorf; but it is here affirmed to be an original. This may probably be the truth; for he was called the painter of the Madonna; and in the figure of the Virgin, we recogniſe the hand of Guido; who may well have painted the ſame ſubject twice: or, what perhaps is more probable, he has retouched a copy, that was painted by one of his ſcholars.

We went this morning with Mr. Hirt, who is learned in antiquities and arts, to viſit the remains of the *Thermæ* of Diocleſian. The word Thermæ may eaſily be miſunderſtood. It may be ſuppoſed to mean nothing but warm baths: but the baths were properly no more than acceſſory. The chief purpoſe of what was called the Thermæ was to form a place for the exerciſe both of body and mind. The plan and its execution exceed all expreſſion. Here, in one row of buildings, all in harmony with each other, there were four half circular halls; which were intended, two for philoſophers, one for poets, and another for orators. A Greek and a Latin library, a building for boys to play at ball in, the warm baths, three ſpacious open places, one for

for wreſtlers, one for the caſting of the diſcus, the third for throwing the lance, and a large bath for ſwimmers, all were here. At the two corners, were two round temples; dedicated one to Minerva, and the other to Hermes (Mercury); the firſt as the protectreſs of ſcience, the ſecond as the inventor of bodily exerciſes. Perhaps the laſt was dedicated to Hercules. One of theſe temples, which conſtituted but a very ſmall part of the whole, is now become the church of the Bernardines. The whole wall is antient; as likewiſe is a beautiful hemiſpherical cupola, at the top of which there was formerly an opening, but on which there is now a little covered cupola: which, in the language of architecture, is called a lanthorn. Within the outer row of buildings, there is an alley of green plane trees; that probably were planted for the recreation of philoſophers, poets, and orators.

The place which was deſtined for the wreſtlers is now a beautiful Carthuſian church, built in the figure of the Greek croſs. One ſide of the croſs now occupies the place where formerly the *Appodyterion*, where the wreſtlers undreſſed themſelves, ſtood. The large bath, for the ſwimmers, is dried up;

and is now the garden of the Carthuſians. The Bernardine cloiſter, many large granaries of the Pope, and a great laundry, take up the remainder of the place which was formerly ſet apart for theſe buildings.

The walls of this laundry are decorated with orange trees; that now, on the 28th of December, not only bear fruit but are in bloom. A few days ago in the morning, we ſaw a little ice in the ſtreets. In this country, the trees ſtrengthen more in the open air than, with us, in the green houſe; and endure a degree of cold, which would be inſupportable in our climate. The difference between the climate of Italy and of Germany is ſo great that it is frequently * colder, here, at the end of December, than it is with us in October; when we find it neceſſary to remove the orange trees into the green houſe.

Near theſe Thermæ is the beautiful *Fontana del Aqua Felice;* ſo called after Sixtus the Fifth, whoſe proper name was Felix. This Pope reſtored the antient aqueducts; and likewiſe the fountain of *Aqua Julia*, that was erected

* I ſuſpect the word *nicht*, not, has been accidentally omitted. T.

by

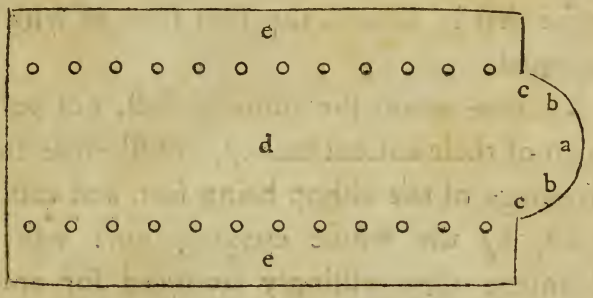
by Agrippa. It is embelliſhed with four Ionic columns, between which there are three niches, cut in the hard lime ſtone, which the Italians call *Travertino* *. In the middle niche Moſes ſtands, of a coloſſal ſize; with his arm raiſed, in the act of commanding the water to ſpring from the rock. The two other niches are ornamented with baſſi relievi: one of which repreſents Aaron, leading the Iſraelites to the fountain; and the other Gideon, chooſing his warriors at the brook, with whom he meant to fight the Midianites.

Leaving this place, we went to the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*; which was built in the middle of the fourth century, during the pontificate of Pope Liberius, by Johannes Patricius, on the ruins of the temple of *Juno Lucina*. Within, it was entirely in the form of the antient *baſilica*, or court of juſtice; a form, which, according to the acute obſervation of Mr. Hirt, was choſen by the Chriſtians for two reaſons: firſt, becauſe of their diſlike to the Pagan temples: and ſecondly, becauſe the form of the Baſilic beſt correſpond-

* This ſtone is found at Tivoli, the antient Tibur; and from *Tiburtino* the Italians have made *Travertino*.

ed

ed with the church ſervice, and the liturgy of thoſe times. To render this idea the more clear, I here encloſe a little drawing.



a The place of the prætor, among the Romans.

b Places of the other judges.

c Places of the pleaders.

d and e e } Places where the people ſtood.

The order of this beautiful building was well adapted to the divine ſervice of the Chriſtians.

a The place of the biſhop.

b and c Places for the deacons.

d The congregation.

e In the body of the church, and between the pillars and the walls, on one ſide the women ſtood: on the other the unbaptiſed converts, the catechumens, and probably the penitents.

The architects afterward added chapels, on each side. They then thought again, and enlarged the sides of the structure; till the whole building assumed the form of a Greek cross: that is, a cross the four sides of which are equal.

By this means the churches lost, not only much of their antient beauty, but likewise the advantage of the bishop being seen and easily heard, by the whole congregation: which advantage they willingly sacrificed for another; namely, that of erecting three altars, on each of which mass might be read. I say three, because one side was set apart for the entrance.

From this alteration they proceeded to another, and assumed the form of the long cross; which has been called the Latin cross; because, in reality, the Grecian was not the true form of the cross. The form of this cross became disfigured, by chapels erected on each side (in which they might place altars) to the number of five, or seven, or even more.

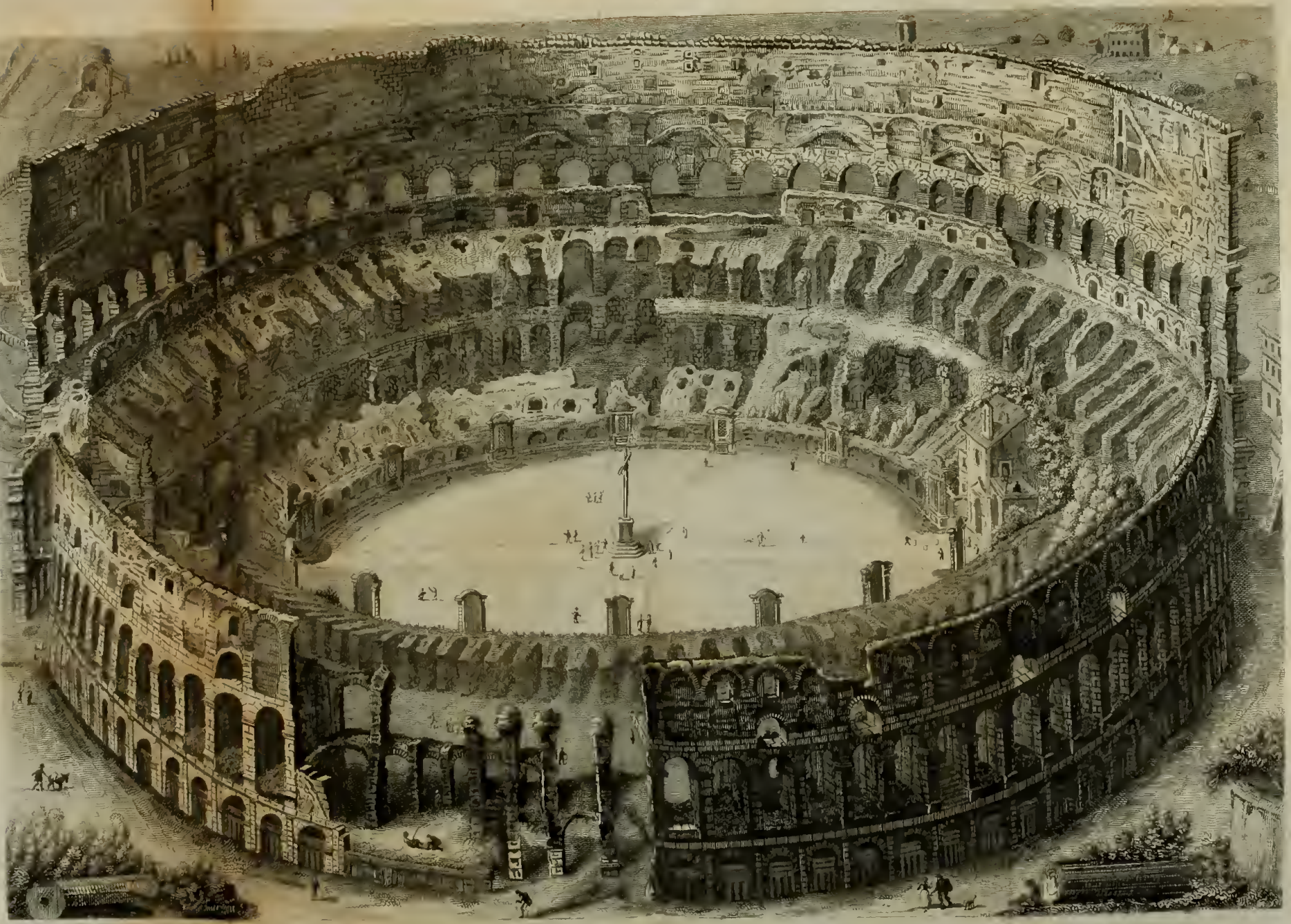
We Protestants should do well again to revive the antient form of the Basilic. This word is derived from the Greek Βασιλευς; which signifies *king*; because, in antient

Altar Fo. and I

1 Vestiges of the temple of Jupiter Tonans
2 Vestiges of the temple of Concord
3 Arch of Septimius Severus
4 Ancient Rostrum now S.t Adriano
5 Temple of Antonine and Faustina
6 Temple of Romulus and Remus now S.t Cosm
7 S.t Francesca Romana
8 Arch of Titus

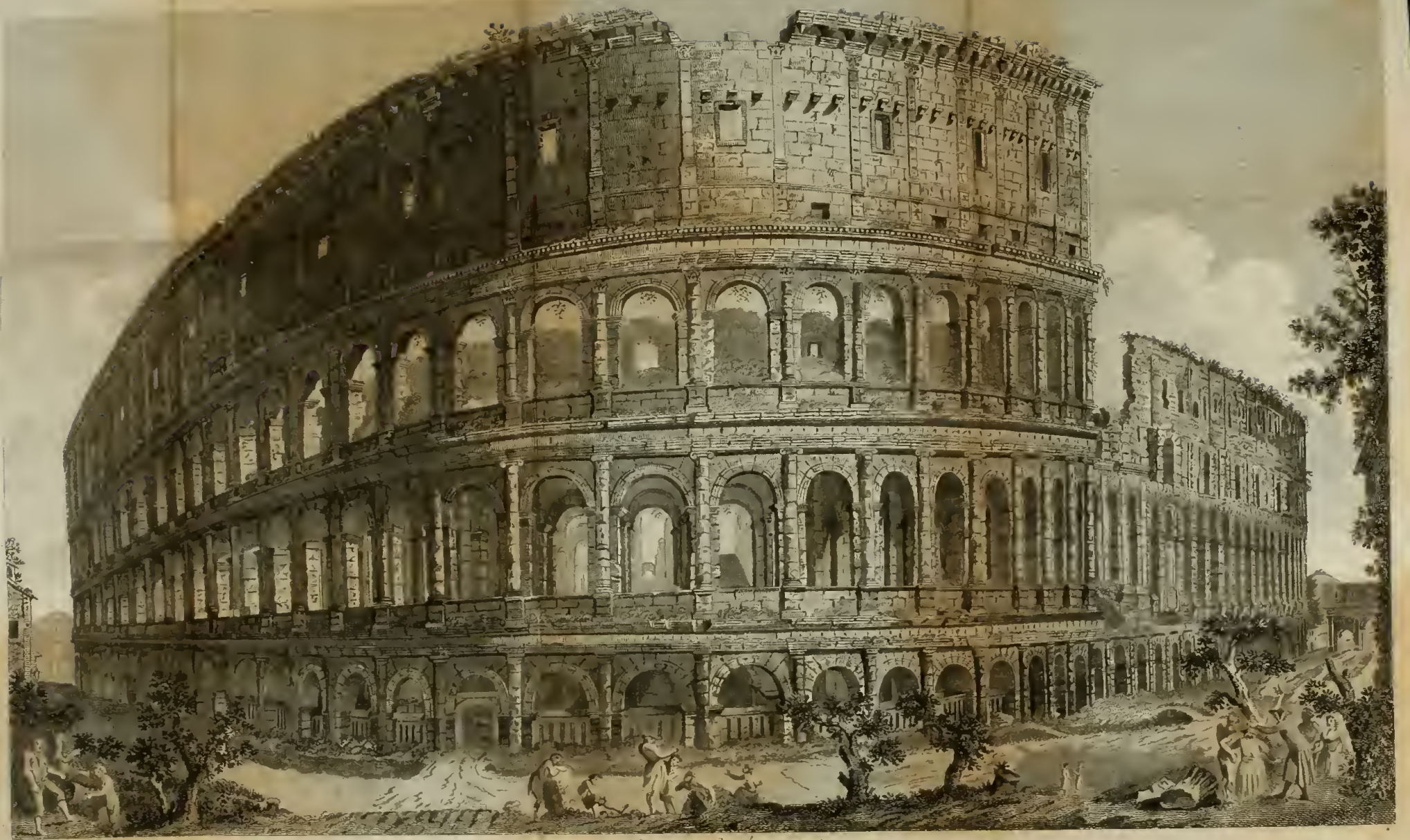
The Campo Vaccino

9 Vestiges of the Palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine
10 Columns of the temple of Jupiter Stator
11 Walls of the Rostra
12 The temple of Peace
13 The Colosseum
14 Temple of the Sun and the Moon
15 Vestiges of the Thermæ of Titus



After Piranesi

The Colosseum.



After Piranesi.

Outside View of the Colosseum

Letter XLVII

times, the kings adminiſtered juſtice. Without regard to their form, from an abuſe of terms, the word *Baſilic* has been applied to the principal church. In conformity to a barbarous cuſtom, to-day being a feſtival, the beautiful white marble pillars were hung with red damaſk.

LETTER XLVII.

Rome, 31ſt December 1791.

THE day before yeſterday, we ſpent a very pleaſant morning, in viſiting St. Peter's with the Abbate Puccini. But do not expect me to ſay any thing of this building at preſent. I muſt endeavour to underſtand it better; and how ſuperficial at laſt will be all I can have to ſay!

From the church, he took us to where the moſaic work is executed. This art has been brought to great perfection, by the moderns; and it may thank the works of the great painters that it will remain, as long as the

names of theſe painters ſhall be known. I thought I had ſeen ſome very beautiful moſaic work, before I came to Rome; but how was I amazed, when I beheld that which is in St. Peter's church! At certain heights, where the joining of the inlaid pieces diſappeared, the degree of beauty and deception which is produced, is inconceivable.

Among the paintings, here copied in moſaic, is a very beautiful one by Angelica. The youthful Mary, while yet a tender virgin, is pouring water into a flower vaſe; in which are blooming lilies. A ray from heaven falls on the holy maiden: her father ſtands admiring: her mother is wrapt in maternal ecſtacy. The copy, in moſaic work, is intended for the chapel of Loretto. The deſtination of the original is not yet fixed.

We went in the evening to the *Palazzo Colonna*, at which there was a concert. This palace exceeds in magnificence all that I have yet ſeen. The palaces and apartments of our princes and kings are tinſel, compared to the grandeur of the principal Romans. I will not weary you with deſcriptions of common place pomp; the number of their ſervants, the richneſs of their liveries, the coſtly illumi-

nations,

nations, and other ſuch trifles, not worth your notice: but will imagine the pleaſure you would receive from the pictures, which fill the various apartments; eſpecially the great gallery, one of the largeſt in Europe, which is entirely faced with marble, and embelliſhed with a noble collection of paintings and antique ſtatues. Here you find a profuſion of the black African marble; which was brought from the territories of Carthage, and from which quarries it is no longer dug; and likewiſe four fine antique pillars of *giallo antico*, as it is called, or yellow marble, from the ſame country, which is now become equally rare.

Our princes, as well as many private perſons, who pretend to pomp and grandeur, ſhould behold the Roman magnificence, and quit theſe pretenſions, by which they are ſo much eclipſed: their own are as detrimental as they are inſignificant.

Yeſterday morning, we viſited the Coloſſeum. Before I ſay any thing of theſe grand remains of Roman antiquity, I will requeſt you to accompany me, in imagination, through the triumphal arches of Conſtantine, of Titus, of Septimius Severus, of the ruins of

antient temples, which you will recogniſe partly from hiſtory and partly from the deſcriptions of the poets, and thence through the Forum to the Capitol.

Here, which was properly the ſeat of antient Rome, the remains of antiquity ſeem collected; and only ſcattered through other parts of the city, though ſtill found in plenty. Having paſſed all theſe, we muſt repoſe at the Coloſſeum.

Chariot races, and exerciſes of ſtrength and activity, in the time of the elder Tarquin, were the delight of the Romans; who aſſembled, for theſe purpoſes, in a ſpacious oval place called the Great Circus. In thoſe days, the ſpectators ſtood; in later ages they ſat on wooden benches, placed in rows one above the other.

Dramatic repreſentations were not performed in ſtationary theatres; but on ſcaffolding, which was quickly erected and removed. The law did not permit them to build durable theatres: but the law ſeldom can repreſs the ſpirit of luxury, which here had the unfortunate property of combining the creations of genius with the madneſs of folly. In the year of Rome 599, the Cenſors, Marcus Valerius Meſſala,

Meſſala, and Caius Caſſius Longinus, whoſe duty it was to reſtrain the increaſe of luxury, built a ſuperb theatre; which was pulled down before it was finiſhed, becauſe P. Scipio Naſica, whom the ſenate declared to be a man of juſt intentions, oppoſed it with his whole power.

In the year of Rome 694, Æmilius Scaurus, the ſtepſon of Sylla, built a theatre which would contain eighty thouſand ſpectators. The ſcenes were of three partitions: the undermoſt of marble, the middle of glaſs *, and the upper of gilded wood. It was adorned by three hundred and ſixty marble pillars, and three thouſand brazen ſtatues; and, when the performance of the games was ended, the whole was removed by Scaurus.

The expence, in pictures, tapeſtry, dreſs, and other articles, was ſo great that, when his country houſe was ſet on fire by his mutinous ſlaves, the loſs was eſtimated at three millions of rix-dollars; which unheard

* Pliny xxxvi. 15. *Ima pars ſcenæ e marmore fuit, media e vitro, inaudito et poſtea genere luxuriæ.—Glaſs* can mean nothing but *ornamented with glaſs:* however, we have but a very imperfect idea of the ornamental magnificence of the antients.

of ſum the theatre itſelf muſt have coſt. Theſe ſums were the fruit of the robberies which Metella, the wife of Sylla, had ſhared with her blood-thirſty huſband. Scaurus however was ſo deeply in debt that the province of Sardinia, which, as Praetor, he oppreſſed and plundered, was inſufficient for the reinſtatement of his affairs.

In the year of Rome 701, Curio, whoſe wealth, as Pliny tells us, originated in the conteſts of the principal men of Rome, determined to excel Scaurus as much in novelty of invention as he was inferior to him in enormity of expence. At the death of his father, he cauſed two theatres to be built. You know that the theatres of the antients had always the figure of a ſemicircle; and that their amphitheatres were either circular or oval. The theatre which was dedicated to the exerciſe of genius was of Greek invention: the amphitheatre of Roman; that the citizens, in the latter, might be ſpectators of racing, wreſtling, leaping, the fighting of wild beaſts, and the combats of gladiators.

The two theatres of Curio were built with their backs toward each other; but ſo that there was an empty ſpace between them. A

dramatic piece was performed in each of them, in the morning. In the afternoon, the theatres were both changed; for, while the people were ſeated upon high gradations of benches, the hinges were ſo artfully contrived that the theatres met each other: ſo that the whole ſuddenly formed an amphitheatre, in which combatants preſented a new ſpectacle *. In the year 488 after the building of the city, the ſanguinary combats between gladiators were firſt exhibited in the *Circus*, by M. and D. Brutus; who intended by this means to honour the funeral of their father. The people of Campania indulged in the combats of the gladiators more early, and even during their banquets. This frantic love of cruelty rapidly increaſed. In the year of Rome 536, the ſons of M. Æmilius Lepidus, intending to honour their father's memory, had games performed which continued three days, and in which twenty-two pair of gladiators combated. Thirty-three years afterward, ſeventy gladiators fought. It became cuſtomary for every general, before he undertook any expedition, to preſent this prelude of murder to the people. Cæſar maintained ſome thouſands

* Pliny xxxvi. 15.

of

of gladiators, at his own expence; and, when Ædile, exhibited games in which three hundred and twenty pair entered the field of battle. Trajan, that pride of the Pagan world! Trajan, the greateſt and moſt benevolent of the Emperors! Trajan, whoſe virtue, after he became Emperor, was proverbial, "As fortunate as Auguſtus, as virtuous as Trajan!" even Trajan indulged this practice. He gave games during a hundred and twenty days ſucceſſively, in which there were ten thouſand gladiators.

Auguſtus made a law by which private individuals, who thought proper to preſent the people with ſuch ſpectacles, ſhould be limited not to expend above half their ſubſtance.

The people expreſſed their joy, when a gladiator received his death wound, with wild ſhouts: crying, *Habet! Hoc habet!* Some of the combatants engaged each other with ſimilar weapons: ſuch were often called Samnites; not becauſe they really were Samnites, but becauſe the Romans, full of ignoble antipathy againſt a people who had reſiſted their arms for a hundred years, delighted in beholding the murder of a Samnite.

Cruelty

Cruelty once indulged is not eaſily ſatiated. It requires variety of murder, and its horrible neceſſities make it inventive. Gladiators, who held an elaſtic net in their right hand, and a three pronged weapon in the left, endeavoured to caſt the net over the head of their opponent; and then to pierce him with their prongs. If the attempt failed, the antagoniſt purſued the aſſailant to death. Hence the latter was called the *Secutor*, purſuer; and the former *Retiarius*, the net bearer.

The net bearers combated alſo with armed Gauls, who were called *Mirmillones*. The latter bore the figure of a fiſh on a helmet. Theſe Mirmillones endeavoured to eſcape the net bearer, by ducking the head, and at the ſame moment to give a blow in the foot, that ſhould diſable his enemy; that he might afterward deſtroy him. It was uſual for the net bearer, as he followed the Mirmillon, to exclaim, *Non te peto, piſcem peto: Quid me fugis, Galle?* I do not aim at thee, but at thy fiſh: Why doſt thou fly me, Gaul *?

* An alluſion is no doubt made to the gladiators, and perhaps to this kind of gladiator, by Terence; when he makes his old man, Simo, ſtorming at his ſon for being in love with a girl, exclaim, *Captus eſt; habet.* Ter. An. act. 1. ſc. 1.

If

If a gladiator expreſſed a ſenſe of pain, after being wounded, or aſked for his life, the people, enraged, would frequently exclaim, *Occide! ure! verbera!* * Kill! burn! whip him! I remember ſomewhere to have read that they had the cruelty to apply burning irons to the half expiring, that they might induce them to exert their ſmall remains of power.

Sometimes the people pardoned ſuch gladiators as had formerly excelled in agility, or courage. The raiſing of the hand, with the thumb lowered, was a token that they ſhould live. The hand ſhut, with the thumb raiſed, was the ſign of death. It was uſual for the people to cry, *Recipe ferrum!* Receive the ſword!

As ſoon as a combatant was dead, ſlaver, whoſe office it was, entered, drove a hook into his body, and dragged him away through the *Porta Libitina*, or gate of death, to bury him.

The gladiators were, ſome of them priſoners of war; ſome free perſons, who had ſtudied the art; and others foundlings, whoſe education deſtined them to this trade.

The inſtructor of theſe combatants was

* Seneca.

called

called *Laniſta*. The ſchool in which they were trained was a large building, in which thoſe who were ſet apart to murder, or to be murdered, were exerciſed.

They were not at liberty to go where they pleaſed, when not exerciſing; but were each ſhut up in a different cell, like dogs in their kennel. In the latter times of the republic, theſe gladiators were made ſubſervient to the ambition of the powerful; and were let looſe, among the people, like hounds among wild beaſts.

When the people granted a gladiator his life, it was frequently only for the day: he muſt again attend the games on the morrow; and, perhaps, during their whole continuance, though they ſhould be but juſt begun. Whoever had vanquiſhed ſeveral opponents one after the other, received a ſword of wood, *rudis*; which was encircled with palm; and he was from that time releaſed from the *Arena* of the gladiators. He then hung up his ſword, his ſhield, and his helmet, in the temple of Hercules *.

Free

* Horace has a beautiful alluſion to this cuſtom, when Mæcenas wiſhes again to induce him to write.

Prima

Free gladiators, who hired themſelves, were paid a great price; and the *Rudiarii* a much greater: for this was the epithet beſtowed on thoſe who had received the wooden ſword.

In the times of the Emperors, the Roman citizens, knights, and ſenators, degraded themſelves with combating with hired gladiators and ſlaves. The Emperor Commodus preſented himſelf as a gladiator, and received for each day out of the gladiators' treaſury, ἐκ των μονομαχικων χρηματων *, about fifty thouſand

Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicende Camœna,
Spectatum ſatis et donatum jam rude quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens. Vejanius, armis
Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro,
Ne populum extrema toties exoret arena.

HOR. lib. i. ep. i. 1—6.

O Thou to whom the Muſe firſt tun'd her lyre,
Whoſe friendſhip ſhall her lateſt ſong inſpire,
Wherefore, Mæcenas, would you thus engage
Your bard, diſmiſſed with honour from the ſtage,
Again to venture on the liſts of Fame,
His youth, his genius, now no more the ſame?
Secure in his retreat Vejanius lies,
Hangs up his arms, nor courts the doubtful prize;
Wiſely reſolv'd to tempt his fate no more,
Or the light crowd for his diſcharge implore.

FRANCIS.

* Dion Caſſius.

rix

rix dollars. He was remarkably powerful in combating with wild beaſts.

In the time of Domitian, female gladiators roſe up; and the Romans were at laſt ſo addicted to this ſanguinary ſpectacle that, like their predeceſſors the people of Campania, they had them at their feaſts.

Certain combatants fought in chariots, and were called *Eſſediarii*. Others fought on horſeback, with deep helmets; ſo that they could not ſee each other; and thus ran the courſe, with their ſpears, blindfold.

When once a people are accuſtomed to the ſight of blood, the luſt of indulging ſuch horrible ſpectacles increaſes to the moſt outrageous phrenſy. Political conſiderations ſhould have taught the free Romans that a ſavage nation is incapable of liberty. And how ſavage muſt that nation be, whoſe very matrons, and veſtals, were accuſtomed to ſuch ſpectacles!

The ſubjected Greeks were late in adopting theſe practices. When, in the time of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, it was propoſed to the Athenians to introduce them, in imitation of the Corinthian gladiators, the philoſopher Demonax exclaimed, with noble indignation,

nation, Oh, men of Athens, riſe, before you indulge in battles like theſe, riſe, and demoliſh the altars which your fathers have erected to Mercy!

Conſtantine, the firſt Chriſtian Emperor, though not able entirely to ſuppreſs this horrid practice, forbad it; being excited ſo to do by Lactantius. Under the Emperor Honorius, when Prudentius, a Chriſtian poet, had endeavoured to obtain the abolition of theſe ſpectacles, Telemachos, a hermit of the Eaſt, appeared in the amphitheatre. As ſoon as the combat had begun, he deſcended, with a dignified ſimplicity, inflamed by the ſpirit of benevolence and holy zeal, into the *Arena*, and endeavoured to prevent the combatants from murdering each other. The ſpectators, enraged, roſe and ſtoned him. Perhaps there may be ſome who will feel inclined to ridicule the ſimplicity of this dignified man; though, had it been the act of a Heathen philoſopher, they would have admired and cited it as exemplary. Telemachos however was the laſt ſacrifice to this accurſed cuſtom. Honorius was moved, forbad the games of the gladiators, and from that period they were entirely aboliſhed.

A ſhort

A ſhort time before, it was proved, by the example of a young man, how ſeducing the ſight of bloodſhed is; and how little man can depend on his own reſolution. Alipus came from Africa to Rome, filled with abhorrence againſt the games of the Amphitheatre. Some youths, who were his fellow ſtudents in the law, entreated, teaſed, and dragged him, that they might forcibly make him accompany them to the ſpectacle. "You may oblige my body to go," ſaid Alipus, "but I will forbid my eyes and my ſoul to take any part in the act: they ſhall triumph, they ſhall remain unmoved." They took him with them, and found the ſpectators heated by the ſight of the combatants. Alipus ſhut his eyes and confirmed himſelf in his reſolution. A loud cry of pleaſure, from the people, occaſioned him to waver. He looked, and ſaw the blood ſtreaming from the death wound of a gladiator. "At that inſtant," ſaid St. Auguſtin, "his ſoul was overcome: he beheld the blood without emotion; and unconſciouſly to himſelf, imbibed cruelty, excited rage in himſelf, reveled in crime, and ſuddenly wallowed in blood *." He

* *Ut vidit illum ſanguinem, immanitatem ſimul ebibit; et non*

He left the amphitheatre a changed man, and no longer abſtained from viſiting it; but rather was the encourager of others.

He attended the ſchool of Rhetoric, in which Auguſtin taught; and this holy man, having introduced the ſubject of gladiators, ſpoke ſo as to make a deep impreſſion on the heart of Alipus. He debated with himſelf, returned no more to the amphitheatre, and became an excellent man, and a biſhop. By his virtuous life, he proved an enlightened and warning example to his congregation.

I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed, could we live to ſee it, were we to behold lawgivers of a nation, who have openly renounced the bleſſings of Chriſtianity, a thouſand years hence, again to introduce a cuſtom ſo diſgraceful to human nature. They may probably, from ſome deluſion of political blindneſs, or ſome miſguided phrenſy, endeavour in this manner to ſatisfy the blood thirſty propenſity of a people who ſhall have been accuſtomed to the murder of their fellow-citizens. Inſtead of

non ſe avertit, ſed fixit aſpectum, et hauriebat furias et neſciebat, et delectabatur ſcelere certaminis, et cruenta voluptate inebriebatur.

hounds, the Perſian hunter takes a ſmall kind of tiger behind him on his horſe; having firſt bandaged the animal's eyes. As ſoon as he diſcovers his prey, he tears the bandage from the eyes of the tiger, which ſprings down, purſues the beaſt, ſeizes upon him, and, catching him by the throat, drinks his blood. Having ſatiated his thirſt, he leaves the dead animal to the hunter; who takes up the carcaſe, and, blinding the eyes of the tiger, again places him on his horſe. Should the hunted animal eſcape, the tiger is raging; and his maſter approaches him warily, ſmiling throws him a lamb, which he brought for the purpoſe, and, when the tiger has drunk the blood, blinds him again, but not without danger, and again purſues his way.

The firſt permanent theatre was built by Pompey; and the firſt permanent amphitheatre by Statilius Taurus. The games were firſt acted in the time of Auguſtus. Veſpaſian undertook to erect one which ſhould be as capacious as poſſible: that is, that its aim ſhould be to contain the greateſt number of ſpectators, the moſt diſtant of whom ſhould have a clear view of the whole games. This purpoſe was accompliſhed by an architect,

whoſe name was Gaudentius. He afterward became a Chriſtian; and, like many other martyrs, was thrown to the wild beaſts, in the amphitheatre that he had built.

This ſtructure was erected by Veſpaſian after his war with the Jews; ten thouſand of whom, his priſoners, were employed on the building. Titus opened it with games; and thus conſecrated it to the memory of his father, Veſpaſian; after whom, taking the family name of theſe Emperors, it was called *Amphitheatrum Flavium.*

The greateſt combat that Rome ever ſaw was given here by Domitian; the brother and ſucceſſor of Titus. This *Amphitheatrum Flavium* was more frequently called the *Coloſſeum:* from a coloſſal ſtatue, which Nero had placed in the entrance hall of his palace. It was the figure of Phœbus, to which Nero had given his own head. Veſpaſian took away the head of Nero, replaced it with another, and removed the ſtatue very near the amphitheatre.

The *Coloſſeum* is of an oval form. The *Arena*, or place for the combatants and wild beaſts to fight in, was five hundred and eighty feet long, and four hundred and eighty feet

feet broad. The height of the building was ſuppoſed to be a hundred and ſixty feet. The circumference, and the walls to the north, are entirely preſerved. The benches contain places for eighty-ſix thouſand ſpectators; with room for twenty thouſand that might ſtand. The loweſt rows of benches were for the veſtals and ſenators. Above them there were ſeveral rows, riſing in gradation, for the Roman knights: above theſe the citizens ſat; over them the women; and, on the higheſt ſeats of all, the principal matrons. Above the ſpectators ſtood the men whoſe office it was to ſhade the whole building, by cloth: for the theatre and amphitheatre were frequently protected from the ſun beams in this manner *. The great tribune of the Emperors

* This practice was known in the times of the republic. Q. Catulus firſt threw a cloth over a theatre, when he rebuilt the Capitol, in the year of Rome 68 and conſecrated it, fourteen years after had it been burnt down †. Cæſar covered the whole Forum with canvas, ſo as to ſhade the way from his houſe to the Capitol ‡. Lucretius, who was a contemporary of Cicero, ſpeaking of the effect of the colours, ſays,

Et volgo faciunt id lutea, ruſſaque vela,
Et ferrugina, cum magnis intenta theatris

† Plin. xix. cap. i. ‡ Ibid.

rors was placed in the centre, between the ſeats of the ſenators. There were three rows of

Per malos volgata trabeiſque trementia flutant :
Namque ibi conſeſſum caveai ſubter, et omnem
Scenai ſpeciem, Patrum, Matrumque, Deorumque
Inſiciunt, coguntque ſuo fluitare colore:
Et quanto circum magè ſunt ineluſa theatri
Mœnia, tam magis hæc intus perfuſa lepore
Omnia conrident conrepta luce diei.

LUCRET. iv. 73—81.

Thus when pale curtains, or the deeper red,
O'er all the ſpacious theatre are ſpread,
Which mighty maſts and ſturdy pillars bear,
And the looſe curtains wanton in the air,
Whole ſtreams of colours from the top do flow,
The rays divide them in their paſſage through,
And ſtain the ſcenes, and men, and gods below :
The more theſe curtains ſpread, the pleaſing dye
Rides on the beams the more, and courts the eye.

CREECH, v. 75.

It was not ſufficient for the Romans to be ſhaded by canvas, which was very coſtly, but they would have fine canvas, of different colours ; and pleaſed themſelves with the waving brightneſs of theſe colours, which, as Lucretius ſays, "wanton in the air." Nero ſpread an entirely gilded theatre over with tapeſtry ; in the centre of which he was repreſented, as a charioteer. Phœbus, no doubt ; for he was ſurrounded by ſtars. Thus that which, in the time of Catulus, was eſteemed an unheard-of luxury, a few ages afterward became a neceſſary. The tyrant Caligula was accuſed of tyranny, for having frequently, during

of arcades, riſing each above the other, and each ſupported by pillars. The undermoſt were of the Doric order, the next of the Ionic, and the uppermoſt of the Corinthian. As it was cuſtomary for the antients to introduce different orders, they took care to place the ſimpleſt order, which ſhould have the character of grandeur and ſolidity, as the ſupport of the lighter and more ornamental. This was done to delight the eye, and to give the

ing the games of the gladiators, ordered the canvas, which ſhaded the people from the great heat of the ſun, to be drawn back, and forbidden any one to leave the theatre *.

In theſe luxurious times, the Romans, in order to freſhen the air, had the cuſtom of mixing water, wine, and ſaffron † together; and, by the means of concealed machines, to ſhower it down, from the higheſt ſeats, over the oppreſſed ſpectators, as a gentle rain. The humidity fell ſlowly, like a ſinking cloud. We learn, from Seneca, that the compreſſion of the air reſiſted theſe ſaffron ſhowers. Nor did they content themſelves with the uſe of common ſaffron ‡; they gathered the *crocus* of the promontory of *Corycus*: for this plant certainly grew in the *Corycium Antrum* of *Cilicia*. They likewiſe covered the theatre over with the expenſive and purple cloth of Spain.

* Suet. Cal. cap. xxvi. † Sen. Nat. Quæſt. lib. ii. 9, and Sen. Ep. 90. ‡ Maternus Cilano, Rom. Alterth. 2 th. f. 598.

greater reality of appearance. With equally ſtrict and yet more neceſſary attention, they had learned the art of communicating ſolidity to their prodigious buildings, by making the lighter maſs reſt upon the heavier. Thus they laid the light tufa ſtone on the hard lime ſtone; and upon the tufa the brick.

The uppermoſt arches are of another kind of porous tufa ſtone, which is lighter even than the brick.

I ſend you an engraving of the Coloſſeum, which will give you a better idea of the whole than any I can communicate; for I am but a novice in the art of architecture.

We mounted to the ſeats of the citizens; and, high as we were, we could very plainly look down on the *arena:* nor is there any doubt but that the ſtill higher matrons had their full view; to favour which the ſpectators ſat in half darkneſs, and the light fell full on the place of action.

The Coloſſeum was built on the ſpot which had been a fiſh pond, appertaining to what was called the golden palace of Nero. This palace, with its buildings, porticos, gardens, ponds, and baths, included a great part of the antient

antient city, three of its hills, the Palatine, the Eſquiline, the Cælius, and all the ſpace between theſe places. Rome proper, in theſe unfortunate times, became uninhabited. The citizens lived in the ſuburbs. The Emperor's paſſion for building could not find ſpace ſufficient in the city. Thus, many of the wonders of architecture were deſtroyed: buildings by which their founders had endeavoured to immortalize their names: and thus Nero, after the manner of deſpots, fearful of being forgotten, laboured to eſtabliſh his own memory. His golden palace, however, was ſoon deſtroyed; and the place where it ſtood was occupied by the Coloſſeum, and the baths of Titus.

On all ſides of the Coloſſeum there were works of art. Firſt there was the Coloſſal Phœbus; from which the building took its name, and which was a hundred and forty ſpans in height. Second, the *Vivarium*; or the encloſed place in which the wild beaſts were kept. Third, a portico, which led from the palace to the Coloſſeum; and, laſtly, the *Meta ſudans*, or ſweating goal; which is the name of a fountain, ſo called, becauſe, like the goals of the Circus, its form was conical.

It

It is now fallen, and the inner ſection of it only remains *.

Not far from the Coloſſeum are the ruins of a temple; which was dedicated to Phœbus and Diana. It reſted on two ſemi rotundas; the back parts of which touch each other.

On another ſide, the triumphal arch of Conſtantine remains. It is in good preſervation; and, for the moſt part, is embelliſhed with ſtatues, and baſſi relievi, of antient times. The grandeur of art had ceaſed before the time of Conſtantine. The love of the wonderful had extinguiſhed the perception of the ſublime. The baſſi relievi, which are of the time of Conſtantine, disfigure the triumphal arch as much as it is ornamented by thoſe above mentioned. Among the laſt are four large ſtatues of generals conquering the enemy.

One baſſo relievo appeared to me excellent. You muſt remember that Trajan, after his victories over the Daci, refuſed the honours

* I afterward ſaw a repreſentation of this fountain on a pedeſtal; which, if I do not miſtake, was in the *Muſeum Pium Clementinum*. The water ſprang from a high ſhell-formed cone. From the ſhell it ran through pipes, into the hollow cone; from which it ſtreamed, through the open jaws of lions, to ſatisfy the thirſty people, who ſtood under the ſhell.

of

of a triumph, alighted from his horſe, and entered the city followed by prodigious multitudes. Here, he is repreſented, with the people, led by the Goddeſs of Rome, and followed by Victory; by whom he is crowned. Above, there are beautiful figures, in alto relievo, of the time of Marcus Aurelius, which repreſent the deeds of his father, Antoninus Pius.

Over the triumphal arch, there is the figure of the hero, as a conqueror, in bronze, in a chariot with four horſes.

From this, we went to the triumphal arch of Titus. Among other things, you here ſee the river Jordan, one of the ſeven branched candleſticks of the Temple, and a table with the ſhew-bread, carried in triumph. In the hollow of the arch, above, is the apotheoſis of Titus; typified by an eagle bearing him away: a proof that this monument was erected after his death. The Jews, to this day, do not paſs through the arch; but on one ſide.

Leaving the triumphal arch of Titus, on the right you ſee the ruins of the temple of Peace; which appears to have been the largeſt of thoſe that were erected by the Romans. You then come to the ruins of the temple of Romulus

and

and Remus; and afterward of thoſe that were built by the Senate to M. Aurelius Antoninus and his wicked wife Fauſtina.

On the left are the beautiful remains of the temple of Concord; the work of Camillus, on reconciling the People and the Senate, after their dangerous diſſenſions. It was in this temple that Cicero aſſembled the Senate, and obtained judgment againſt Lentulus and Cethegus, who were conſpirators with Catiline.

Near this, on the ſame ſide, are the ruins of the temple that was firſt built by Romulus, on the ſpot where the Sabine women, after being reconciled to their huſbands, and having borne them children, had ruſhed into the field of battle, and perſuaded the Sabines and the Romans to make peace*. He called it the temple of *Jupiter Stator*, Jupiter the Preventor. Neither of theſe temples, however, are of the time of Romulus and Camillus; but of Adrian, by whom they were built to replace the others, after the great fire of Rome.

From thence, we came to the *Forum Romanum*, which is now called the *Campo Vaccino;*

* Liv. i 13.

or Cow field; becauſe it ſerves as the beaſt market. We found it full of cattle, and hogs. What a change in mortal affairs! The paſſage of Virgil ſtrongly recurred to my recollection, when I heard the lowing of the cattle on the Roman Forum, in which he relates that, above four hundred years before the founding of Rome, Evander led Æneas to his poor hut, and the hero there heard cattle low, from the place where the Forum was afterward erected.

Talibus inter ſe dictis ad tecta ſubibant
Pauperis Evandri, paſſimque armenta videbant
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis *.

VIRG. Æn. viii. 359–61.

Diſcourſing thus together, they reſort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall:
Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl.

DRYDEN.

Before us now ſtood the Capitol—

——*Capitoli immobile ſaxum!*

Under the hill of the Capitol, three pillars are ſtill ſtanding of the temple which was built by Auguſtus, to fulfil a vow, made by him at ſeeing a man ſtruck dead by lightning

* *Carinæ* (ſhip keels): ſo a place of Rome was called. Virgil calls it *Carinas lautas*, becauſe beautiful palaces in after times were built there.

at

at his ſide. Suetonius relates an anecdote, which characterizes the ſuperſtition of the Romans. Auguſtus frequently viſited the temple of *Jupiter Tonans;* and he once dreamed that the Jupiter of the Capitol complained, becauſe he had occaſioned his altars to be forſaken. To this he replied, that he had appointed the Thundering Jupiter his doorkeeper. Auguſtus afterward hung up bells in the temple of the Thunderer; becauſe it was cuſtomary to hang up bells at doors *.

We aſcended the ſteps of the Capitol; which the *Valerii*, the *Fabii*, and the *Scipios*, had aſcended as conquerors of nations. They are now ſo convenient, low, and broad, that they are eaſy of aſcent. We gratified ourſelves with a ſuperficial view of the antiquities, and with the thought that we were in the Capitol. We ſhall ſoon examine it more at our leiſure: I ſhall then ſend you ſuch remarks as I have to make.

To-day, we viſited the *Villa Ludoviſi;* which belongs to the Princes of *Piombino di Caſa Buoncompagni*, and is only open once a week, on a Saturday in the forenoon. It conſiſts of two buildings, ſeparated by the garden. Do-

* Suet. in vita Oct. 91.

minichino

minichino was the builder of the principal edifice: for this artiſt was not only a great painter, but alſo an excellent architect. The garden is a fine one; though, like moſt of the Italian gardens, it is chiefly planted with evergreens: which, in general, have not that character of lovelineſs that is ſo delightful in the foliage of other trees.

The Italians appear as if they build only for ſummer, and plant only for winter. In the winter their houſes are cold, and their gardens are green.

The *Ludoviſi* garden is full of beautiful laurel, of *Viburnum-Laurus-Thymus*, which is now in full bloom, of the fine Italian pine, the *Pinus Pinea* of Linnæus, which grows in the form of an umbrella, and is ſo often ſeen in the landſcapes of Hackaert, of the prickly oak, and of the large cypreſs; which, were it ſuffered to have its free growth, would, like all things in nature, have its peculiar beauties. Immediately facing the principal building, there are two fine large wild aſh trees.

This villa contains ſome excellent antiques: among others, a repoſing Mars, as ſome ſay, with a little cajoling Cupid between his legs.

It

It is evident that another ſtatue belonged to the group; which conjecture ſuppoſes to have been Venus. Others are of opinion that this is a ſtatue of Jaſon; and that the figure that is wanting is a Medea. A Faun, with the *ſyrinx*, or ſhort flute of reeds, is very beautiful.

A Mercury is not without its excellence; but is not light enough for the meſſenger of the gods.

Oppoſite to this ſtands a Bacchus; of which the thigh, and *torſo*, or body, from the neck to the hip, are inimitable for ſoftneſs and beauty: all the reſt of the figure has been added, by an unſkilful hand.

A large Venus here is affirmed, from the teſtimony of coins, to be a copy of the famous Venus of Praxiteles; as worſhipped in Cnidos. But how inferior muſt this copy be to the celebrated original!

Two groups deſerve particular attention: one of them is called, Papirius and his mother. You recollect there was a Papirius who took his ſon, a boy of fourteen, with him to the Senate; that his mother queſtioned him, concerning what the Senate was tranſacting; and that the boy made her believe that this aſſembly

bly was diſcuſſing, whether it were better for a man to have two wives, or a woman two huſbands.

Others ſay this group repreſents Phædra and Hippolytus: but, though the female figure is full of tenderneſs, it is without paſſion. The moſt probable conjecture is that the great ſculptor intended to repreſent the diſcovery of Oreſtes and Electra. The name of the artiſt is under the group: Μενελαος Στεφανε μαθητης εποιει. This is the work of Menelaus, the ſcholar of Stephanus. It is a group of high beauty; particularly the tender countenance of the female figure.

The famous Pætus and Arria compoſe an excellent group. She is ſinking in death, he ſupporting her with the left arm, and with the right piercing himſelf with a ſword. But he is naked; and ſhe is not in the Roman coſtume: neither have they their hair after the Roman manner, nor have they the countenances of Romans.

To this may be added that the artiſt, if he meant to tell the ſtory of Pætus and Arria, did not chooſe the proper point of time. He ſhould have taken the moment when the heroine, drawing the dagger bleeding from

her boſom, and looking with inexpreſſible affection at her huſband, ſaid to him, preſenting the weapon, *Pæte, non dolet!* Pætus, it pains not! The more feeble Pætus ſhould not have been ſhewn as ſupporting her. The ſtory thus told does not contradict hiſtorical probability; but is injurious to moral effect. Perhaps the ſculptor intended to repreſent ſome German, Gallic, or Thracian, General; who, being a priſoner to the Romans, killed firſt his wife and then himſelf, to eſcape being led in triumph by the victor. This tragical ſubject is treated with the true Greek tenderneſs of ſenſibility. As the ſinking woman declines, the wound is covered with drapery; ſo that it is only known by a few trickling drops of blood.

In this chamber there is the Rape of Proſerpine, by Bernini. The vicinity of the antiques injures this performance; the failings of which could not indeed, without them, eſcape the eye. In which of the works of Bernini are there not great faults? Yet his figures have often much animation. Many of his ſcholars imitate his exceſſes, without poſſeſſing his talents; and produce works that offend the eye, without affecting the feelings.

They

They miſtake the unnatural for the daring. The French, both formerly and at preſent, do not only adopt but admire theſe defects.

In another building, which is erected in the garden, there is a cieling, painted by Guercino. The ſubject is Aurora forſaking old Tithonus, and journeying in her chariot. The dancing Hours precede her: behind her Heſper, with his torch, ſtill twinkles; and the ſtars diſappear, at the approach of the Hours. Sleeping Night is ſeen, in a cave; and, on the other ſide, little Genii are awakening the birds on the buſhes. To this picture that blame is due in my opinion, for the darkneſs of the ſhades, which is generally attributed to Guercino. This great Painter ſhould have choſen any ſubject rather than that of Aurora. The goddeſs herſelf is not beautiful; nor is her chariot light: and yet, like all the pictures of this great maſter, it is on the whole a work of genius.

In another chamber, there are four landſcapes: one by Guido, a ſecond by Guercino, and two others by Dominichino. In the time of theſe great hiſtory painters, the art of landſcape was ſtill in its infancy: yet theſe are lovely pictures, and full of mind.

There is an antient *ſarcophagus*, in the garden, on which a half barbarous inſcription may be read, that muſt have been either of the fifth century or of a ſtill later age. The ſtatues of the man and the woman lie upon the monument, as if they were in bed. The *baſſo relievo* repreſents their nuptials, and their friends preſenting gifts.

In another part of the garden, they have injudiciouſly placed a Silenus recumbent upon a *ſarcophagus*. This Silenus is repoſing on a tun; and the character of the half intoxicated wretched pleaſure of ſuch repoſe is aſtoniſhingly well expreſſed.

From hence we went to the theatre of Marcellus. It was begun by Julius Cæſar, finiſhed by Auguſtus; and, in honour of his nephew, young Marcellus, who died while it was building, he called it by his name. This is the very youthful Marcellus whom Virgil has made ſo intereſting to us, in the beautiful paſſage which concludes with *Tu Marcellus eris* *.

This theatre contained thirty thouſand ſpectators; and it is embelliſhed by the four

* Virg. *Æn.* vi. 870.

orders

orders of architecture. In the middle ages, when the Roman nobility frequently defied the bulls of the Pope, before which the kings of Europe grovelled in the duſt, this theatre of Marcellus ſerved as an excellent kind of fortreſs to a family of eminence. The lower half only is now remaining, containing two rows of arches: the loweſt of which is ornamented with Doric pillars, and the upper with Ionic.

Not far from this is the great Portico, which Auguſtus erected to the honour of his ſiſter, Octavia, the mother of the young Marcellus. It ſtands upon two rows of pillars, which occupy three ſides of a great ſquare; and the fourth ſide is the temple of *Hercules Muſagetes*, or the leader of the Muſes. In the middle of this ſquare were temples of Jupiter and Juno; and the coloſſal ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux, in marble, which now face the Capitol. Of the portico there are but a few pillars; and of the temple of Juno only one is remaining.

LETTER XLVIII.

Rome, 3d January 1792.

IN the forenoon of the firſt day of the year, we viſited the Capitol. Here we find only traces of the high antiquity of this proper ſeat of the ſovereigns of the world: but ſuch traces! who ſhall deſcribe them?

If we may believe the poets, this place was honoured in times the moſt remote. And who does not know that much of the true hiſtory of antient times, and nations, is concealed under the veil of fable? It is exceedingly probable that a Janus reigned, in Italy; and before him a Saturnus. The hill *Janiculus* might take its name from the firſt; and *Saturnius*, that on which the Capitol ſtands, from the ſecond. On the one, Saturn may have built a fortreſs; on the other Janus. Virgil makes Evander ſpeak thus to Æneas:

Hæc duo præterea diſjectis oppida muris,
Relliquias veterumque vides monumenta virorum.
Hanc Janus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit arcem;
Janiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen.

ÆN. viii. 355—58.

Then

Then ſaw two heaps of ruins; once they ſtood
Two ſtately towns, on either ſide the flood,
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains:
And either place the founder's name retains.

DRYDEN, v. 467.

The Greeks and Romans, like the preſent Italians, were perhaps the moſt agreeably flattered, by other nations, when they were told of their great antiquity. It was very artful of Virgil, in the Æneid, a hiſtorical poem of his own country, the hero of which lived three hundred and fifty years before the founding of Rome, to deſcribe the walls of theſe old fortifications as in ruins; which, in the great hiſtorical picture of the poet, while the darkneſs of antiquity is glanced at but not expatiated upon, does not fail of its effect.

In the time of Romulus, the guard of the Capitol was intruſted to the daughter of Spurius Tarpeius. She treacherouſly ſuffered the Sabines to enter it; and the Sabines themſelves, being aſhamed of the action, put her to death: from which the hill obtained the name of *Mons Tarpeius* *: the Tarpeian rock.

After Romulus had defeated the *Cæninenſes*, who beſieged Rome, had ſlain their king with

* Liv. lib. i. c. 11.

his own hand, and had taken the town of this people by aſſault, he bore the armour of the dead king upon a capacious pageant bier, *ferculum* *, to this hill; and made a vow to *Jupiter Feretrius*, to build a temple here; which he afterward erected. Following kings, in imitation of Romulus, built temples on this hill to ſeveral divinities.

The elder Tarquin laid the foundation of the temple of Jupiter; in compliance with a vow which he made in his war againſt the Sabines; and the laſt Tarquin completed the building. Being in want of room, he intended to remove the other temples; and conſulted the augurs, that he might learn the will of the Gods. Permiſſion was granted him by all of them, except by *Terminus*, the God of boundaries; and *Juventus*, the Goddeſs of youth; who refuſed. Roman patriotiſm early gave it to be underſtood that the grandeur of the city depended on its flouriſhing in immovable ſtability, and eternal youth. Tradition related that, on digging in the earth, the head of a man was found, with the countenance entire: which gave birth to the Roman and

* Liv. i. 10.

Etrurian

Etrurian prediction that Rome was to be the head of all nations *.

The

* The paſſage, in which Virgil relates the ſacred awe, at the vicinity of the Gods, with which the antient inhabitants of the place were ſeized, is very beautiful. While Æneas was led round it by Evander, the poet ſays:

Hinc ad Tarpeiam ſedem et Capitolia ducit,
Aurea nunc, olim ſylveſtribus horrida dumis.
Jam tum religio pavidos terrebat agreſtes
Dira loci, jam tum ſylvam ſaxumque tremebant.
Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoſo vertice collem
(Quis Deus, incertum eſt) habitat Deus: Arcades ipſum
Credunt ſe vidiſſe Jovem, quum ſæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextra, nimboſque cieret.

Thence, to the ſteep *Tarpeian* rock he leads;
Now roof'd with gold; then thatch'd with homely reeds.
A rev'rend fear (ſuch ſuperſtition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then poſſeſs'd the ſwains.
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
Did there amidſt the ſacred horror dwell.
Th' *Arcadians* thought him *Jove*; and ſaid they ſaw
The mighty Thund'rer with majeſtick awe;
Who ſhook his ſhield, and dealt his bolts around;
And ſcatter'd tempeſts on the teeming ground.

DRYDEN, v. 457.

I aſk permiſſion of my young readers to call their attention to the beauty of theſe verſes; particularly to the following line:

Jām tūm rēlĭgĭō păvĭdōs tĕrrēbăt ăgrēſtēs.

The Tarpeian rock obtained the epithet *Capitolium*, from the Latin *caput*, a head; and Jupiter who was worſhipped there, that of *Capitolinus*. To him victors brought the ſpoils of nations, and laid their triumphal laurels at his feet. From the Roman *Forum* you aſcend a flight of a hundred ſteps, to this temple; which was built exactly oppoſite to the Forum. Between theſe buildings, the hill was divided into different terraces. Above ſtood the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*; and oppoſite weſtward, on the ſteep Tarpeian rock, the temple of the Goddeſs *Juno-Moneta*, where the money was coined. It is imagined that this was the place where the firſt temple of *Jupiter Feretrius* ſtood. The chapels of *Terminus* and *Juventus* ſtood likewiſe near the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

The *Curia*, in which the Senate were accuſtomed to aſſemble, ſtood on the ſecond

How powerful between the foregoing two long and the two following ſhort ſyllables, is the choriambic *religio!* How full of expreſſion the *pavidos!* Do we not ſee the Arcadians running? Do we not ſee them fall back, with awe, at the three long ſyllables—*dos terre?* The two following ſhort ones appear to relieve them, for an inſtant; but they are again repelled, by the two long ſyllables that ſucceed.

terrace.

terrace. Here the *tabularia*, or archives, were kept.

On the third terrace, the temple of the Thunderer, and that of Concord, the firſt built by Auguſtus, the ſecond by Camillus, were erected. Below theſe the *Forum* ſtood.

The numerous changes that have happened in Rome, have every where altered the face of the ground; and particularly on the hills. The foundation of the temple of Concord is laid bare, to the height of ſome ells; and, on the contrary, ſo much rubbiſh has been collected, round the three remaining pillars of *Jupiter Tonans*, that only the ſhaft of one of theſe pillars, as much as the length of the chapiter, is to be ſeen. Of the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, which ſtands immediately before the Capitol, in the *Forum*, nearly one half is buried under the ruins. A Swede, ſome years ago, digging in the *Forum*, firſt found the pavement of white marble; after having dug to the depth of thirty palms, or ſpans.

The wall, which formerly ſurrounded the Capitol, was very high; for it reached from the Forum to the level of the temple of Concord.

We

We did not this time proceed by the triumphal way, but on the oppoſite northern ſide; on which the façade of the new Capitol is erected.

Very handſome ſteps lead up this ſide. Below, at each wing, are lions, of the Egyptian baſaltes, which eject water from their mouths. On the left, there is the lower part of a female figure, of porphyry, the drapery of which is excellently wrought. On the two wings, above, are the coloſſal ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux; each of them holding a horſe. Along with them are the war ſpoils of Trajan, which he took from the Daci; with other ornaments collected from various parts, by ſeveral of the Popes, and placed here.

In the centre of the great place, before the Capitol, which is a perfect ſquare, there is a noble coloſſal ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius Antonius, on horſeback, of gilded bronze. The attitude of the Emperor is the ſame that I have ſeen on a baſſo relievo; in which he ſtretches out his right hand, and grants peace to the kneeling chiefs of the Quadi, and Marcomanni, whom he had conquered. The horſe is full of animation and beauty. *Recorda ti che ſei vivo, e cammina!* Remember that thou liv'ſt,

liv'ſt, and begone! exclaimed Michael Angelo. This ſtatue had formerly ſtood facing the temple of M. Aurelius Antoninus and Fauſtina. It was found, in the time of Sextus the Fourth, in a vineyard; and he erected it in the ſquare of Lateran. Paul the Third placed it here; and the marble pedeſtal is the work of Michael Angelo.

The principal building of the modern Capitol is the palace of the ſenators *. It was built

* Full of the idea of their former grandeur and freedom, and without aſking leave of Popes or of Emperors, the Roman people long maintained the right of electing a ſenator, whom they called the *conſervatore*: it being his office to guard their privileges. Sovereign princes, even kings of Naples, have not diſdained this dignity. This was an abuſe; but not ſo great as that which was afterward committed, when the office was granted to the Popes themſelves, to guard againſt whoſe power it was firſt inſtituted. It came to be poſſeſſed by ſeveral of the deſcendants of the families of Orſini and Colonna; and, as ſeveral of the Popes were elected from theſe families, the proper importance of this office was relinquiſhed, to increaſe the power of the papal chair. After the extirpation of the long ſchiſm, which had baniſhed the Popes to Avignon, when they returned to Rome, they took care to reduce this to an inſignificant office; which, at firſt, had reſembled that of the antient Tribunes. It is true indeed that a ſenator of Rome inhabits the palace of the Capitol;

built upon the ruins of the antient *Curia;* the walls of which are ſtill to be ſeen. A flight of ſteps, embelliſhed with a beautiful fountain, leads to the firſt lofty ſtory. In the middle is a Rome triumphant: *Roma triumphans:* of Parian marble, faced with porphyry; and on each ſide, a coloſſal River God: the Nile and the Tiber. In this palace the ſenator lives, here holds his tribunal, and, every three years diſtributes prizes to the young artiſts; who excel in painting, ſculpture, or architecture.

On the right of this ſtructure is the famous muſeum of the Capitol, which I have not yet ſeen; and, on the left, the palace of the *conſervatori*, in which they hold their aſſemblies. It is adorned with many antique ſtatues. In the court, there are two coloſſal heads, and two coloſſal feet; and, much more remarkable than theſe, there is the marble group of a lion having thrown down a horſe, and beginning

Capitol; but he is elected by the Pope. He is the chief of a municipal council; which conſiſts of three *conſervatori*, and a deputy of the city. The Pope appoints Italian, but not Roman noblemen to this office. Jealous of the Roman nobility, the Popes have decreed that this ſenator ſhall not be a citizen. The dignity is at preſent enjoyed by Prince Rezonico.

to

to devour him. It is indubitably the work of a Greek artiſt. The feet of the horſe have been repaired, by a modern; who did not think proper to let the hoofs go without ſhoeing.

Frederick the Fourth, king of Denmark, cauſed a bronze caſt of this group to be made; which is the fineſt piece of art that is to be found in the Roſenburg garden of Copenhagen. In a colonnade of the court are the ſtatues of Cæſar and Auguſtus. Here we ſee the *Columna Roſtrata*; which was erected by C. Duilius, in the *Forum*. Duilius led the Roman galleys, in the firſt Punic war, againſt the enemy; and boldly ſhewed the way to conquer the ſkilful navigators of Carthage. It is probable that this *Columna Roſtrata* is not the antient one; but that which was ordered to be made in imitation of it, by Claudius.

Before the palace is an antique ſtatue of Rome triumphant, by the ſide of which there are likewiſe two antique ſtatues of Thracian Kings: one of which has loſt the arms, and the other the hands. Perhaps ſome writer will tell us that a Roman Emperor, after having repeatedly conquered theſe people, being weary

weary of the war, took the cruel determination thus to mangle the impriſoned kings and leaders, and ſend them back to their own country.

I omit to mention ſeveral ſtatues, ſome *baſſi relievi*, and the pictures; with which the walls are in part adorned, in part disfigured. I likewiſe paſs the modern ſtatues of Popes, and proceed to a chamber, there to contemplate the buſt of Lucius Junius Brutus; which was dedicated by Marcus Junius Brutus, The Deliverer, to The Deliverer, his anceſtor. It was found under the ruins of the temple of Romulus. It appears to be the work of an Etrurian, but a ſkilful hand; and to be more antient than the time of Marcus Brutus. The head is ſerious, powerful, noble. It is either really the head of that great man, or has been imagined with admirable genius. I am inclined to the firſt opinion: for the Etrurians had certainly attained great excellence, in the art of ſculpture, at the time of the laſt of the kings of Rome; and perhaps none but a Greek could have produced an ideal head equal to this.

In the middle of the chamber is the celebrated She Wolf, of bronze, which was ſtruck by

by lightning in the conſulſhip of Cæſar. The perceptible damage of the hind foot ſhews marks of the lightning. She gives ſuck to the twin children, Romulus and Remus; but they are of modern and poor workmanſhip. The wolf was found in the temple of Romulus, and placed here by Sixtus the Fourth.

In this place, likewiſe, is the ſhepherd, of bronze, drawing the thorn out of his foot: for which reaſon the ſtatue is called *Spinarius*. It is one of the moſt beautiful of the works of art that have deſcended to modern times.

In another chamber, the walls have been decorated with many fragments of the conſular *faſti*. The characters are finely cut, in white marble. Were they complete, what a treaſure would they be, for the Roman Hiſtorian! As fragments, they ſtill are valuable.

Over the door is a fine *baſſo relievo*; which is called the head of Mithridates, but which Mr. Hirt is perſuaded is the head of Hector. I cannot but own that, to me, there appears more of the high character of that hero than of the bold but cunning Mithridates, diſcoverable in this piece.

Here we likewiſe find an antique ſtatue of *Cybele*, with her mural crown; a perſonifi-

cation which is rare. Virgil calls her *Turrita*; Turret-crowned.

A coloſſal Hercules, which was found in the ruins of the *Forum Boarium*, or Cattle Market, is not remarkably beautiful. You muſt not confound this *Forum* with the *Forum Romanum*; although the latter is now called the Cow Field. Perhaps it was placed in the cattle market in alluſion to the cattle ſaid to have been driven, by Hercules, from Spain to Greece. The ſtatue is gilded; and the gilding is in extraordinarily good preſervation.

Theſe monuments of antient genius, and of times long paſt, are certainly very intereſting to the lovers of art and antiquity: but ſtill more intereſting to me are the places themſelves; and the ruins derive a great part of their value by denoting the place.

There, repeatedly ſaid I to myſelf, looking on the Mount Palatine, there muſt the good Evander have lived. There he led the pious Æneas into his low-roofed hut, when Virgil makes him ſo beautifully ſay

——Hæc limina victor
Alcides ſubiit, hæc illum regia cepit.
Aude hoſpes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebuſque veni non aſper egenis!

ÆN. viii. 362—65.

Mean

Mean as it is, this palace and this door
Received Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor: accept our homely food,
Which feasted him, and emulate a God!

DRYDEN, v. 477.

Here Numa strayed: here Servius Tullius, the elder and the younger Brutus, the Valerii, the Fabii, the Scipios, the Catos, Cicero, and all the great men of Rome. Here the sword of Brennus kept down the scale; when, as Livy says, gods and men forbad that the freedom of Rome should be purchased*. Camillus arrived with aid, commanded the scales to be emptied of the gold, and the Gauls to depart.

We now ascended the highest hill, on which the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus* stood. It was consecrated to the three deities: Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. It was divided, like many churches, by two rows of pillars, that formed three aisles: the centre of which was consecrated to Jupiter; and the two others to the two goddesses. There now stands a very old church here, which belongs to the Franciscans. It is built after the Basilica manner; except that the pillars have no running

* Liv. vi. 48.

architrave, and that they ſupport hemiſpherical arches.

Whether theſe were the pillars that were brought by Sylla from Athens, and that were ſet up at the rebuilding of the Capitol, after it had been burned, is difficult to determine. Their chapiters were gilded with the firſt gold that came from America.

An antient tradition relates that, at the time of the birth of Chriſt, Auguſtus erected an altar to the firſt born of the Gods: *Primo genito Deo:* which was likewiſe called the altar of Heaven: an altar, which was held to be this, was conſecrated, in early times, by one of the Popes; and muſt be the ſame which is now in a ſide aiſle of the church. It was afterward embelliſhed with eight pillars of Eaſtern marble.

On the weſt ſide of the hill is the famous Tarpeian rock. Many travellers are not ſhewn this place: for they are told that the Tarpeian rock, mentioned in hiſtory, is on the eaſtern part of the hill. Hence it happens that we have ſo often been informed that the antients exaggerated its height. But why have they not examined the place where the rock is now the higheſt, and almoſt perpendicular?

Here

Here it was that the Gauls aſcended by night; but certainly not without great fatigue, and probably by the aid of the ſhrubs that grew in the crevices of the rock. Here it was that the watchful geeſe, by their cackling, awakened Marcus Manlius, who reſided on the rock, and preſerved Rome. Here did that Manlius, who well deſerved the ſurname of *Capitolinus*, with others, whom he quickly rouſed from their ſleep, drive back the Gauls, and hurled them headlong down; and here too it was that he himſelf, ſoon afterward, being as bad a citizen as he was a great warrior, delighting in ſtrife and inſurrection and ſeeking ſovereignty, was caſt down from the very rock on which he had ſaved Rome*. He merited his fate †!

On the place where the houſe of Manlius had ſtood, the mint and temple of *Juno Moneta* were afterward erected. The epithet *Moneta* was given to Juno, as fable relates, becauſe ſhe taught the Romans, after an earthquake, to appeaſe the wrath of the Gods, by

* Liv. lib. v. c. 47.

† Of this there have been many wiſe and virtuous men who have doubted. T.

ſacrificing a ſow. *Monere* means to inſtruct; to remind *.

To-day and yeſterday, I have been in company with modern Romans. This morning, I was preſented to the Pope. This old man, who exerciſes his office with ſo much ſolemn dignity, is exceedingly pleaſant, and familiar, in perſonal intercourſe. I found him ſitting at his writing deſk: he deſired me to ſit by him, and converſed with me, with animation and intelligence, on different ſubjects.

Pius the Sixth occupies himſelf in the cabinet, gets up in winter before day-light, and performs the weighty duties of the papal chair with a knowledge of preſent circumſtances, and with a firm mind.

The diſputes, between himſelf and the king of Naples, have been adjuſted by him with great prudence; he having preſerved, inſtead of renouncing the leaſt of, his rights. He has conducted himſelf in the affairs of France with equal wiſdom and dignity; and has eſcaped all the ſnares that have been laid for him, openly and in ſecret, by the National Aſſembly, which might have led him to take

* Cic. de Div, i, 45.

ſteps

ſteps that would have given an appearance of juſtice to their rapacious views *.

The Secretary of State, Cardinal Zelada, is properly the Prime Miniſter. He is a man of much underſtanding, and uncommon aſſiduity. He riſes, at this ſeaſon of the year, at four in the morning; and he ſeldom leaves the walls of the Vatican.

Cardinal Borgia is a man of great ardour, intelligence, and knowledge. He loves the learned; and is glad to ſee them aſſemble round him, at his table.

A tranſlation of the poem of the Argonauts, by Apollonius Rhodius, is now preparing, by Cardinal Frangini. His knowledge of the modern Greek, which he ſpeaks with facility, was ſerviceable to him, by rendering the antient Greek more familiar.

The Senator, Prince Rezonico, and a Count of the ſame family, underſtand and love German literature. I have made an acquaintance with the Marcheſe Rangone, formerly

* I omit a note, here, on the diſputes at Rome, between the French and the Italians ſince the Revolution, becauſe it relates nothing but what is known; and becauſe, I am ſorry to add, various epithets are employed by the author that are highly unworthy of his liberal and well-informed mind. T.

the firſt Miniſter of the Duke of Modena. He likewiſe reads the German authors with delight; and, to a noble character, adds extenſive learning, and real genius.

You perceive that intereſting men are ſtill to be found, among the great. I grant indeed they are *rari nantes in gurgite vaſto.* Moſt of the *Principi*, *Marcheſi*, and titled nobility, here, are ignorant; and have that arrogance which ſleeps in barren ignorance, like earth unbroken by the plough. But are there no ſuch men among us?

I am well aware that, in Germany, there is a certain degree of information greater than in Italy; but would it not be increaſed, were we, who perhaps are more inclined to do juſtice to foreigners than any other nation, to overcome our prejudices againſt the Italians?—Prejudices, of which many are only grounded on our folly. There are ſubjects enough to blame: ſerious ſubjects; demanding ſerious conſideration: and ſuch the love of truth will not ſuffer me to overlook.

The education of the daughters of the nobility is wretched. Hence, domeſtic happineſs is rare. Domeſtic happineſs is a ſource of tranquillity, of joy, and a preſervative againſt vice;

vice; and I think it probable that this kind of happineſs is better underſtood, in Germany, than in any other country on earth. With reſpect to myſelf, I can with inward peace and delight affirm, with the good old poet, Walter,

Und das iſt meiner reiſen frucht,
*Daſs mir gefällt die deutſche zucht *!*

From the bad education of the women, domeſtic virtues, and with them the domeſtic happineſs of the higher ranks, are injured; and the poiſon of their vices ſheds itſelf among their inferiors: whoſe paſſions, without this concomitant, are violent to exceſs. The people of Rome are rather led aſtray and bewildered than, as ſome would perſuade us, addicted to vice by nature. Where the climate inflames the paſſions, which are neither reſtrained by education nor curbed by law, they muſt riſe higher, and burn with greater exceſs, than in other countries. It is dreadful to hear that, in Rome, the population of which is eſtimated at a hundred and ſixty-eight thouſand perſons, there are annually about

* By travel taught, I can atteſt,
I love my native land the beſt.

five

five hundred people murdered. I do not believe that, in all Germany, fifty men periſh, by murder, within the ſame period. But could this have been ſaid of the middle ages? And yet our nation has always maintained the beſt reputation among nations.

The people of Rome cannot be juſtly accuſed of robbery. A ſtranger is no where ſafer; but is more frequently plundered in moſt of the great cities of Europe. The Roman ſtabs his enemy, but does not rob. Anger is his ſtimulus; and this anger frequently lingers for months, and ſometimes for years, till it finds an opportunity of revenge. This paſſion, which is inconceivable to thoſe who do not feel it, this moſt hateful of all the paſſions, the antients frequently ſuppoſed to be a virtue; and it ſtill rages among many of the nations of the ſouth. The paſſions of the people of Rome are frequently rouſed, by playing at *mora;* though the law has ſeverely prohibited this game; and, if they are diſappointed at the moment of their revenge, they wait for a future occaſion. Jealouſy is another frequent cauſe of murder: it being with them an imaginary duty to revenge the ſeduction of their wife, their daughter, or their ſiſter,

ſiſter, on the ſeducer. The catholic religion, ill underſtood, encourages the practice: the people being perſuaded that, by the performance of trifling ceremonies, and the inflicting of penance, they can waſh away the guilt of blood.

All the aſſiduity of the preſent Pope is not ſufficient to reform the police; the faults of which originate in the conſtitution of Rome. Many churches afford a ſanctuary to the purſued culprit. Foreign ambaſſadors, likewiſe, yield protection; which extends not only to their palaces but to whole quarters of the city, into which the officers of juſtice dare not purſue offenders. The ambaſſadors, it is true, are obliged to maintain a guard: but who is ignorant of the miſchief ariſing from complicated juriſdiction? Many Cardinals ſeek to derive honour, by affording protection to purſued criminals. Could we find all theſe abuſes collected in any other great city, many men would be murdered, though not ſo many as in Rome; but robbery would be dreadfully increaſed, which here is unknown.

Were I to live in a foreign country, and condemned to ſpend my life in a great city, it is probable there is no place I ſhould prefer

to Rome. In no place is the fashionable world so free from restraint. You may daily be present at the *conversazioni;* and go from one to another. Numerous societies, in spacious apartments, are continually to be found; and the visitor is always received with the most prepossessing politeness. The intercourse of society is no where so free as here: you may neglect your visits for weeks or months, and undisturbed indulge your own humour. You may return again, after an absence of weeks or months, without being once questioned, concerning the manner in which you have disposed of your time.

Do not from this accuse the Roman nobility, more than any other people of fashion, of a want of personal affection: the apathy of the great world is every where the same. The absence or the death of any man is in no country felt in fashionable society: but every where, except in Italy, it arrogates to itself an insupportable tyranny, over each of its associates.

In the great cities of Germany, we talk of being social: but what can be more unsocial than a company of men, who sit down to a silent card party? The animation of the Italians

obviates

obviates the degrading neceſſity of ſuch parties. In company, they play very little; but they converſe with fire: and, notwithſtanding their rapidity, many Italians expreſs themſelves excellently.

A ſenſe of the antient grandeur of Rome is not yet quite loſt, to the people. When the Queen of Naples was laſt here, and at the theatre, ſhe was received with great applauſe. Self-forbearance induced her to make ſigns to the people to ceaſe their loud clapping, and their ſhouts of welcome. The people took this very ill; and, the next day, a perſon of my acquaintance heard one orange woman ſay to another, "Did you hear how the foreign Queen deſpiſed our people, laſt night? She muſt ſurely have forgotten that many queens, before now, have been brought in chains to Rome."

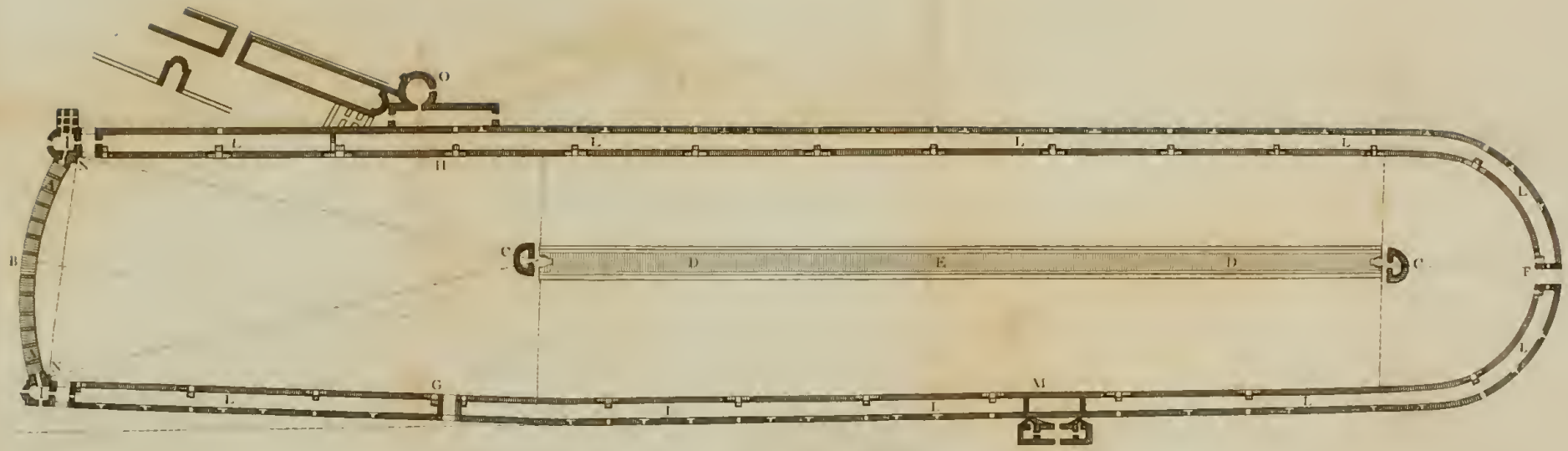
LETTER XLIX.

Rome, 7th January 1792.

IN the forenoon of the 4th, I indulged my imagination in contemplating antient Rome; and viewed many moſt intereſting monuments; of which, however imperfect my deſcription muſt inevitably be, I will endeavour to ſay ſomething.

We began with a piece of ruins of the middle ages; the hiſtory of which is ſingular. It is a large remainder of the palace of Nicola Gabrino di Lorenzo: commonly called, *Cola di Rienzo:* who, in the fourteenth century, reigned a ſhort time, under the title of a Roman Tribune. This man was of low birth, but high minded. By reading of the antients, he had kindled in himſelf a love and a deſire of freedom. He was early known, and was ſent by the citizens of Rome, with the celebrated Petrarch, to Avignon; to induce Pope Clement the Sixth to return to Rome: but neither the poetry of Petrarch nor the eloquence of Rienzo were able to prevail on the Pope.

When



The Circus of Caracalla

Lam. XLIX

When Rienzo returned, he was elected to the office of Tribune, by the Romans; who were enraged againſt Clement. During the night of the 17th of May, in the year 1347, he aſſembled the people, without arms, cauſed maſs to be performed in the caſtle of St. Angelo, and in the morning led them to the Capitol. He erected three banners; on which the ſymbols of Peace, Juſtice, and Freedom, were depicted; cauſed fifteen regulations to be read, which were intended to be the ground work of a good conſtitution; and then commanded a new council to be called, which he named the Chamber of Juſtice and Peace. Criminals of all kinds, aſſaſſins, adulterers, robbers, houſe-breakers, and others, he zealouſly puniſhed; putting ſome to death, and baniſhing others.

He aſſembled an army of twenty thouſand men; and entreated all princes and free ſtates to unite with him, in ſupport of the good conſtitution: *del buono ſtato.* The Emperor, Lewis of Bavaria, Lewis the Firſt King of Hungary, and Johanna Queen of Naples, ſent their ambaſſadors to him.

Rienzo ought to have treated the power of the Pope with more prudence, and moderation;

tion; but he was dazzled, by the ſplendour of his fortune: he cited independent princes to appear at his tribunal. The grandees of Rome became diſſatisfied at his conduct, and cauſed the people to riſe.

He then renounced his office, travelled to Naples, and lived two years among hermits: after which, he returned to Rome, made a new, but ſhort, impreſſion upon the people, and was again obliged to retire.

His next journey was to Prague, where he was recognized by the Emperor, Charles the Fourth: one of the princes whom he had cited to appear before him; and by Charles was ſent to the Pope, at Avignon, where he was impriſoned till the death of Clement.

He was once more releaſed by the peaceable Innocent the Sixth; who ſent him to Rome, and made him Senator. A perſon of the name of Baronetti was then tribune; whoſe office Rienzo took upon himſelf, and once again became the tribune of the people. The nobility roſe in oppoſition, an inſurrection was the conſequence, and, as it is ſaid, he fell pierced by a hundred daggers.

The titles he had given himſelf were Nicholas, the mild and ſevere, the deliverer of the

city, the guardian of Italy, the warrior of, and candidate for, the Holy Ghoſt, beloved of the world, and the dignified tribune.

Rienzo built himſelf a palace, which in part was embelliſhed by what he had collected from the ruins, and partly disfigured by the architecture of the times. After his ambition had been puniſhed by death, Pontifical hatred purſued his memory: the name of Pilate was given him, and his palace was called the Palace of Pilate. In proceſs of time, the memory of Rienzo was loſt, and the *Palazzo di Pilato* was held to be the palace of Pontius Pilate. This was not enough: it was affirmed that Pontius Pilate had not only brought his effects but, in particular, a marble ſtaircaſe from Jeruſalem to Rome: and that this was the ſtaircaſe which had been aſcended, and deſcended, by Jeſus Chriſt. Sixtus the Fifth placed it in the Lateran, where it now ſtands; and whoever goes up it muſt aſcend it on his knees.

Oppoſite this palace is the ſmall temple which was erected by Servius Tullius to *Fortuna Virilis*. The architrave on both ſides is ſupported by five half projecting Ionic pillars*.

* Pilaſters, as I ſuppoſe. T.

They prove that the temple was rebuilt in later times; but certainly under the republic: partly becauſe it contains neither marble nor ornaments, and partly becauſe we ſhould have known by which of the Emperors it had been rebuilt. There is a portico, in front, of four pillars; which has been walled round in order to lengthen the building and convert it into a church, that is dedicated to St. Mary of Egypt.

We went on the banks of the Tiber, and ſaw the remains of antient ſteps; up which goods were brought, from veſſels that were unloading. Here, facing us, we likewiſe ſaw the fine ruins of a ſtone bridge; which was formerly called *Pons Palatinus*, and now *Ponte Rotto*, the broken bridge. It was begun by the Cenſor, Fulvius; and completed under the cenſorſhip of P. Scipio, who deſtroyed Carthage, and his colleague, L. Mummius.

To the right we ſaw the Tiber iſland; the origin of which is ſo remarkable. We ſhall ſoon pay it a viſit: at preſent we only notice it by a paſſing compliment.

On the left, we ſaw the leſs ſuperb, yet remarkable, ruins of the bridge which was built, by

by King Ancus Martius, over the Tiber*. Till his time, there was no bridge built. This was conſtructed of wood, and called *Pons Sublicius*.

When the army of Porſenna, who wiſhed to bring back the Tarquins to Rome, had taken the hill Janiculus, this was the bridge where Horatius Cocles, aſſiſted at firſt by Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius, and afterward ſingly, made a ſtand againſt the enemy; till, by his own order, the bridge was broken down behind him. He then, though in complete armour, jumped into the river, and ſwam back to the city †.

The bridge was afterward rebuilt with wood; and, in the time of Tiberius, out of reſpect for the antients, and for Horatius Cocles, it was once again rebuilt of wood. The ſucceeding one of marble was erected by Antoninus Pius.

This of marble was not without its fame; for, from this, the Emperors, Heliogabalus and Commodus, were caſt into the river.

Near the Tiber is the little circular temple of Veſta; which was firſt founded by Numa. The rebuilding of this temple has been aſ-

* Liv. i. 33. † Liv. ii. 10.

cribed, by ſome, to Veſpaſian; by others, to Domitian. It was ſurrounded by a fine colonnade, of twenty Corinthian pillars; but it has been walled round, that the church, into which the temple has been converted, might be more ſpacious. In the antient temple, the light was admitted through the high lattice. The ſanctuary of the holy fire needed not much day-light; and to have given to this, as to other circular temples, an opening above, might have endangered the ſacred fire; the place of which was the centre of the temple.

Near this building ſtood the houſe of Numa; which was afterward inhabited by the Veſtals. Of this houſe there were ſome remains in the time of Horace. With what animation did I recollect the following beautiful lines from his ode, *Jam ſatis terris*—

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etruſco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Veſtæ:

Iliæ dum ſe nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem, vagus et ſiniſtra
Labitur ripa, Jove non probante,
Uxorius amnis.

HOR. I. od. ii. v. 13—20.

We

We ſaw, puſh'd backward to his native ſource,
The yellow Tiber roll his rapid courſe;
With impious ruin threat'ning Veſta's fane,
And the great monuments of Numa's reign.

With grief and rage, while Ilia's boſom glows,
Boaſtful, for her revenge, his waters roſe,
But now th' uxorious river glides away,
So Jove commands, ſmooth-winding to the ſea.

FRANCIS.

Not far from this the great common ſewer, *Cloaca maxima*, emptied itſelf into the Tiber. This is one of the grandeſt monuments of architecture; and was conſtructed in the time of the elder Tarquin.

We went from this to a church, which had formerly been a ſchool for eloquence, in which the great and holy Auguſtin had himſelf taken the chair. Some affirm this building ſtands on the ſpot where the Romans had built a temple to *Pudicitia Patricia*; the Patrician Chaſtity. Near the church, you perceive a circular ſlab, of white marble; which is more than five feet in diameter, and from four to five inches thick. On this ſlab a head is cut, with inciſions entirely through the eyes and mouth. It is called by the people *Bocca della verità*: the mouth of truth: and fable

relates that oaths were pronounced here. The perſon, taking an oath, was to lay his hand on the open mouth; and, by the ſuddenly cloſing of the ſtone lips, the guilty were chaſtiſed. In this manner young women proved their chaſtity; or were puniſhed for their offences. Mr. Hirt has diſcovered that the head on this marble repreſents a *Jupiter Pluvius;* a Raining Jupiter. It was found, lying under a colonnade, between the flooring; where it ſerved as a conduit to the rain water.

A large four-ſided ſtone gate, called a *Janus*, which ſtands in the centre of four croſs ways, I ſuppoſed, before I came up to it, to have been a triumphal arch. Structures like theſe were for traders and uſurers. In the time of the Emperors, there were ſixty of them in Rome. Many niches were cut in them; in which *Genii*, or *Penates*, were accuſtomed to be placed.

In this part is the ſpot where, in the time of Livy *, the fig tree ſtood, which was called *Ficus Ruminalis;* and originally, according to this writer's teſtimony, *Ficus Romularis;* the fig tree of Romulus: becauſe, as it was ſaid, Romulus and Remus were here left expoſed.

* Liv. i. 4.

The

The temple of Romulus, which ſtill is ſtanding, though no doubt rebuilt by the Romans, denotes the place. The ſhe-wolf of bronze, which is now in the Capitol, formerly ſtood in this temple. Before chriſtianity, it was cuſtomary for the women, when their children were ſick or weakly, to bring them here. This temple has ſince been converted into a church, and dedicated to St. Theodore. Still, however, the old cuſtom is preſerved; and women ſtill bring their ſick and weakly children here, hoping by that they will recover their health and ſtrength.

It is ſaid that the Tiber, which is near this place, by overflowing had formed a marſh; that it was cuſtomary to ferry over this marſh in boats; and that, from the words *A vehendis ratibus* the name *Velabrum* was corruptly derived. The place is now called *Velabro*; and the church, that is built here, *Santo Gregorio di Velabro*. It ſtands on the ruins of the *Baſilica Sempronia;* the place where juſtice was adminiſtered to merchants.

Cloſe to this church ſtands a little arch; which was erected, by the uſurers and graziers, in honour of the Emperor Septimius Severus: the *baſſi relievi* of which have repeated figures

of the Emperor, and his two ſons, Caracalla and Geta; and we once find him with his wife. Caracalla cauſed the figure of his brother Geta, whom he had murdered, and the inſcriptions of his name, to be every where defaced. This arch, erected to the honour of the father, is a monument of the cruelty and rancour of the ſon. You perhaps remember that the people, ſarcaſtically, gave him the nickname of *Geticus:* as if he had conquered the *Getæ*. Near this arch a fine fountain ran; which was the firſt in Rome, till the time of the Cenſor, Appius Claudius Cæcus, the Blind; who undertook and completed many grand works, and who ſupplied the city with new fountains. It was called *Juturna;* which name Virgil beſtows on the lovely ſiſter of Turnus, as a nymph.

The Romans embelliſh the hiſtory of this fountain with a charming fable. They relate that, after the famous victory of the lake *Regillus*, in which the Dictator Aulus Poſthumius overcame the Tarquins and the army of the Latins, two youths came in the evening to the fountain to refreſh themſelves, watered their horſes, announced the victory, and diſappeared. Livy has no trace of this pleaſing

tale. He only informs us that the Dictator dedicated a temple to Caſtor. The beautiful temple of Caſtor and Pollux adorns this fountain.

We now viſited the temple of Phœbus and Luna, which we had lately ſeen from the Coloſſeum. It conſiſts of two half circles, turned back to back: the ſanctuary of Phœbus is turned toward the ſouth, and that of Luna toward the north. The latter affords a cool retreat; which is now rendered the more pleaſant by a fountain in the middle; and, in the former, there are now fruitful orange trees: a charming ſymbol of the power of the all fertilizing ſun.

This power is ſo ſelf-evident, in the preſent ſeaſon of the year, that you cannot forbear doing juſtice to Virgil, when, ſpeaking of Italy, he ſays

Hic ver aſſiduum atque alienis menſibus æſtas.

VIRG. Georg. ii. 149.

Perpetual ſpring our happy climate ſees;
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And ſummer ſuns recede by ſlow degrees.

DRYDEN, v. 20.

I met with the gilliflower blooming, among the

the ruins of the Coloſſeum, at the end of December. In like manner, we ſaw immediately before us a large palm tree; and I found the *Medicago arborea* in bloom on the third of January. This is the *Cytiſus* of Virgil; which you muſt not confound with the *Cytiſus laburnum*. It was in the garden of the *Villa Borgheſe*. The plant called the Italian honeyſuckle, *Caprifolium perfoliatum*, is verdant here all the year. The ſingle gilliflower, the wild red ranunculus, and the violet, bloom all the winter; and graſs and verdure are continually growing.

The extenſive beautiful garden, which I have mentioned, of the *Villa Borgheſe* is facing the *Porta del Popolo*; and not far from the houſe where we live, which ſtands on what was formerly called the *Field of Mars*. There are very pleaſant walks in this garden; which lead partly among laurel and evergreen prickly oaks, and partly among oak trees, where tame deer paſture. It contains a lovely canal, in which is an iſland that I ſhould rather wiſh were ſhaded with trees than, as it is, decorated with a modern temple to *Æſculapius*. There is more green foliage, and more of the artleſs beauties of nature, in this garden, than I have

met

met with in any other garden of Italy. In the winter, you find here the green pine apple, prickly oak, laurel, and orange tree. In ſummer, the low parts of the garden are ſhaded by the large oak, and trees of different kinds. This garden is not only open to all comers, but you are allowed to pluck what you pleaſe. You are told, by an inſcription, to conſider it as your property.

On that ſide of the gate of St, Sebaſtian where formerly the *Porta Capena* ſtood, which is next the city, is what is called the triumphal arch of Druſus; but more properly belongs to the later times of Caracalla, who built it here, to carry an aqueduct over it; the walled ſtone bed of which is ſtill viſible.

From this place, we yeſterday went to the church of *Santo Sebaſtiano*; which is facing the city, and in which this ſaint is buried. His ſepulchre is ornamented with a beautiful recumbent ſtatue of the ſaint; which is the work of Gorgetti, a ſcholar of Bernini. In my own opinion, I have ſeen nothing, by the hand of Bernini, which can be compared to this maſterpiece, by his ſcholar. Near it is the ſepulchre of Cæcilia Metella, daughter of Quintus Cæcilius Metellus Creticus, and the wife of

Craſſus;

Craſſus; it is therefore as antient as the times of the republic. Its figure is circular, ſtanding on a high ſquare baſe, and has the following inſcription:

CÆCILIÆ
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ CRASSI.

Each ſide of the ſquare wall is ſixteen paces: the diameter of the internal circular part is ten paces. Here the *ſarcophagus* of the Roman lady ſtood, walled up to a conſiderable height; but it was removed by Pope Paul the Third, when he built his Farneſe palace. The monument was ſlightly vaulted with a ſmall cupola; and a broad terrace was carried round the thick wall.

In the time of Boniface the Eighth, who was ſovereign Pontiff at the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century, and was of the family of Gartani, this family erected a tower with turrets on the monument, to defend itſelf againſt other great families; and, among the reſt, from the family of Colonna, with which Boniface had frequent ſtrife. This tower, with its turrets, or parapets, yet remains. Under the antient cupola, a marble cornice is carried round, which contains

tains *baſſi relievi.* Occaſionally, after the manner of the antients, it is ornamented with the ox head; from thence the family of the Gartani aſſumed the ox head in its arms. The people called this beautiful monument *Capo di Bove:* Ox head.

Not far from this monument, we meet with the Circus of Caracalla; the ruins of which are ſo perfect that, from them, aided by antient authors, we may form a tolerably juſt idea of every circus of the Romans: for we find that theſe buildings of the antients were ſimilar to each other, at leaſt in their principal parts. I ſend you the drawing of the building, and will endeavour to explain it as well as I can. Your own knowledge of antiquity will probably ſupply the deficiency of my deſcription.

A A were the liſts: *carceres:* from which the Chariot race began. They form an oblique line; becauſe the chariots ſtarted on the right ſide of the goal, and each chariot which ſtarted from the left ſide of the liſts, was more and more diſtant from the goal than the others. It was then determined by lot from what part of the liſts each ſhould ſtart;

ſtart; and at what time, as whether firſt, ſecond, third, or ſo forth.

B is the great gate; which, as well as the liſts, is feebly marked in the drawing; to denote that both the liſts and the gate are almoſt buried under the rubbiſh. The goals were arched above. Over the goals the Conſuls had their ſeat. The chariots for the courſe, which frequently were as many as a hundred, made four diviſions. Theſe were diſtinguiſhed by the colour of the dreſs of the charioteer; and, after them were called the green, the blue, the red, and the white. To theſe Domitian added the purple, and the gold colour; but they did not meet with laſting approbation. The parties were called factions; and originally they were no more than two; the white, and the red; like as, in the beginning, the chariots for the courſe were drawn by two horſes, as deſcribed by Homer: though, in the time of Pindar, we find the chariot and four. So we likewiſe find that, in the time of Pindar, the charioteers were frequently hired: and thus, in very early times, the principal Romans conſigned this office to hired charioteers: though certainly it

was the intention of the elder Tarquin, when he erected the great Circus and inſtituted theſe games, that the young nobility ſhould form themſelves to bodily exerciſes.

C C. The two goals; round which the chariots were ſeven times driven. Each of theſe goals was denoted by three ſtones of a conical figure. The goals were hollow within, and contained the images of the Goddeſs Conſus, or of counſel, that of Metias, or of goals; and other deities, that ſhunned the light of day, becauſe their worſhip was myſterious.

D D. A low wall; which ran from one goal to the other. It was called *Spina*, or back bone; becauſe it was in or near the middle. It had more than one purpoſe; for it prevented the chariots, that had not fully attained the ſecond goal, from turning round the firſt; and on this wall the Judges ſtood. Agrippa, who imparted the higheſt degree of order to theſe games, cauſed eggs of marble to be placed on one ſide of the wall, and dolphins of marble on the other; and, each time that the courſe was run, an egg and a dolphin were taken away, that there might be no miſtake in the number of rounds they had gone.

Agrippa

Agrippa choſe dolphins in honour of Neptune; and eggs, of Caſtor, the tamer of ſteeds: who, with Helen, according to the fable, originated from the egg of Leda, who was viſited by Zeus in the form of a ſwan: like as Pollux and Clytemneſtra were derived from another egg, by Leda.

On a baſſo relievo, in the Muſeum Pium Clementinum, there is the repreſentation of a chariot race in the Circus; where all the charioteers are Cupids. Here likewiſe there are dolphins, upon ſome pillars, and eggs upon others; and againſt one of theſe pillars a ladder is placed. Other antique repreſentations exhibit the dolphins and the eggs, placed on pillars; and, inconvenient as it may appear, the judge muſt have mounted on a ladder, before the race was ended, to take theſe tokens away one after the other.

Upon this *Spina*, which was likewiſe called *Linea ſpinea*, the images of different deities were placed. Cybele, Fortuna, and Victoria, remained ſtationary. The other deities were brought in pomp from the Capitol, under the conduct of the Pontifex Maximus. In the middle of the *ſpina* of this Circus ſtood an obeliſk; which was ornamental, but unneceſ-

ſary.

fary. It was removed by Pope Innocent the Tenth, to the *Piazza Navona*. The letter E, in the drawing, points out the place where the obelisk formerly stood.

At the end of the Circus, F, opposite the lists, stood the *Porta triumphalis*, or gate of victory; through which none but the victors passed. The gate G has generally been supposed to be the *Porta Libitinæ;* the gate of the Goddess of Death *. It is asserted, with probability, that the antients were unwilling to see the living and the dead go out at the same gate; and that the dead, as well the unfortunate charioteers as the numerous slain gladiators, were equally obliged to pass this way. Yet, as this gate was exactly opposite the seat of the Emperors, it is scarcely probable it should be devoted to so gloomy a purpose. Perhaps the images of the Gods passed through

* To this Goddess, or rather to Venus, under the name of *Venus Libitina*, Servius Tullius erected a temple; in which money was deposited for the deceased. Here likewise furniture for funerals was purchased. Plutarch supposes that the worship of this Goddess was before invented by Numa; and that he intended to wean men from the fear of death, by signifying to them that the same Goddess presided over the gate of life and the gate of death. *Vid.* Rosini Ant. Rom.

it in pomp; and perhaps the opinion of Mr. Hirt is true, which is, that it was the place of exit for the loſing chariots.

H. Here ſtood the *pulvinar*, or ſeat of the Emperor; traces of which are viſible, in the outward wall. He ſat in this place where he could beſt diſcern the turning of the chariots, round the hindmoſt goal.

I I. Two towers; the deſtination of which is uncertain. How could the Judges ſit here? They ſat on the *Spina*. Were theſe the places from which the names of the victors were proclaimed to the people? Or was the choir of muſic here? Mr. Hirt imagines that as, in antient times, the courſe for the chariot races was very extenſive, and therefore the turning round the utmoſt limit could not well be perceived by the ſpectators, hills were formerly thrown up; on which perſons were ſtationed, to proclaim the quick motions of the race. We find indeed, in Homer, that the chariots were partly concealed from the ſpectators. In the twenty-third book of the Iliad, a violent quarrel ariſes between Idomeneus and Ajax, the ſon of Oïleus, becauſe one imagined he could diſcern the horſes of Diomedes and the other of Eumelus. But, allowing

lowing that the Greeks in early times did throw up ſuch hills, the better to publiſh the victory, why ſhould the Romans, in their much leſs circus, imitate them, by building unneceſſary towers?

It is the opinion of ſome that the ſignal for ſtarting from the liſts was given from theſe towers. But why from two towers? Beſide, we know that, in the age of the republic, this ſignal was given ſometimes by the Prætor, ſometimes by a Conſul, at others by a Dictator; and that afterward it was given by the Emperors. This ſignal was a napkin, thrown among the people; as we are informed by ſeveral alluſions of the poets.

On certain days, the Conſuls ate publicly, in the theatre. When their meal was ended, and they had wiped their hands with the *mappa*, or *mappula*, or napkin, the *mapparius*, or napkin bearer, received it from their hand; and this was the ſignal for ſtarting *.

Nero having once ſat longer than uſual at dinner, the people became impatient for the games to begin; and he threw the napkin out of the window, as a token of his permiſſion.

* *Vid.* Roſini Ant. Rom.

L L. Seats of the ſpectators, on the wall; within which, in order to protect the foremoſt and loweſt of the ſpectators againſt the chariots and horſes, and likewiſe from the wild beaſts that were brought to combat, a ditch was carried round.

M. Traces of a building, the deſtination of which is doubtful. Here likewiſe it is probable that the Judges ſtood. Its ſituation was advantageous to obſerve the thronging of the chariots toward the firſt goal.

N N. Two places of exit; probably deſtined for the gladiators; and perhaps the dead were carried through them.

The uſe of the building O, which is behind the imperial *pulvinar*, is utterly uncertain. Upon a ſquare wall, which riſes high above the ground, ſtands a prodigious pillar; by which and by the outward wall a rotunda was ſupported, and only the flooring of which can now be ſeen: the wall and the cupola are fallen. Below, in the ſquare building, and between the outward wall and the pillar, a broad paſſage runs. Some maintain that the chariots ſtood here: but the place is too little for the purpoſe. Above, a temple might have been erected: yet, why ſo near the circus?

Mr. Hirt conjectures, and I think with reason, that the upper part was a family sepulchre; and the lower the burial place of the freed-men. Antiently, public games were generally given in honour of the dead. It was thus that Achilles honoured Patroclus *; and Æneas celebrated the anniversary of the death of Anchises by public games, with his friendly host of Sicily †. The Romans had the same custom of honouring the manes of the deceased. There was a projection from this rotunda, which rested on pillars, leading immediately to the Appian way. You know it was customary with the Romans to build their tombs by the road side; and it is highly probable that this rotunda was the tomb of a principal Roman, in honour of whom the games were instituted. The Circus itself may more probably be ascribed to some private person than to the Emperor Caracalla; with whose prodigious Thermæ, if we may judge from these ruins, it so ill agrees ‡. The dotted lines

* Hom. Il. xxiii. † Virg. Æn. v.

‡ An Italian author, from whom I borrowed the drawing, imagines this Circus belongs to the later times of the Christian emperors; who, unable immediately to wean

lines, in the drawing, only ſignify that regularity was in part ſacrificed to higher purpoſes. The ſpace for running, on the right, is rather broader than on the left; becauſe the chariots, immediately after they had ſtarted from the liſts, ſtill continued on a line with each other; and it was neceſſary to avoid obſtruction on turning the firſt goal. I call the moſt diſtant the firſt; becauſe it was turned the firſt. Neither was the wall between G and N perfectly right lined, but ſomething oblique; in order to bring the chariot of the outward liſt nearer to the goal.

The gates of the outward wall are marked in the drawing; through which the people aſcended to their ſeats; as likewiſe are the ſteps of the inward wall, by which they deſcended when the ſpectacle was over. The windows between each gate, that give light to the narrow entrance, are alſo marked. Allowing that the ſteps within were for the people to enter, yet the *vomitoria*, or outward gates, were neceſſary for thoſe who wiſhed to depart

the people from the combats of the gladiators, choſe a place without the city: though this opinion does not appear to me very probable. Vid. *Monumenti Antichi inediti.* MDCCLXXXIX.

during

during the exhibition. The circus was one thouſand four hundred and eighty-four Pariſian feet in length. The *ſpina* is eight hundred and thirty-four feet long. The Rheniſh foot is ſomething leſs than the Pariſian *

Not far from this circus are the remains of the monuments of the Servilii: but the architecture betrays later times than thoſe of any ſepulchre that could contain the aſhes of the noble Spurius Servilius Ahala, who lived in the early and beſt days of the republic, and who in the female line was the worthy progenitor of Marcus Brutus.

A temple, ſaid to be of Bacchus, of uncertain origin, and of the fourth or fifth century, is now conſecrated to St. Urban.

The rocky grotto of the fountain Egeria is very delightful; and would be more delightful ſtill, had they not, if I do not miſtake, thrown a walled arch over it, in the time of Auguſtus. Its high antiquity, and the recollection of the wiſe Numa, who was the legiſlator of a lawleſs people, and who here nightly received the revelations of the nymph Egeria, give a very peculiar worth to this fountain. The water flows clear from the rock, is excel-

* Vid. *Mon. Ant. ined.*

cellent, and the memory of the virtuous Numa gives it a value which is all its own *.

Behind the grotto the ſtatue of a River God lies; probably of the neighbouring river, Almo, which has erroneouſly been taken for the ſtatue of the Nymph. The head of this figure is wanting.

Near the fountain is a ſmall grove; which ſome believe to have been dedicated to Egeria, ſome to Diana. Probably it is the ſame that Numa conſecrated to the Muſes, under the name of the *Camænæ*.

We went upon the field, that lies between the *Porta Capena* and the *Porta Latena*, which was occupied by Hannibal and his victorious army; and which was ſold in Rome, while this leader and his army were there, for as high

* *Conjuge qui felix Nympha, ducibuſque Camœnis*
Sacrificos docuit ritus, gentemque feroci
Aſſuetam bello pacis traduxit ad artes.

OVID. lib. xv. 482—84.

Oh happy monarch, ſent by heaven to bleſs
A ſavage nation with ſoft arts of peace;
To teach religion, rapine to reſtrain,
Give laws to luſt, and ſacrifice ordain!
Himſelf a Saint, a Goddeſs was his bride;
And all the Muſes o'er his acts preſide.

DRYDEN, l. 715.

According

high a price as if the city had enjoyed the moſt profound calm *.

In this field, we are ſhewn a ſmall temple; which was built by the Romans, after the retreat of Hannibal, to the God *Rediculus;* and not to the God *Ridiculus*, as many have affirmed; for Hannibal, even when retreating, was not a ſubject for laughter. In the very antient language of Rome, their general ending was in *iculus;* and, from the word *Redire*, to go back, they produced this new created Godhead: as if the God had occaſioned the retreat of Hannibal.

Others affirm that this ſmall temple was of an earlier date, and erected in honour of *Fortuna Muliebris:* or Female Fortune: in the place where *Caius Martius*, to whom the Romans gave the name of *Coriolanus*, from *Corioli*, a ſmall town of the *Volſci*, was met by his mother *Veturia*, and his wife *Volumnia:* by whom the obſtinate *Coriolanus* was ſoftened, after having led the *Volſci*, whom he had con-

According to this poet, Egeria diſſolved in tears at the death of Numa; and was changed into a fountain at Aricia.—IBID.

* Liv. xxvi. 11.

quered

quered, againſt his country; and when he had deſpiſed the entreaties of the ambaſſadors and prieſts, that had been ſent to him *.

But this building is of much later times, and of the fourth or fifth century after the birth of Chriſt. With what view it was erected is uncertain: it now ſerves as a hog ſty.

The river Almo—*curſuque breviſſimus Almo* †—runs near this place; and is now called *Accia*, *Acqua d'Accia*, and, in the corrupt dialect of the vulgar, *Acquataccia*. Every year, on the 6th of the calends of April, the ſhrines of *Cybele* were waſhed by their prieſts in the waters of this river.

In the year 1780, within the gate *Sebaſtiano*, deep under ground, in formerly unknown vaults, the tombs of the Scipios were diſcovered. Neither of the two Scipios, who bore the ſurname *Africanus*, are buried here. The firſt died in *Liternum*: the ſepulchre of the ſecond *Scipio Africanus*, who conquered Carthage, was a beautiful pyramid; which was deſtroyed and ſtripped of its marble by Pope Alexander the Sixth; and, on the place

* Liv. ii. 40. † Ovid. Met. xiv. 329.

where it ſtood, there is a covered way, which leads from the Vatican to the caſtle of Saint Angelo.

The burial place of the Scipios is very ſimple. We deſcended, with a light, ſome ſmall and ſteep ſteps. The preſent Pope conceived the unlucky project of taking the *ſarcophagi*, and inſcriptions, to ornament the *Muſeum Pium Clementinum*; and to replace them with counterfeits. How much greater would the pleaſure be of ſeeing theſe *ſarcophagi* in their true places, inſtead of viewing them as part of a prodigious collection, in which the number of objects deſtroys the effect of each!

Among theſe ſepulchres was likewiſe that of *Scipio Barbatus;* who was conſul in the year of Rome 456, about thirty years before the firſt Punic war, and a hundred years before the conſulſhip of the firſt *Scipio Africanus.* The inſcription, which pointed out his ſepulchre, is probably the moſt antient of the Roman inſcriptions, that have come down to our times.

LET-

LETTER L.

Rome, 11th January 1792.

ON the eaſt ſide of the city, a good half league from the *Porta Maggiore*, formerly *Prænestina*, alſo *Labicana*, there is an antient round half fallen building; which appears to have been erected about the ſecond or third century after the birth of Chriſt; and to have been called, though I know not why, *Torre degli ſchiavi:* the tower of the ſlaves.

This building is entirely of the ſame kind as the rotunda of the Circus of Caracalla. Here you find arches that are turned in the ſame manner as thoſe of the arches of the rotunda; and ſupported by pillars of a like thickneſs. I informed you, in my laſt letter, that nothing above ground is remaining of the rotunda; but here the walls, and a great part of the cupola, are ſtill ſtanding. There are niches in the walls, not round and arched over as thoſe in which the ſtatues of the Gods ſtood, but long and horizontal; and, by their figure,

figure, evidently ſhew they were intended to contain *ſarcophagi*.

This ſtructure likewiſe is a ſepulchre; and appears to prove the opinion of Mr. Hirt, that the rotunda of the Circus of Caracalla was, in like manner, a ſepulchre: although the under arches have been held to be a place in which chariots or horſes were kept; and that it was a riding houſe, for which it was ill fitted. It is more probable that the family of the poſſeſſors of this ſepulchre were buried in the upper part; and their freed men in the lower.

The cupola is very flat, and covered with graſs and brambles. Some remains of a wall denote an encloſed place, that formerly ſtood facing this ſepulchre. Perhaps combats of gladiators were given here in honour of the perſons whom they interred.

Near this *Torre degli ſchiavi* is another ſtill more ruinous building; concerning the deſtination of which there have been many doubts. Like the other, it is built on arches. The cupola is fallen down: but it is diſcoverable, from ſome remains, that it was very flatly arched; and the walls, which ſupported it, were not high. You can only enter the lower

lower vaulting, as well as the upper rotunda, through ſome cavities which are occaſioned by decay.

Neither of theſe towers has doors. Mr. Hirt, as far as I am informed, was the firſt who made a probable conjecture concerning them. He believes that theſe buildings ſerved as reſervoirs, to ſome private family; probably to the ſame whoſe ſepulchre we have been viewing. The neighbouring large aqueducts made it very eaſy for water to be brought into theſe towers, by ſmall conduits: and from thence through pipes into the houſe of the owner. The country round Rome is poor in ſprings; and the antients were more profuſe, in the uſe of water, becauſe of their baths, than we are. In ſome places of this building there is a part of the abutment of the wall remaining; and with it a part even of the mortar with which fountains or ſubterranean conduits, that were deſtined for the containing of water, were formed.

An antient octagon ſepulchre, on which ſome other adjunct had been erected in the middle ages, which had been ſupported by a ſtrong round column, forms a continuation of the before deſcribed ruins; and, connected with

with ruins more distant, produces the greater effect upon the eye by being, in part, thrown down, and, in part, standing, to a considerable height, in a picturesque manner.

Nothing attracts you more forcibly than the long row of grand aqueducts; which formerly were extended far beyond *Tibur*, the present *Tivoli*, to this place, and by which water was brought to the city. The beautiful arcades of the lofty wall, over which the water ran, rise high in the air. The work was begun by Claudius and completed by Nero. Six aqueducts met together at the *Porta Prænestina:* one of them was subterranean, and proceeded from the river *Anio;* now the *Teverone.* We see the space beneath, quite to the wall, through which it flowed. In the wall of the city, which was the work of the Emperor Aurelian, there is a much more antient stone pillar, through which three different aqueducts were brought. Here you see the apertures through which they flowed: they still stand one above the other. The undermost was the aqueduct of Martius; and was built, in the time of the republic, by an Ædile, who was a descendant of the family that produced King Ancus Martius and Coriolanus.

The

The ſecond was the Aqueduct *Tepula;* and the uppermoſt the *Julian* Aqueduct, built by *Agrippa*, who contributed ſo much to the convenience and embelliſhment of the city.

In another part, and through the wall, the aqueducts of *Claudia* and *Anio Novus* flowed. Water was brought through both theſe aqueducts to a capacious reſervoir: *Caſtellum:* likewiſe, *Caſtrum:* which was built by Trajan, and the ruins of which are cloſe to the gate. It was adorned by the trophies of Marius, as they are called, but in reality, of Trajan; which now ſtand facing the Capitol. Here the water of each aqueduct was kept, in a particular diviſion of the reſervoir: for the Romans, acquainted with their different qualities, uſed them for different purpoſes. Some were conveyed onward for beverage; and others for the baths.

Such like aqueducts were new in Rome: the ſubterranean was the moſt antient, which was brought to the city by Appius Claudius Cæcus, during his cenſorſhip in the year of Rome 442, from the hill at *Tuſculum*, under the *Porta Capena* *.

* Liv. ix. 29.

The

The greatneſs of the work of theſe aqueducts was the more aſtoniſhing, becauſe that the Romans, probably to prevent the too quick courſe of the water, did not build them in a continued right line, but frequently with large windings.

"Whoever," ſaid Pliny, "would ſufficiently eſtimate the abundance of the waters, "brought from diſtant parts for the uſe of the "public, for our baths, our pools, our houſes, "canals, gardens, and villas, which ſurround "the city, and would conſider the expence of "erecting arches, digging through mountains, "and filling up valleys, would then know "that the whole earth does not contain any "thing more wonderful *."

Time, and ſtill more effectually perhaps the Barbarians, that have ſucceſſively taken and ruined Rome, have rendered theſe aqueducts uſeleſs; except the three which ſtill remain, and which three continue to ſupply ſeveral of the fountains that adorn the city, and afford its inhabitants water.

At the foot of the hill formerly called *Qui-*

* Plin. xxxvi. 15.

rinal, now *Monte Cavallo*, there is ſtill the fountain of the Virgin, *aqua Virgo*, which Agrippa conducted to this place from Tuſculum. Some affirm it was called the Virgin becauſe it was dedicated to Diana: others becauſe a young maiden pointed it out to ſome ſoldiers, that were in ſearch of water. This aqueduct was likewiſe much injured by the Barbarians; but three Popes have contributed to its reſtoration. The ſprings that ſupply the fountain were embelliſhed by Clement the Twelfth. It is called *Fontana di Trevi;* which ſome ſay is after Diana, that Goddeſs being worſhipped by the Romans under the name of *Trivia:* becauſe, as Goddeſs of the Moon, ſhe traverſed the heavens, as Goddeſs of hunting, the earth; and hell under the character of Hecate.

Here is a coloſſal ſtatue of Neptune, in his ſhell chariot, drawn by two wild horſes, with their bodies half in the water, where the ruſhing frothy waves guſh into the fountain. Two Tritons are at the heads of the horſes: the right horſe ſprings aſide terrified, while a Triton holds him by the rein. Neptune looking at the horſe produces a bad effect: a look

of

of momentary apprehenſion is totally unworthy of the God of the ocean.

This fountain is ornamented with Corinthian pillars, and *baſſi relievi.* Different maſters have laboured at it, after the deſigns of Franceſco Salvi; and, with all its imperfections, the effect of the whole is great. It ſubdues the critic, whoſe voice is overpowered by the neighing of the horſes and the ruſhing of the water.

In the large place called *Navona*, which occupies the ſpace where the Circus of Alexander Severus formerly ſtood, there are three fountains. That in the middle is large, and by Bernini; and is very aſtoniſhing. On a rock, which is perforated on four ſides, the four principal rivers of the world are lying: the God of the Danube, as a Giant; the *Nile*, with his head covered in alluſion to the unknown ſources of the ſtream; the *Ganges;* and *Rio de la Plata.* Vaſt ſtreams pour from their urns into the large baſon, and ſupply the pipes of other fountains. Beneath the rock there are ſpacious cavities, in which animals are ſeen; a horſe, a lion, and others. Bernini muſt ſurely have been inſpired, by the following verſes of Horace to Auguſtus:

Te fontium qui celat origines
Nilusque, et Ister, te rapidus Tigris,
Te belluosus qui remotis
Obstrepit Oceanus Britannis
——*audit*——

Hor. lib. iv. od. 14.

The Nile, who hides his seven-fold source;
The Tigris, headlong, in his course;
The Danube, and the ocean, wild, that roars,
With monster-bearing waves, round Britain's rocky shores,
Obey thee—— Francis.

The daring genius of Bernini is here visible; but he knew not how to imitate nature with truth.

Upon the rock, above, an Egyptian obelisk is standing, which was brought to Rome by Caracalla; and contains hieroglyphics.

The *Fontana di Paolo* gushes through three wide outlets, near the church *Pietro in Montorio*, on the hill *Janiculus*. This fountain is the most copious in Rome. It is provided with water by the aqueduct which Augustus built. By the command of Pope Paul the Fifth it was repaired, and embellished. It would have produced a great effect, if the three wide and two small outlets, through which the water issues, had been reduced to one capacious

cious whole. The decorations, with the beautiful Ionic pillars, are not well connected with the fountain; which is the defect of many of the decorations of modern Rome.

Were it not for the above fault, I should have thought the fountain on the place of St. Peter's the finest of any. The beautiful sheets of water ascend, spreading their broad streams, and dashing all around, so as to form glittering rainbows, when the sun shines, like the waterfalls of mountains. The air round the fountain is cool.

The Museum of the Capitol contains one of the richest and finest collections of antiques that have been formed. You must not expect me to mention either the whole or the greatest part of them: according to custom, I shall select those that have interested me the most. The palace, in which the master-pieces of art are contained, is one of the three buildings of which the modern Capitol consists. There is a gallery round the court, which is walled without, and within is supported by pillars, and in which there are many remarkable antiques. Two large Egyptian statues of the Goddess Isis merit our notice only because of their antiquity. I was more attracted by an

antient Roman altar, in which Claudia is repreſented in baſſo relievo, and is ſhewn drawing the ſhip containing the *Cybele* with her girdle.

In the time of the ſecond Punic War, the Romans were terrified, by a paſſage in the *Sibylline* books; which ſaid that their foreign enemies could not be driven back, nor overcome, till the *Idean* Mother, that is, *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods, ſhould be brought from *Peſſinus* to Rome. The Senate ſent to *Attalus*, king of *Pergamus*, hoping to obtain the Goddeſs through his means. The ambaſſadors, on their journey, conſulted the oracle of *Delphi*, which foretold them a favourable reception from *Attalus;* but adviſed them, when they ſhould have brought the Goddeſs to Rome, to place her in the houſe of the beſt man in the city. *Attalus* received the ambaſſadors in a friendly manner, conducted them to *Peſſinus* in *Phrygia**, and preſented them with a holy ſtone, which the inhabitants called the Mother of the Gods. Valerius, one of their train, was ſent by the ambaſſadors with the intelligence that the Goddeſs was coming; and re-

* Liv. xxix. 10, 11.

queſting them to ſeek the beſt man of the city to receive her.

The Senate were not a little embarraſſed by the meſſage of Valerius. How were they to diſcover the beſt man in the city? This would have been a victory, ſaid Livy, which they would each individually have prized, beyond all the honours and dignities that the Senate or the People could beſtow*. *Publius Scipio Naſica*, a kinſman of the Firſt Africanus, was adjudged to be the beſt of the Romans. He was ſtill a youth when he was commiſſioned to go, with the principal women of the city, to Oſtia, at the mouth of the Tiber, and receive the Goddeſs. The ſhip having ſtruck on the ſands, from which it could not be releaſed, Claudia, as a different hiſtorian relates, took her girdle, tied it to a rope which was faſtened to the ſhip, and drew the veſſel to the land. By this miracle ſhe vindicated her chaſtity; which had before, according to Livy, been doubted †.

Claudia is repreſented on this altar in the

* *Veram certe victoriam ejus rei ſibi quiſque mallet quam ulla imperia, honoreſve, ſuffragio ſeu patrum ſeu plebis delatos.*

† *Cui dubia, ut traditur, antea fama, clariorem ad poſteros tam religioſo miniſterio pudicitiam fecit.*

act of drawing the ſhip, in which the ſtatue of Cybele is ſeated. On one ſide of the altar, we ſee a Phrygian bonnet; and on the other a ſhepherd's crook, and a *crotalum*. The ſhepherd's crook is indubitably a ſymbol of Atys, the ſhepherd beloved by the Goddeſs.

On another altar, we find on one ſide a *Fortuna*, with her attributes; and on the other a *Via*, the Goddeſs of Roads, with hers: that is, ſitting on a wheel lying on the ground, with a whip in her hand, and a *columna milliaria* * ſtanding before her.

A third altar, if not a pedeſtal to ſome ſtatue of Jupiter, is decorated with very fine *baſſi relievi*. In front is a Jupiter, when a child, lying at the teat of the goat Amalthea; with Corybantes beating their cymbals, that the child-devouring father may not hear the cry of the boy. On the left Saturn ſtands; to whom Rhea preſents a ſtone, ſwaddled like a child, for him to devour inſtead of Jupiter. On the right there is an aſſembly of the Gods.

In the court, fronting the palace, lies the celebrated coloſſal ſtatue called *Marforio*; and embelliſhes a fountain. This ſtatue repre-

* A Roman mile ſtone.

ſents the Rhine, and was placed in the *forum* of Mars by Auguſtus; from which the Romans have given it the corrupt name of *Marforius*.

In a lower apartment, near the court, are Egyptian ſtatues; which were found in the Villa of Adrian, at Tivoli. This Emperor had a particular and whimſical preference for Egyptian idolatry. The ſtatues are in the Egyptian coſtume; but are the work of a Roman artiſt. On the wall of the ſtaircaſe, leading to the apartments of the Muſeum, there is a very artfully deſcribed plan of antient Rome. It formerly ſerved as flooring, in the temple of Romulus and Remus; and includes certain buildings which were conſtructed by Septimius Severus. Theſe fragments conſiſt of twenty-ſix white marble tables, each of which is about two and a half ells long and two ells broad.

How much it is to be lamented that the whole plan is not preſerved! The fragments that remain are of great worth, and explain many things of which we ſhould otherwiſe be ignorant.

I was particularly pleaſed by the following antiques.

THE

THE FIRST APARTMENT.

A *ſarcophagus:* Endymion, ſleeping in the lap of Morpheus. Diana approaching on tip toe, fearful of awaking him, led by a Cupid. Her chariot ſtands ſtill; and in it is ſeated another Cupid. A third is on the right of the horſes; and, while he holds the bridle, reſts with one foot againſt the neck of the horſe. This *ſarcophagus* is probably ſymbolical: and, if ſo, how lovely is ſuch a repreſentation of death! Diana ſeeks her beloved while he ſleeps.

You find the ſame idea, ſomewhat differently preſented, on another *ſarcophagus*; the lid of which is adorned with five *baſſi relievi.*

Firſt. A man and woman, ſeated, tenderly embracing each other; with a dog, the ſymbol of fidelity, by their ſide.

Second. Mercury, with his *caduceus* in one hand, and his waving wand, with which he conducts ſouls to the regions of darkneſs, in the other. Homer ſupplies him with this wand, when he leads the ſouls of the lovers of Penelope.

Ἑρμῆς δε ψυχὰς κυλλήνιος ἐξεκαλεῖτο
Ἀνδρῶν μνηστηρων, ἐχε δε ῥάβδον μετὰ χερσὶν
Καλὴν, χρυσείην, τῇ τ' ἀνδρῶν ὄμματα θέλγει
Ὧν ἐθέλει, τὰς δ' αὖτε καὶ ὑπνώοντας ἐγείρει.

Ομ. Οδ. Ω. 1.

Cyllenius

Cyllenius now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead; a lamentable train!
The golden wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghoſt to realms of night or day,
Points out the long uncomfortable way.

POPE, Od. b. xxiv. 1.

Third. A ſacrifice to Pluto and Proſerpine.

Fourth. Mnemoſyne: the Goddeſs of Memory, and the Mother of the Muſes.

Fifth. The three Parcæ. The man kneels and prays before them, on one ſide; and the woman on the other. Probably they are each praying that the life of the other may be prolonged.

A third *ſarcophagus* appears to have contained the aſhes of a poet. The nine Muſes are figured, on the great *baſſo relievo:* on one ſide are Homer and the Muſe Calliope: on on the other, Socrates and Mnemoſyne: and there is a Bacchanal on the lid.

THE SECOND APARTMENT.

A beautiful Pſyche, flying the wrath of Venus. As ſhe runs, ſhe looks behind her. It is a ſtatue of inimitable lovelineſs, and delicate animation.

What a contraſt is the above to an old woman,

man, ſeated, who holds a large earthen veſſel between her knees, with her head thrown backward, in the attitude of wild inebriety: while her whole haggard debilitated body denotes the injuries of age! This likewiſe, in its kind, is a maſterpiece.

Cupid and Pſyche, kiſſing and embracing, are moſt tenderly beautiful.

THE THIRD APARTMENT.

The famous dying gladiator. Who has not heard of this? which is certainly one of the greateſt maſter-pieces of antient art that has deſcended to us! Mr. Hirt does not agree with the common opinion. He imagines it to be the Gaul, who defied the moſt valiant of the Romans to ſingle combat, and was ſlain by T. Manlius. Manlius took from him his golden neck band, and wore it himſelf; whence he obtained the ſurname of *Torquatus**, which he left to his deſcendants. I will not object to Mr. Hirt that the ſtatue rather bears a cord than a golden neck band. The epitome of the ſeventh book of Livy informs us that it was of gold. The word *torques* in-

* Liv. vii. 9.

deed

deed ſeems to denote a twiſted neck band, which might very well reſemble a rope. But there is a more ſerious objection. Livy deſcribes the Gaul in a various coloured dreſs; and the ſtatue is naked. However, the artiſt, as it has happened in many ſimilar caſes, might ſacrifice the coſtume of hiſtory to the beauty of art. I can give no explanation of the horn, that lies upon the ſhield: but it does not appear to me to favour the opinion of Mr. Hirt. There was no need of a horn, for the Gaul to call aloud from the bridge, and bid the Roman come forth. *Quantum maxima voce potuit.*

The right arm has been badly repaired by a modern artiſt. The hand is much larger than the other, and the joints have a great hardneſs of expreſſion. It is inconceivable that the beautiful works of the antients ſhould be ſo frequently unſkilfully repaired by the Italians. In the gallery of Florence, I ſaw a beautiful Leda the ſwan to which was wanting; and a modern artiſt, to ſupply the loſs, had given her a duck in her hand, which ſhe held as if ſhe had ſtolen it.

THE FOURTH APARTMENT.

Here we find heads of the great Poets and Philo-

Philoſophers: Homer, Pindar, Euripides, Socrates, Archimedes, Lyſias, Plato, though of this there is no certainty, Epicurus, and his ſcholar Metrodorus. Theſe two heads are back to back, and have only one neck; as Janus was repreſented by the Romans. To theſe add a whole length ſtatue of Zeno, the founder of the Stoic philoſophy.

THE FIFTH APARTMENT.

A beautiful Venus of Parian marble, the white colour of which is remarkably well preſerved. It has the attitude of the famous *Venus de Medicis* at Florence; but is not ſo tender, and has by no means ſo many charms.

Among many of the Cæſars, who, with their wives and the various branches of their family, are here, my attention was particularly attracted by a fine head of Trajan, who is my favourite Emperor.

A ſtatue of Flora: the drapery of which is excellent, the head modern.

Two beautiful *baſſi relievi*, on the wall: the firſt, Perſeus delivering Andromeda; and the ſecond, a ſleeping Endymion. His dog, a greyhound, is his defender, and has one foot held up, after the manner of greyhounds, and the other

other bent in the air, himſelf barking and looking upward. The artiſt no doubt, though he has omitted the figure of Diana, meant to denote her near approach to her beloved ſhepherd.

THE LONG GALLERY.

In this there are many beautiful ſtatues; and, among others, two coloſſal buſts of the two great Emperors: Trajan, and Antoninus Pius. Trajan is crowned with his oak garland: probably after his victory over the Daci. Likewiſe, a fine buſt of the firſt P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus; with the ſcar on the head.

THE SIXTH APARTMENT.

In this there are miſcellaneous works. A head of Bacchus, which is ſaid to be the moſt beautiful exiſting of this God; and a larger head of Ariadne.

A noble head of Alexander, as the ſon of Jupiter, with flaming hair.

A beautiful moſaic work, of the antients, depicts four doves ſeated on the rim of a circular vaſe. One drinks; another has been waſhing, and is putting its feathers in order; a third lies ſide ways, with wings fluttering, like

like the action of doves when they mean to dip in the water. The fourth is ſitting at reſt; and, in all of them, there is the moſt animated and inimitable expreſſion of lovely nature.

The ſtatue of a child, holding a bird in one hand. The bird is attempting to peck at the face of the child; who turns away his head, fearful of the beak of the bird, but more fearful leſt it ſhould eſcape.

A beautiful Faun of *roſſo antico:* which is the name given to a ſort of red marble, uſed by the antients; but we do not know from whence they obtained it.

A fine and very large brazen vaſe, in the form of a beaker; which is called the vaſe of Mithridates. On the ring of the beaker, there is an inſcription, of which Βασιλευς Μιθριδατης, King Mithridates, only are legible.

From this we aſcended the Aventine hill; which name it ſtill bears, and which it received from a King of Alba, called Aventinus, who was here ſtruck dead by lightning*. According to others, it was ſo called by the Sabines, after one of their rivers†; to whom it was yielded by Romulus, when this people made peace with the Romans.

* Liv. i. 3. † Varro.

The

The church of St. Sabina ſtands on Mount Aventine, where formerly a temple of Diana ſtood; and near this is the church of St. Alexius, on the place where once the temple of *Juno Regina* ſtood. This temple was built by Camillus, in conſequence of a vow, when he was appointed commander againſt *Veii*, in the tenth year of the ſiege*.

On the top of this hill there is a fine proſpect, from the terrace of a garden; which belongs to a Malteſe priory. To the right is the city of Rome; in front, the river Tiber; beyond this, Mount Janiculus, which extends to the left; and below us we ſaw, in the Tiber, the ruins of the bridge which Horatius Cocles, the One-eyed, defended againſt the army of Porſenna. The ſtation of Porſenna was on the hill Janiculus. The field, between this hill and the river, was afterward called the meadows of Mucius: *prata Mucia:* in honour of the undaunted Mucius Scævola; who, having gone to kill Porſenna in his camp, was ſeized, and, to convince the King how impoſſible it was to terrify a Roman by threats, burnt off his own right hand, in the fire which Por-

* Liv. v. c. 21.

ſenna had ordered either to terrify or to torment his captive *. As a reward, or rather perhaps in honour of his courage, the Roman People preſented him with a part of the field which afterward bore his name. The place which was once the meadows of Mucius afterward became the garden of Cæſar, which he bequeathed in his will to the people. Here Auguſtus placed his *Naumachia*.

Here too it was that Clelia, when ſhe and the other virgins were ſent to Porſenna as hoſtages, ſwam over the Tiber, with her companions, aſſailed by the arrows of the enemy. The Romans ſent them back: but Porſenna, who honoured courage in an enemy, gave Clelia her freedom, with the choice of a companion; and ſhe choſe the youngeſt †.

On the other ſide of the city, we ſaw the ſnow-covered Apennines; and the now entirely white mountain Soracte. One ſeems to exclaim to the other:

Vides ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte?

HOR. i. od. 9.

Behold Soracles, airy height!
See how it ſtands a heap of ſnow.

FRANCIS.

* Liv. ii. 12. † Liv. ii. 13.

In

In the church of the priory of Malta is a *ſarcophagus*, from which it is conjectured that the antients frequently made *ſarcophagi* an object of traffic. On the principal baſſo relievo there is a Minerva, attended by the nine Muſes. Near the Goddeſs ſtands a man, the head of which figure is not wrought; and probably was left, that the head of the perſon for whom the monument ſhould be purchaſed might be cut. It ſhould ſeem that this *ſarcophagus* had remained empty, till a biſhop of the houſe of Spinelli was buried there.

Here is a fine ſtatue of the architect Piraneſi, as large as life, placed there by his ſon. It is the work of the living artiſt, Angolini; and, though it certainly cannot be compared with the beſt antiques, it ſtill poſſeſſes real merit.

Facing the Paul's gate, which is ſo called becauſe St. Paul was beheaded before this gate, and which formerly was called the gate of Oſtia, becauſe the road through it led to Oſtia, ſtands the church of St. Paul. This building was begun by Theodoſius the Great; and finiſhed by his ſon Honorius. It is one of the largeſt and fineſt churches in Rome; and, like all the oldeſt churches in Rome, is

built in the baſilican manner. But as the pillars of the nave do not extend to the tribune, or choir, it has, beſide five naves in length, two in breadth. The principal nave is ſupported by four-and-twenty pillars, of variegated African marble; which has been taken from the Mauſoleum of Adrian, the preſent caſtle of Saint Angelo. It does not appear that this marble was any longer dug from the quarry, in the time of Theodoſius. The pillars, which have been placed beſide theſe antient pillars, are of grey marble; and, compared to thoſe of Adrian, are of bad workmanſhip.

In one of the ſide aiſles ſtands a large pillar of marble of Pentelicus; which was eſteemed to be the moſt beautiful in Rome, and of Athenian workmanſhip.

The principal gate is of bronze; and was modelled at Conſtantinople, in the year 1070, at the expence of the Roman Conſul, Pantaleone Caſtelli. The deſcendants of the old Romans were long addicted to works of magnificence.

It is affirmed that the aſhes of the great apoſtle, to whom the church is dedicated, repoſe under the high altar. Indeed, it is not

incredible that the Chriſtians of Rome might carefully have preſerved his body, to the time of Theodoſius.

The large and beautiful church, though not without ſtriking defects, produces a great impreſſion. The eighty pillars, which ſtand in front, though large, are unequal to the grandeur of the church. To give this a height which ſhould be in proportion to its length, inſtead of a running architrave, the pillars ought to ſupport arches; and over theſe arches the wall ſhould be carried very high: for, according to the rules of architecture, the height of the upper wall ſhould not be more than two thirds of the length of the pillars, meaſured from the pedeſtal to the cornice.

There is an old *ſarcophagus*, in the cloiſter of the church, of rude workmanſhip, and injured by time. The baſſo relievo is remarkable for its workmanſhip, though diſguſting in its ſubject. It is Mercury flaying Marſyas, in the preſence of Apollo. Below theſe is a man whetting a knife; from which it has been inferred that the famous ſtatue of the knife whetter, at Florence, belonged to the group of which this baſſo relievo is a copy.

The ſquare court of the cloiſter is ſurrounded

by a portico; which is in a wretched taſte. There is a ſtone preſerved in it, which was found in the place where Nero killed himſelf, bearing this inſcription:

Hæc ſpecus excepit poſt aurea tecta Neronem;
Nam vivum inferius ſe ſepelire timet *.

You may remember the terror, and the anguiſh, with which Nero fled from Rome, when the people openly declared in favour of Galba. His freedman, Phaon, offered him his country houſe; which was four miles from Rome. He was diſguiſed, and heard the voices of Romans, queſtioning one another: "What news of Nero?" Dreading to be diſcovered by the Prætorian bands, terrified by thunder, lightning, and earthquakes, and tormented by his conſcience, he rode for ſome time with his contemptible companions, after he had found the doors of his friends all ſhut againſt him; none of whom would put him to death. In this condition, he exclaimed, "What! have I neither friend nor foe?" Quitting his horſe, he painfully dragged his body through brambles, till he arrived at the back wall of the

* This cave received Nero who fled from his golden palace; for he feared to bury himſelf alive.

country

country houſe. Phaon requeſted him to conceal himſelf in a ſand pit, till a ſecret entrance could be prepared: to which he replied, that while he lived he would not go under ground. This was the circumſtance that gave occaſion to the above inſcription. At laſt, he crept on all fours through a hole, that was made into the houſe. Every one entreated him to fly farther; but he required them to dig a grave of the length of his body, and that they ſhould ſeek for fragments of marble, if ſuch could be found, and wood, for his approaching funeral.

As he had made great pretenſions, and not without reaſon, to a knowledge of architecture, he ridiculed his own plan; and exclaimed—"What an artiſt I die!" Having learned from the letters, which he had wreſted from Phaon, that the Senate had declared him an enemy, and were in ſearch of him, that he might be puniſhed according to the cuſtom of Rome, he demanded what that cuſtomary puniſhment was? He was informed that it was whipping to death; on which, he took two daggers, that he carried about him, to examine which was the ſharpeſt, and ſheathed them again; ſaying, "that the hour of fate was not yet arrived." Soon afterward, he en-

treated, with tears and wailing, his conductor, Sporus, to kill himself, to give him an example of fortitude; and lamented his own cowardice. "Have I lived to suffer shame and "dishonour like this? Thus circumstanced, "a man should be courageous. Rouse thy-"self, and awake!"

Horsemen were approaching to take him alive. He heard them, and exclaimed, in the language of Homer,

Ἵππων μ' ωκυπόδων αμφι κτύπος ὀυατα βαλλει.

Il. x. 535.

Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear;
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear.

Pope, Il. b. x. l. 626.

He then, with the help of Epaphroditus, pierced his throat with a dagger. Half lifeless, he saw the leader of the horsemen standing before him, dissembling friendship for him, and holding his robe to the wound; being desirous to take him alive. "It is too late," said Nero; and added, "This is fidelity*!" After which, his eyes starting, to the disgust of all around him, he breathed his last.

The pyramid of Cestius, who lived in the

* *Sueto. in Vita Ner.* 47, 48, 49.

time

time of Auguſtus, may give us an idea, in miniature, of the wonderful Egyptian pyramids; which, without doubt, are the moſt antient, as they certainly are the moſt durable, monuments of architecture. This of Ceſtius is a hundred and ſixty *palms* or ſpans high, a hundred and thirty in breadth at the bottom, and is covered with large ſtones of white marble. We learn, from the inſcription, that the building was completed in three hundred and thirty days. The paſſage has been cut in modern times. It is ſmall, and you are obliged to go with your body bent to reach the burial vault; which is twenty-ſix palms in length, eighteen in breadth, and nineteen in height. The *ſarcophagus* has been removed. We perceived on the ſide walls, by the light of the torch, traces of Arabeſc painting; and above, on each of the four ſides, a hovering Genius, with garlands of flowers. Theſe Genii are in good preſervation, and the drawing of them is free. The only entrance into this burial vault came from above; as in the Egyptian pyramids. A ſtone was removed, at a tolerable height up the pyramid, to give entrance; and the dead were brought down, into their cells, through oblique dark paſſages. One ſide of the

the pyramid is concealed, by a part of the Aurelian city wall, which ſurrounds it; and the whole building can only be ſeen at a diſtance from the city. At the baſe of each of the viſible corners, there are two pillars.

Facing this pyramid, there is an open place; which is the burial ground of the Proteſtants.

The *Monte Teſtaccio* is within the city; and derives its name from broken pots, which ſome ſay King Servius Tullius, and others the Senate, in later times, commanded all to be thrown in this place. Perhaps the Romans, whoſe knowledge in agriculture was great, were perſuaded that theſe remains of baked earth, which unlimitedly reſiſt the ravages of time, and which are made very hot by the ſun, might injure the lands. Perhaps they were fearful ſuch rubbiſh, if thrown into the Tiber, might render the bed of the river unequal: which fear was the more probable becauſe the ſtream, at leaſt here, is remarkably ſlow.

——— *Leni fluit agmine Tibris.*

VIRGIL.

By degrees, the increaſing *Monte Teſtaccio* became ſeven hundred and forty palms in circumference, and two hundred and forty

in

in height; a proof that the Romans were right in their judgment. Such a regulation, which ſhould likewiſe include tiles, would be very beneficial to us; as well with reſpect to the rivers as the fields.

It is affirmed that a freſh air is breathed here in ſummer, from theſe hollow pots; and that the lovers of the bottle are not in vain invited to cool themſelves and their flaggon, or, according to Horace, their *Pia teſta* *, among theſe fragments.

Early the day before yeſterday, it ſnowed in Rome; and, as the air was yeſterday tolerably cold and the ſun did not appear, the ſnow remained on the tops of the houſes. They had not ſeen ſnow for three years, ſince the winter of 1788-9; which was exceſſively ſevere with us, and uncommonly ſo in Italy. In that winter, the ſnow lay here five days ſucceſſively; and the ſtreets were frozen. Many horſes fell, and broke their legs; becauſe no ſmith underſtood how to ſhoe them for the froſt. To remedy this evil, they took dung out of the ſtables, and ſtrewed the ſtreets with it: but a ſouth wind roſe, and melted

* Lib. iii. od. 21.

the

the ſnow; and the thaw occaſioned an inſupportable odour.

During theſe five days the Germans and the Engliſh, who immediately cauſed ſkates to be made, ſkated on the pool of the Villa Borgheſe; to the aſtoniſhment of the Romans, who could not conceive how theſe foreigners, with a ridge of iron under the foot, could glide rapidly along, while they were unable ſafely to place one foot before another.

Yet what was this very winter, of 1788, compared to that which occurred two hundred and ſeventy years before the birth of Chriſt; which then viſited this city, and when the ſnow lay forty days in the ſtreets of Rome? Various paſſages, from hiſtorians and poets, prove that, in the time of the antient Romans, the climate of this city and its neighbourhood was not ſo mild as it is at preſent. Let the naturaliſt enquire into the reaſon of this: the fact is not to be doubted *.

In

* What I have ſaid, of the change of the Roman climate, may be applied to the climates of other ſouthern countries. When Lucullus, during the war againſt Mithridates King of Pontus, and Tigranes King of Armenia, was in Mycia, there fell ſo heavy a ſnow, followed with ſuch intenſe cold, that many of his ſoldiers were obliged

to

In the public offices of this city there are ſeldom chimneys, and much ſeldomer ſtoves; and all the ſchools and courts of juſtice are ſhut, as ſoon as it ſnows; and are not opened again till the ſnow can no longer be ſeen on the roofs of the houſes.

Yeſterday the cold aſtoniſhed the Romans. The flowers however of the garden have not ſuffered; and, not only ſuch flowers as are forerunners of the ſpring are now to be found in the fields, but likewiſe the flowers of ſpring itſelf.

to remain behind. Mycia is a province of Aſia Minor, and is in the ſame degree of northern latitude as Naples and Taranto. After the victory of Lucullus over the two Kings, near the river Arſanias, he led his army into the higher parts of Armenia. During the ſeaſon of the autumnal equinox, the weather became unexpectedly ſo ſevere that the rivers were covered with ice, which wounded the horſes; and the march of the ſoldiers, through the ſnow, was ſo difficult that they mutinied, and obliged the general to retreat.

PLUTARCH's *Life of Lucullus.*

LETTER LI.

Rome, 14th January 1792.

THE numerous antiquities of the *Villa Albani* were collected by the Cardinal of that name, who died ſome years ago. Winkelmann was his antiquarian, his reader, and, what is more, his friend. You doubtleſs expect to find here one of the moſt ſuperb of the collections of the beautiful? Yet, if you do, you may perhaps be diſappointed. The reſearches of the profound antiquarian are not confined to the maſterpieces of art. To him, the rarity of the thing gives it a value: ſo does its form, or any attribute of this form, if it throw any light on the defects of art among the antients. Excluſive of deſiring to delight his eye and excite his fineſt feelings by the productions of art, he ſeeks inſtruction from the inferior, or even from the wretched, productions of later ages. From them, he frequently learns to diſtinguiſh the originals of thoſe better times, when the arts flouriſhed in all their luſtre. Thus conſidered, the collection of the *Villa Albani* is really meritorious:

ritorious: add to which, it actually contains beautiful ſpecimens of antient art.

The ſtaircaſe is ornamented with *baſſi relievi*; among which there is a Philoctetes, unique in its kind. The hero is ſeated on a rock, with a deep impreſſion of grief in his countenance; under which rock a ſerpent creeps. It is a fine thought that he ſhould inconſiderately, though not without the decree of the Gods, have wounded himſelf with a poiſoned arrow, ſteeped in the blood of the Centaur Neſſus; which had been given him by the dying Hercules; and that this wound ſhould be a chaſtiſement for having diſcovered the place, where Hercules was burnt, to the hero of the Greeks by a ſtamp with his foot; although he had taken an oath to ſecrecy *. But Homer makes him to be ſtung, by a water ſerpent.

Αλλ' ὁ μεν ἐν νησῳ κειτο, κρατερῇ ἀλγεα πασχων,
Λημνῳ ἐν ἠγαθεῃ, ὀθι μιν λιπον υιες Αχαιων,
Ελκει μοχθιζοντα κακῳ ὑλοοφρονος ὑδρȣ.
Ενθ' ὁγε κειτ' ἀχεων.

Il. ii. l. 721.

But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A poiſonous hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agoniſing pain.

Pope, Il. b. ii. l. 878.

* Fenelon, Tel. liv. xv.

Sophocles

Sophocles likewiſe makes him wounded by an aſpick.

Νοσῳ καταφθινοντα, της δ' ἀνδροφθορε
Πληγεντ' ἐχιδνης αγριω. χαραγματι.

———diſtempered as I was
By the envenom'd ſerpent's deep felt wound.
FRANCKLIN.

In the upper apartments, my attention was principally drawn by the objects which I ſhall cite.

The ſtatue of a little Faunus bearing a tun. The idea of weight, preſſing upon his ſhoulder, compared with the entirely light and lovely formed body, is evidently of that kind which none but the hand of a Greek could expreſs.

A buſt of the Poet Perſeus.

A *baſſo relievo* of the apotheoſis of Hercules. Below is a Genius, pouring the wine of immortality into a vaſe; which is held by Hebe. Behind her Hercules ſtands, in a noble attitude, holding a ſmall goblet.

Above, the aſſembly of the Gods is ſeen.

An Apollo; which is an imitation of the celebrated Apollo the Lizard-ſlayer, by Praxiteles, as we are informed by Pliny*. Apollo, as

* *Fecit et* (Praxiteles) *puberem Apollinem, ſubrepenti lacertæ,*

as a youth, is ſhooting an arrow at a lizard, that is creeping up a tree.

The buſt of a little laughing Faun.

A Minerva, as large as life, full of dignity.

The cieling of the great hall is painted by Mengs; and repreſents Parnaſſus. I doubt whether colours were ever ſo animatedly mingled in freſco before. In this hall I noticed the following.

Dædalus and Icarus; a *baſſo relievo* of white marble. Icarus already has his wings; and Dædalus is working at his own. The boy, full of youthful impatience to raiſe himſelf on his waxen wings, holds a wing on which his father is at work.

There is another of the ſame ſubject, in this villa, of *roſſo antico*. They were both damaged, but in different places; and, by compariſon, have mutually aided to repair each other.

A fine large ſtatue, of Leucothea and the youthful Bacchus.

The under apartments and the portico, among others, contain the following.

The buſts of the heroes and the poets, that

certæ cominus ſagitta inſidiantem, quem Sauroctonon vocant. PLIN. *Nat. Hiſt.* xxxiv. 8.

are ſhewn here, would engage my attention more than any other ſtatues, were it but well certified that they are the real buſts of the great men they are ſaid to repreſent; Homer, Leonidas, Themiſtocles, Pindar, Euripides, Ariſtides, Xenophon, and others. Æſop alone is cognizable, by his deformity.

An impriſoned Phrygian general ſeated, as large as life. The head is of white marble; the drapery of the Egyptian *breccia.* The ſenſe of impriſonment and greatneſs of character are diſcoverable in his face.

An antique landſcape, in crayons. The colours are almoſt gone: the drawing is very light.

A female ſatyr. This is a very rare perſonification. The antients might well have felt that a female body with horns, and the legs of a goat, could only excite diſagreeable ſenſations.

A *baſſo relievo:* Ceres, in ſearch of her daughter, refreſhed with wine by Bacchus.

IN THE GARDEN.

Two coloſſal heads; of Titus, and Trajan.

Very beautiful female Caryatides; bearing a flower baſket, which they hold with both their

their hands: after the manner of our milk maids with their brimming pails. On the flowers of this baſket the architrave of a ſmall cool portico repoſes.

THE PALACE RONDANINI.

Here an antient Roman *ſarcophagus* drew my attention. The figure of the dead perſon is half raiſed on the lid. His right arm embraces the buſt of his wife; whom he regards with tenderneſs. Near it there is an opening in the marble, with a lid; and this probably contained the aſhes of his deceaſed wife: the body of the huſband being in the *ſarcophagus*. The manner of the woman's hair denotes this monument to have been of the time of Veſpaſian, Titus, or Domitian.

An antique head; which is ſuppoſed to be that of Marcus Brutus. The remainder of the figure is modern. He is repreſented with a dagger in his hand, and in the act of ſtabbing. In the upper part of the countenance, I diſcover ſomething of the grandeur of the man; but nothing of that benignity, or nobleneſs of character, in the mouth, which ſhould denote the benevolence and grandeur of Marcus Brutus. The ſtatue of Alexander, naked;

and a coloſſal Hygeia, the Goddeſs of Health; are both very fine.

A head of Meduſa; without doubt of the beſt times of Greece, and one of the moſt excellent of the works of antient art. I ſcarcely know one which I ſhould prefer to this, for grandeur of expreſſion.

The *Palazzo Giuſtiniani* is likewiſe well ſtored with objects worthy of notice.

The great Marcellus, ſeated; as large as life. It gave me pleaſure to behold the hero, whom, in the time of Hannibal, the Romans had called their ſword; as they called Fabius their ſhield.

A large head of Jupiter Serapis; a deity compounded of half Egyptian and half Grecian mythology. You diſtinguiſh him from the other heads of Jupiter by the moſs that he bears on his crown.

A youthful head of Apollo; of the greateſt beauty.

———————*facies quam dicere vere*
Virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine poſſis.
OVID. lib. viii. 322—23.

Such was her face as, in a nymph, diſplay'd
A fair fierce boy; or, in a boy, betray'd
The bluſhing beauties of a modeſt maid.
DRYDEN: in Garth's Ovid, l. 479.

A Mi-

A Minerva; of the age of already beautiful but rude art. It was found on what was formerly the field of Mars; on which the greateſt part of the preſent city is built, extending from the Capitol to the *Porta del Popolo;* and, if I do not miſtake, on the very place where Pompey had erected a temple to Minerva. This leader brought many of the ſtatues of Greece to Rome.

A beautiful Faun.

A head of Sappho; which, if it be not Sappho, is worthy of the great poeteſs. Yet, if this countenance had been inſpired by the feeling and the genius of Sappho, could Phaon have been inſenſible of its charms?

A veſtal; ſo called: but, according to Mr. Hirt's opinion, a Juno in Samos, of more antient but ruder times of Grecian art.

A head of Memnon; of black baſaltes. This hero, the ſon of Aurora, who went to the aid of Troy, has a countenance worthy of himſelf. The artiſt, to diſtinguiſh his origin, has given him woolly hair.

The following are the paintings I moſt obſerved.

Chriſt before Caiaphas. A night piece; by Hundhorſt, or Honthorſt, a Flemiſh painter.

The Italians could not pronounce his name, and therefore called him *Gerardo della Notte;* becauſe he particularly excelled in night pieces, of which this is a proof. Chriſt ſtands with dignity before Caiaphas; though not with ſo much as might have been expected. Caiaphas is excellently painted. We diſcover the captious interrogator, the proud high prieſt, and the blood thirſty judge. The light, reflected from the table, caſts a beam on the countenance of Caiaphas, and on his uplifted hand, ſo as to produce a great effect.

St. John in the clouds, borne by an eagle, and writing the Revelations, by Julio Romano, is a picture in which ſome imagine they diſcover the hand of Raphael. The elevated countenance, and the inſpired eyes, of the great prophet are worthy of the latter maſter.

A mother, ſurrounded by her children; kneeling, and giving the breaſt to one, as he ſtands, and with her countenance hanging over him, full of undeſcribable maternal affection. This piece is by Luca Cambiaſi.

We now left the city, and paſſed through the *Porta Pia;* formerly, *Porta Nomentana.*

The firſt thing we remarked was the monument

ment of St. Conſtantia, daughter of Conſtantine the Great; whom he buried in a church that he had erected to her memory, and which he called after her. It is circular, and the cupola is ſupported by many pillars. The fine *ſarcophagus* of porphyry had been deſtined, by Pope Paul the Third, to adorn his own monument; and it had been removed for that purpoſe when Paul died. Sixtus the Fourth however ſent it back to its proper place.

Facing the church, we find the traces of a *hippodrome;* or rather perhaps, as the place ſeems too ſmall for chariot races, of a circus for gladiators: for the Chriſtian Emperors, of that age, had not yet been able to divert the people from theſe ſanguinary ſpectacles.

We proceeded along the banks of the *Teverona;* formerly the *Anio*, and the *Anien;* and paſſed the bridge on which the Gaul ſtood, when he defied the moſt valiant of the Romans to come forth, and was ſlain by Titus Manlius. The *Anio* was the boundary, between antient Latium and the country of the Sabines.

Before us, we ſaw what was called the Holy Hill; *Mons Sacer;* which, from a remarkable occurrence, became ſo celebrated in

Roman hiſtory. Embittered againſt the Patricians, and principally becauſe of the rigour with which the latter purſued to the utmoſt the yet unmitigated laws againſt debtors, in the early ages of the republic, the greateſt part of the people forſook the city. They took nothing with them but the neceſſaries for exiſtence; attacked no man's private property, entrenched themſelves on this hill, and there remained ſome days: neither attacking nor attacked. This determined moderation, of a people who were juſtly enraged againſt the higher orders, will, in my opinion, everlaſtingly redound to their honour. The Senate was in the utmoſt conſternation.

Menenius Agrippa, a Patrician, who was beloved by the plebeians for the mildneſs of his manners, went to the angry ſeceders, and related to them the well-known fable of the belly and the members: the latter refuſing to receive food to the former, with which they were angry, till they became impotent and diſeaſed: and, by this ſimple illuſtration, he perſuaded them to return to the city.

The people however made a condition, which proved their profound knowledge of politics. They inſiſted on and obtained the

right

right of chooſing officers, from among themſelves, whoſe perſons ſhould be inviolable; and whoſe office it ſhould be to protect the people againſt the oppreſſions of the Patricians*.

This was the origin of the Tribunes of the people: a wiſe inſtitution, which became the ſhield of the Roman freedom, and the abuſe of which, in later times, eſpecially in the times of the Gracchi, probably more conduced to the deſtruction of the republic than even the ambition of the great: for, by this, its deſtruction was long prepared; and at laſt effected.

We have viſited two painters. Jacob More, the firſt, is a Scotchman; and one of the good landſcape painters of our times. Among other pictures, he ſhewed us a ſtormy ſea, with a rocky ſhore: the time night, the moon in her laſt quarter, and obſcured, the lightning deſcending, dead bodies ſwimming toward the ſhore, and ſhipwrecked mariners half expiring dragged to land by the people. By this you perceive that Jacob More handles his pencil like a poet. The picture is excellent, and full of terror.

As a companion to this, he has painted the

* Liv. ii. 32.

arrival

arrival of Telemachus and Mentor on the iſland of Calypſo. The morning ſun glimmers, and trembles, on the ſoft broken waves of the ſea. The iſland is a charming ſpot. Earth, ſea, and air, all wear the moſt friendly ſmiles.

The trees and foliage of this painter, however, do not wave and breathe, with that pure life of nature, which Hackart has the art to communicate. Neither do I diſcover, in More, the ſame aërial and linear perſpective, nor thoſe charming diſtances, which continually ſurpriſe me, in the pictures of Hackart. The dazzling pencil of More is not, in my opinion, dipped in the colours of nature.

Wenzeſlaus Peter, a Bohemian, has, by his diſtinguiſhed talents, been the carver of his own fortune. At the age of twenty-ſeven, he was a gunſmith; and became acquainted with a man of rank, by whoſe aid he inſtructed himſelf in the art of drawing. He began to ſtudy ſculpture; but painting appeared to him a more ready road to fame, and one which better pleaſed his taſte. When the gallery of the Vatican, by Raphael, was copied for the Empreſs of Ruſſia, he undertook to aſſiſt in the Arabeſc; and ſoon the whole was entruſted

to him. But his inclination led him to cattle painting: accordingly, he has painted animals of all kinds; and, in this branch of the art, he is undoubtedly without a rival. I saw a large picture of Paradise, by his hand, the landscape of which is beautiful. He has assumed different attitudes for almost every one of the animals. The point of time he has chosen is the moment when Eve presents the apple to Adam. He has two chambers full of animals, painted most of them as large as life. The lion and the dove, the fox and the lamb, are equally familiar to this master. Each individual animal appears to me nearly a greater masterpiece than the beautiful, though perhaps overloaded, picture of Paradise.

LETTER LII.

Rome, 15th January 1792.

I HAVE seen the pictures of Raphael, in the Vatican; as well those which are painted in fresco, in the open gallery, and therefore called *Le Loggie di Rafaello:* the gallery of Raphael;

phael: as the great pictures of this immortal maſter, in the apartments of the Vatican, that occaſion thoſe apartments to be called *Le Stanze di Rafaello:* the apartments of Raphael. I mean to ſee them frequently; and even then perhaps I ſhall be able to preſent no other picture to your mind, than the general impreſſion they have produced upon me. Who can ſelect parts, where each compoſes ſo beautiful, ſo harmonious, and ſo perfect, a whole? Who ſhall direct our choice amidſt this rich ſuperabundance? Who ſhall diſſect this dignity in unity?

My feelings were a little relieved, by indulging in the following rhapſodies of imagination.

RAPHAEL.

HOW was my ſoul o'erwhelm'd, immortal man!
When, fix'd, entranced, fir'd by thy mighty mind,
Fill'd with thy genius, motionleſs I ſtood!
Through all the Vatican thy ſpirit breath'd!
The dead, called up by thee, before me roſe,
Moving, living, breathing; diſcourſing themes
Of earth and heaven; of angels, martyrs, men;
Of ſinners and of ſaints; of apoſtles and gods!

Of what pure æther did th' Eternal frame
Thy ſoul, from which ſtreamed, flooding, Nature's firſt

Great

Great Cauſe! He that made, he that ſaved, and he
That will eternally reward his beſt
Moſt admirable workman! Yes, 'twas he
That did inſpire thy genius, guide thy hand,
And purify thy ſpirit! Chaſed far off
Each thought that glowed not with celeſtial fire,
And fitted thee to fill the mighty taſk;
That, daring elſe, audacious, raſh, had been.

Thy courſe on earth is run! Ages have rolled
Over thy peaceful grave! like as the youth
Howling laments, who with his virgin bride
Is by the raging torrent ſwept away;
So ſuffering Art, with wails, and tears, and cries,
Impatient calls, with anguiſh clamorous now,
And now ſupplicating her own Raphael,
Her to re-viſit, and her ſons impel
Again to ſeize the pencil, bold and free,
And emulate the mighty maſter's fire.

Behold the Grecian muſe, with duſty train,
Erſt by Apelles woo'd, won, and enjoy'd!
Lo, mid the wrecks of Time, ſhe weeping ſtands;
Ever and anon, glancing at thy tomb*,
And bitterly rememb'ring days long paſt!
I hear her murmurs now, in dead of night;
The chaſte Diana preſent, though half veil'd,

* Raphael lies buried in the church which is now called the Rotunda, formerly the Pantheon; a temple, dedicated to all the Gods. It was built by Agrippa, in the time of Auguſtus; and is the nobleſt building in Rome. I ſhall ſpeak more of it in my letters; and ſhall now only add that there is a monument in it to the memory of Raphael, with his buſt.

The

The blaſt of darkneſs chaſing now, and now
Admitting! Terror ſtruck, I hear her ſigh
For her departed ſons! And laſt Raphael!
Mournful as the widow'd Spring over her
Blighted fruits! Or as the bleak Winter's winds
Howl through the ruins of the houſeleſs Gods,
Thus fearfully, thus plaintively, ſhe grieves!

" Pride of my heart! Delight of my eye! Where!
" Oh! Where art thou fled? Laurel crown'd by me,
" And by my ſiſter Muſes, thee we caught,
" While yet an infant, in our arms; and fed
" Thee with immortal ſweets! Homer not more
" Our nurſling; nor Plato our more delight!
" On thy forehead beam'd the morning dawn;
" Thine eyes ſhot fire; bright as meridian day
" Thy viſage ſhone: while manna dropt from Heav'n,
" And fruits that Paradiſe alone could yield,
" Were proffer'd to thy lips! Wiſdom thine ear
" Saluted; and Nature, in all her bloom,
" Splendid in charms, firſt met thy infant eye;
" Prolific ſhed her roſeate dews around,
" And, in one large bequeſt, pour'd out her ſtores,
" Gave all ſhe had, and taught thee all ſhe knew!

" Where art thou now, my ſon? Too like the flower,
" Which the tender virgin rears, tempeſt ſwept,
" The moment of maturity beheld
" Thee blighted, in the fullneſs of thy bloom."

Thus mourned the Muſe! And thus, with ſighs of deep Regret, penſive I homeward bent my way.

LET-

LETTER LIII.

Rome, 20th January 1792.

I HAVE been three days in the country; and have again beheld great and beautiful nature, in this empire of eternal ſpring.

On the ſeventeenth we left Rome, and went to *La Riccia*.

Egreſſum magna me excepit Aricia Roma.

HOR. i. Sat. v. 1.

Leaving imperial Rome, my courſe I ſteer
To poor Aricia——

FRANCIS.

We viſited the Portugueſe Ambaſſador, the Count of Souſa, and his wife; who often reſide at a country houſe in *La Riccia*, the antient *Aricia*. This place is about three German miles from Rome. At firſt, the *Campagna di Roma* on this ſide is very naked, deſtitute of trees, and ill cultivated; and you meet with little except the monuments of the antients. The eye long continues to follow the aqueduct which was carried from there to Tivoli; and which, in various places, is fallen to ruins.

Many

Many of the ſepulchres of the antients are on the road; and have more or leſs fallen to decay. They particularly point out the direction of the antient Appian way; on each ſide of which, according to the cuſtom of the antients, who erected theſe monuments on the road ſide, many are now ſtanding.

This cuſtom gives us the true meaning of ſo many antient inſcriptions, which begin with the words *Siſte gradum, viator.* It was rational to addreſs the paſſenger on the high road: but it is abſurd, or at leaſt thoughtleſs, to begin inſcriptions of modern monuments, erected in bye places, with the words "Stop, Paſſenger." The road began to be pleaſant at Albano; round which we meet with fruitful fields, vineyards, and trees. *Caſtell gandolfo* lies very near Albano, on the left.

Albano is a ſmall inſignificant town; yet it is much viſited and inhabited in autumn, and the beginning of ſpring, by the principal Romans; who have villas here. High old walls, which appear to ſurround a kind of court, are ſuppoſed to be the remains of the barracks in which the Roman ſoldiers lived. It is probable that, even in the times of the republic, there was a military ſtation here. We find

in

in one of the orations of Cicero that, after the death of Cæsar, two legions lay here: the Fourth, and the Martian.* Pompey, and Clodius, that infamous enemy of Cicero and of Rome, here had country houses: as afterward had Tiberius, Caligula, and Domitian. Many great ruins of the villa of the latter are at present to be seen in the *Villa Barbarini.* They extend as far as *Castell gandolfo*, and to the banks of the Alban lake; on which Domitian used to represent his *Naumachia.* Ruins of an amphitheatre, and vast terraces supported by arcades, are the principal objects. In this villa he gave the festival of Minerva, exhibited combats of gladiators and wild beasts, declaimed as a tragedian, exhibited his skill in shooting the arrow, held public disputations with philosophers, and poets, and made equally vain pretensions to wit and learning †.

It is probable that the villa of Domitian was built in the very place where the villa of Clodius had formerly stood. Cicero called this last villa the great substruction ‡, or prodi-

* Cic. Phil. 3. † Suet. in vita Dom. c. 4.

‡ —*Albanos tumulos atque lucos, Albanorumque obrutas aras, quas Clodius, cæsis sanctissimis lucis, substructionibus suis oppressérat.* Cic. pro Milone.

gious pile; which muſt have been diſcoverable had it been on a different ſpot.

Theſe feats, and the legions which were quartered here, gave Albano its origin, as a town, in the time of the Emperors of the firſt century. The diſtrict of Albano was ſo called after the antient town of Alba; which was much older than Rome, and which the Romans deſtroyed about ſix hundred years before the building of Albano. La Riccia is one of the oldeſt towns of Italy. About eleven hundred years before the birth of Chriſt, the antient inhabitants of Aricia, who were the *Siculi*, were driven out of the country by the united power of the *Pelaſgi* and the *Oenotrii*. Theſe *Siculi*, and their brothers in Latium, who took their name from an antient king called *Siculus*, fled to Sicily; and gave their name to the then inhabited iſland of *Sicania*.

Had the Latins given ear to a citizen of Aricia, called Turnus Herdonius, Rome perhaps would not have been the ſovereign of the world. Tarquin the Proud ſummoned the chief men of the Latins to the Ferentinian grove, and there ſuffered them to wait. Turnus warned them againſt his pride, and adviſed his comrades to return home.

Tarquin

Tarquin at laſt appeared, and apologiſed. In the night, he cauſed arms to be brought to the houſe of Turnus, ſummoned the chiefs of Latium to appear early, and accuſed Turnus of intending to have put himſelf and the other aſſembled princes to death. The arms were found, and Turnus was ſeized and thrown into the Ferentinian fountain, incloſed in a cage of oziers, in which ſtones were put*.

The preſent Riccia is built on the height where the fortreſs of antient Aricia ſtood; which lay at the foot of the hill. The church, built by Bernini, is very beautiful. There is a cupola, on the rotunda, of a beautiful and perfectly hemiſpherical form; which form we miſs in St. Peter's church. But this ornament is more proper for a rotunda than for a ſtructure like St. Peter's; where the cupola is raiſed upon a ſquare.

The country between Albano and Riccia is very pleaſant. It is embelliſhed with oaks, and the evergreen prickly oak of an extraordinary ſize; with rocks, rivulets, and a proſpect to the ſea. On a hill, near the ſmall town of Riccia, is a large park; which apper-

* Liv. i. 50.

tains to a palace of the family of the Princes *Chigi*. The park is beautiful, becauſe no intentional decorating plan has injured it; but it is reſigned to the charms of ever various nature. And how active is ſhe, when ſhe remains undiſturbed, in this mild climate!

Near Riccia, there is an antient monument; which ſome have ſuppoſed to be the ſepulchre of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

The number five, of the towers, which are raiſed on a very durable foundation, appears to favour this opinion. But why were the heroes buried at ſuch a diſtance from Rome?

Others affirm that Clodius, who fell by the hand of Milo near this place, was entombed here. A third opinion is that Cornelia, the widow of Pompey, erected this monument near his villa; and that the five towers are the tokens of as many triumphs, granted to this great leader.

South of the town lies a pleaſant valley; which is called *Valle di Riccia*: the Valley of Riccia. In the time of Pliny it was called *Convallis Aricina* *. The great naturaliſt ſays that, in antient times, this valley had been a

* Plin. Nat. Hiſt. ſix. 8.

lake;

lake; and appearances confirm his teſtimony. The valley is circumſcribed and ſhut in by a high border; which is embelliſhed by trees, vineyards, and gardens. The valley itſelf is uncommonly fertile; and is watered by a canal, which is brought here from the lake of *Nemi*.

The lake of Albano, overlooked by high and rocky ſhores, and ſhaded by numerous trees, lies below Albano and Caſtell gandolfo. Here I ſaw at this ſeaſon and entirely green, bearing its yellow flowers, the *Medicago arborea:* the *cytiſus* of Virgil. This lake, as well as the valley near Riccia and the lake of Nemi, afford viſible traces of volcanos. Pliny had read in antient writers that, formerly, the earth of the lands that lie below Aricia would have caught fire, if a hot coal had fallen upon them *.

The crater of the volcano, after a violent diſcharge of the fire within, gave way; and the cooling lava aſſumed the figure of an inverted cone. The rain, and the water deſcending from the heights, gradually filled this hard bed; from which there was no outlet. In proportion as the uppermoſt lava was un-

* Plin. Nat. Hiſt. ii. 107.

dermined, it formed itſelf into earth; and being waſhed down by torrents of rain, the water was conſequently raiſed. Probably, it might long have maintained a ſubterranean connection with the ſea: for naturaliſts affirm that there is a neceſſary cooperation between the ocean and the eruptions of volcanos. According to the teſtimony of Livy, when the *Veii* were beſieged, the water of the lake of Albano roſe to an extraordinary height; though it had not been increaſed by any unuſual rains. Wearied by a ten years' ſiege, and terrified by ſigns which they conſidered as fearful, the Romans ſent ambaſſadors to Delphi; who received the following anſwer from the oracle: "Romans, beware that the water remain no "longer in the lake of Albano. Beware that "it diſcharge itſelf not into the ſea. Give it "paſſage through the fields, which it will wa-"ter. By cutting canals, it may all be dried "up: then boldly attack the walls of the "foe*."

The Romans were the more aſtoniſhed at this ſpeech becauſe an old man, of the *Veii*, had called to the Roman ſoldiers—"that the

* Liv. v.

" Romans would never take the town, till the " water of the lake of Albano ſhould be drawn " away." The water was drawn off, through a canal, to the height that it is at preſent; and in the ſame year the Romans took the town.

Cicero, in his treatiſe *De Divinatione*, gives us to underſtand that the Senate was much leſs induced to this work by motives of ſuperſtition, than by a perception of the advantage of which ſuch a canal would be; in watering and rendering the country fruitful, which till that time had been barren. The prediction of the old man, which probably was only uttered in deriſion, might furniſh this wiſe aſſembly with an opportunity of encouraging the people to the undertaking, by the ſurpriſing anſwer obtained from the oracle.

The inferior ſhore of the lake of Albano may be about one German mile and a quarter in circumference. In the upper part, its rocky bed extends, and afterward contracts; ſo as to aſſume the form of a funnel. I deſcended through a winding path, among wood and ſhrubs, to the place where the outlet, *emiſſarium*, of the lake had been made. When I was below, I ſaw large halls, hewn in the rock,

ſurrounded by ſtone walls, and probably at one time faced with marble; which many ſuppoſe to have been baths. I believe that they were in honour of the Nymphs of the lake; and probably theſe halls appertained to the villa of Domitian. After ſome paces, I arrived at a lofty wall conſtructed with large ſtones. A fiſherman of Albano, who kept the key of the door, gave me admiſſion; and I entered a ſquare court, three ſides of which were incloſed by ſimilar walls. The prickly oak had taken root, between the uppermoſt ſtones; and had grown to a very uncommon ſize. It had likewiſe extended itſelf downward, in two lateral branches; and, while its evergreen foliage was penetrated by the blue light of heaven, it overſhadowed the whole court and the external ſides of the wall.

Behind the open ſide of the court is a great circular hall. The water of a canal, cut in its rocky bed, flows through the middle of the court and the hall. The canal may be about fifteen hundred paces from this to the other ſide of the hill, where it finds its outlet.

Livy, who had been accuſtomed to contemplate the immenſe works of the later Romans, mentions this work in the following cold words:

words: "The water of the lake of Albano was conducted through the fields:" but immediately afterward he adds, in a bolder tone: "and Fate visited the *Veii* *." This work, which was begun and ended two thousand one hundred and eighty-eight years ago, would have excited our astonishment had it been undertaken in those ages when Rome had attained its greatest power: Rome, which, three hundred and fifty-seven years after its foundation, possessed no more than a little corner of little Latium.

The hill of Albano rises, beyond the lake, over lesser heights like a pyramid. *Ferentina* stands on the right, with its grove; in which the antient Latins were accustomed to assemble and deliberate, and to pay honour to the Gods. In more early times, they held these assemblies on the top of the hill of Albano; where there was a temple dedicated to the Latian Jupiter, which was held sacred by the Romans.

The Roman generals were accustomed to keep their triumphs on this hill, when the Senate denied them a triumph in the Capitol.

* *Jam ex lacu Albano aqua emissa in agros, Vejosque Fata appetebant.* Liv. v. 19.

Here

Here was the triumph of the great Marcellus kept; and afterward a ſmall triumph, or an ovation, in Rome *, for the conqueſt of Syracuſe.

This hill was famous among the ſuperſtitious Romans for the numerous auguries, and wonders, which were here divulged to them †. It lies higher than the hills around it, is often covered with clouds, and may frequently have been ſtruck with lightning. At preſent it only forebodes rain. *Monte Cavo ha il capello : pioverá.* "The hill Cavo" has his hat on; it will rain:" ſay the country people, when its ſummit is covered with clouds. They call it *Monte Cavo;* the hollow hill; and *Monte delle Cave;* the hill with hollows; becauſe many hollow places have been made in it. In the ages of the Romans, it was ſtruck with lightning at one time, rained ſtones at ano-

* Liv. xxvi. 21. In the triumph, the victor was drawn in a chariot and four; and ſacrificed an ox to Jupiter. In the ovation, he walked; and ſacrificed a ſheep. Marcellus was denied a triumph, becauſe the war in Sicily was not ended, and his army not returned.

† Vulpius is of opinion that, for this reaſon, Jupiter was worſhipped here: under whoſe name the antient mythologiſts underſtood the air. *Vetus Latium Profanum*, vol. vii. p. 35.

ther

ther, and voices were heard to iſſue from it at a third. That it rained ſtones there is frequent teſtimony; which proves this diſtrict to be of a volcanic nature. Yet the hill betrays no ſigns of a crater, nor of lava; although theſe parts are full of ſuch ſubſtances, according to the teſtimony of naturaliſts.

The fiſherman, who ſhewed me the canal of the lake, told me that the Devil was frequently ſeen on its banks. Are not tales like theſe the remains of the antient credulity of the Romans, who believed in ſo many wonders of the hill of Albano? This appears to me the more probable becauſe the common people of this country, who have ſuch lively fancies, and are ſo delighted and fed by their own terrific legendary tales, have no fear of ghoſts and hobgoblins. Their active imaginations ſeem rather to delight in lively pictures than in gloomy. Perhaps for this they may thank the beauties of nature, the ſerenity of the climate, and the lightneſs of the air: perhaps they are in part indebted to their noble and humanizing architecture. Our Gothic churches, with their interſecting aiſles and monuments, muſt fill the heart with gloom. To theſe may be added our long nights.

nights. The farther we proceed, northward, the more numerous we find theſe fantaſtic images of ſpectres, and goblins.

The antient Alba, the mother of Rome, was built between the hill and the lake. This town extended itſelf ſouthward, and was called *Alba the long;* to diſtinguiſh it from another Alba, which ſtood near the lake Fucinus.

When Numitor was dead, who, after the murder of the uſurper Amulius, had placed his grandſons Romulus and Remus on the throne of Alba, the people of Alba would not acknowledge the ſovereignty of Romulus. Tullus Hoſtilius, the third King of Rome, waged war againſt the Albanians; and an agreement was made that three young men, on each part, ſhould be choſen for the combat, and that the city of thoſe who remained victors ſhould bear the rule. The three Curiatii, all brothers, appeared on the part of Alba; and the three Horatii on the part of Rome. Of the ſix combatants only one of the Horatii was left living: but the General of Alba would not ſubmit to this deciſion of victory. A battle enſued, the Romans were victorious, the Albanian General, as a public violator, was torn aſunder by four horſes; and the city

of

of Alba was razed: the temple only was left ſtanding. The rights of citizenſhip were granted, by the Romans, to the Albanians.

Whether Alba was founded by Æneas, or by his ſon, for of the father's coming to Italy I very much doubt, its origin could not be later than the Trojan war; but might be earlier. No certain traces of the city of Alba remain. It is affirmed that ruins were diſcovered by ſome huntſmen: but the knowledge of huntſmen, as antiquarians, is little to be truſted. Neither muſt we forget that the Italians are very much addicted to prattle, with vanity, of their antient remains.

The lake of Nemi is leſs than the lake of Albano; but its banks are ſtill more pleaſant. High rocks, and ſhady hills, ſurround it on every ſide; and the declivities are in part planted with trees, and in part with vineyards and gardens. Two ſmall towns, oppoſite to each other, *Nemi* toward the eaſt, and *Genzano* toward the weſt, are built high upon the ſhore. Genzano is ſo called after its antient name *Cynthianum:* or *Fanum Cynthiæ:* the temple of Cynthia. You know that Apollo and Diana were called *Cynthius* and *Cynthia;* after the mountain *Cynthus* in *Delos;* becauſe

Latona was delivered of them both in this iſland. According to ſtill earlier mythology, Apollo only was born in Delos*; and Diana in the little iſland *Ortygia*, near *Sicilia:* on which the moſt antient and the only remaining part of Syracuſe now ſtands. In the temples of Diana this Goddeſs was worſhipped under the title of *Diana Scythica*, or *Diana Taurica*, in antient Latium; becauſe that it was believed that Oreſtes and Iphigenia had ſtolen her image and brought it hither. Nemi was called after the grove of this temple, which the Romans named *Nemus:* the word *Nemus* ſignifying a grove. I know not whether the Romans of thoſe times had named the deep ſtill and clear lake of Nemi the mirror of Diana; but it is often ſo called by the preſent Italians. It was generally called by the antients *Lacus nemoroſus*, the lake of the foreſt; becauſe it is ſurrounded by foreſts. There is a ſmall pleaſant path in moſt parts by the ſide of the lake; which is ſhaded by the cheſnut, the poplar, and the alder tree.

The antient town of Nemi ſtands very high, on a rock; under which, on the declivity

* Homer's Hymn to Apollo.

of

of the ſhore, the rivulet ſprings of which Ovid, in his beautiful fables, relates, that the diſconſolate Egeria, after the death of Numa, wandered weeping here at the foot of the mountain; and that, melting in tears, ſhe was metamorphoſed by Diana into this ſtream.

——*montiſque jacens radicibus imis*
Liquitur in lacrimas, donec pietate dolentis
Mota ſoror Phœbi gelidum de corpore fontem
Fecit, et æternas artus tenuâvit in undas.

OVID. lib. xv. 548—51.

Beneath the hill all comfortleſs ſhe laid,
The dropping tears her eyes inceſſant ſhed;
Till pitying Phœbe eas'd her pious woe,
Thaw'd to a ſpring whoſe ſtreams for ever flow.

DRYDEN, 809.

The ſame poet tells us that Hippolytus, the ſon of Theſeus, after his flight from Athens to Trœzen, and being dragged by his horſes, which had been terrified by the monſter riſing from the ocean, was again reſtored to life by Æſculapius. By favour of Diana, in recompenſe for his continence, he having reſiſted the enflamed ſolicitations of his ſtepmother, Phædra, he was admitted one of the leſſer Deities;

ties; and inhabited the grove of the Goddeſs, under the name of *Virbius* *.

As I was proceeding along the bank of the lake, I heard the running of a rivulet at a diſtance; and, aſcending the hill, I came to its ſource. Here it ſoftly murmured along, and meandered through the herbage; till it concealed itſelf among the rocks, which were overgrown by ivy to a conſiderable height. Preſently afterward it ruſhed from among the evergreen ivy, frothing and noiſy. The metamorphoſed Egeria, widowed, and mourning for Numa, now gives motion to four mills before ſhe arrives at the lake. Thus, in antient times, the widows of impriſoned heroes, and of ſlain kings, have frequently been reduced to the moſt degrading labours, and to work in mills.

The Romans have likewiſe made a canal from this lake, by which it is prevented from overflowing. This canal runs into another, in the valley of Riccia; which by theſe means is become extremely fruitful.

The whole country is very charming, and

* Ovid. lib. xv. 497.

well

well cultivated. The farmers are induſtrious; and the inhabitants of Genzano muſt be proſperous, for they have built a handſome church at their own expence. Nemi ſupplies Rome with excellent fruit. Much charcoal is burnt in theſe parts. Their fields and kitchen gardens are well managed; and their vineyards induſtriouſly ſupplied with reed poles. The ſtrong reed, *Arundo Donax*, grows to an aſtoniſhing height, in all the lakes and marſhy places of Italy. It is introduced into gardens; partly to ſupport weak plants, and partly, while the reeds are young, to ſeparate, by being twined together, the flower beds from each other.

We are not often now, as in the time of Horace, invited to drink Albanian wine of nine years old: though this wine is ſtill brought in great quantities to Rome *.

The

* *Eſt mihi nonum ſuperantis annum*
Plenus Albani cadus—

HOR. iv. od. 11.

Phillis, I have a caſk of wine,
Mellow'd by ſummers more than nine.

FRANCIS.

Horace, in one of his ſatires, deſcribing the voluptuous

The vines of Aricia were formerly famous for their extraordinary height. Cineas, the friend and ambaſſador of Pyrrhus, was ſurpriſed at them: but he thought the wine acid, and ſaid that the mother of the wine, the grape, deſerved to be crucified on ſo high a croſs *. Near Riccia are great remains of the antient *Via Appia*; or Appian way; which Appius Claudius, the Blind, in the year of Rome 442, while he was Cenſor, conſtructed. It is paved with broad ſtones, which the Italians call *ſelci (ſelce)* from the Latin, *ſilex*. They are blue, and of volcanic origin; a kind of lava. In this place the road is cut through the ſide of a hill; and, that the earth might not fall down and overwhelm it, the antients have given it a ſupport of large ſtones, with a degree of labour which cannot be beheld

giver of a banquet, appears to rank this wine as equal to that of Falernia.

—— *Albanum, Maecenas, ſive Falernum*
Te magis appoſitis delectat, habemus utrumque.
Lib. ii. ſat. 8. v. 16.

If Alban and Falernian pleaſe you more,
So ſays our hoſt, you may have both good ſtore.
FRANCIS.

* Plin. Nat. Hiſt. xiv. 1.

without

without amazement. The road is not broad; becauſe the carriages of the antients were narrow in their conſtruction. Their horſes were not ſhod; for which reaſon the ſmooth ſtones were to them no inconvenience. Yet horſes that are ſhod ſoon accuſtom themſelves to ſuch roads. The Daniſh horſe of Count Souſa, which I rode, has gone very ſafely over theſe ſmooth ſtones *.

In other reſpects, the Roman roads had many great advantages. As far as it was poſſible, they were conſtructed in a right line; and in the ſhorteſt direction. They were convenient; becauſe the flat ſtones neither jolted, occaſioned the foot of man to ſlip, nor injured the hoof of the horſe. They were not damaged by rain; becauſe it would not lie on a ſlippery pavement: and their duration is a proof of their ſtrength.

Going in a carriage on the road to *Paleſtrina*, formerly *Prænesſte*, one of the oldeſt and moſt famous towns of Latium, I alighted with Signor Fea, the Italian tranſlator of Winkelmann, and examined the ruins of the villa of

* All Naples is paved with lava; as are the high roads of Naples. The horſes accuſtomed to them will often ſlip; but I have ſeen none of them fall.

the Emperor Antoninus Pius. Little of the walls above the ground is now remaining; but the broad terraces and large foundations denote the circumference of this villa. From this place I had an extenſive proſpect. Before me lay *Veletri*; formerly *Velitræ*; an antient town of the *Volſci*; beyond that, *Cora;* which was likewiſe an antient town of the ſame people. On the broad declivity of a hill to the right, was a long ſtretch of the marſh of *Pomptinæ;* and at the extent of the horizon, the high promontory of *Circe.* I was not a little delighted to ſee the regions of Homer.

Homer called this promontory an iſland. Either the marſh of Pomptinæ, in antient times, extended to what is now the land ſide of this hill, or Homer, having ſeen it from the ſea, ſuppoſed it to be an iſland *.

Cluverius, who was no leſs acute than induſtrious in his enquiries, ſays that the hill appeared, as well by ſea as on ſhore, to be an

* Αἰαιην δ' ἐς νησον ἀφικομεθ' · ἐνθα δ' ἐναιε
Κιρκη ἐϋπλοκαμος, δεινη θεος, αὐδηεσσα.
Ody. x. 135, 36.

Now dropp'd our anchors in th' Aëan bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day.
Pope, b. x. 157.

iſland *; and, from the place where I ſtood, I ſhould have taken it for a high iſland. It appears to me about as high as, or perhaps higher than, the iſland Gorgone; which we ſaw at Piſa. The villa of Antoninus Pius ſtood near the antient Latin town *Lanuvium;* which was the native place of this Emperor; and ſtill more near to the temple and grove of *Juno Soſpita*, mentioned by Livy and other writers. This temple muſt have been famous in the fourth century after the building of Rome, when the Romans granted the rights of citizens to the people of *Lanuvium*, and the enjoyment of all things in common, except the uſe of this temple and grove †. The foundation of the temple is ſtill viſible. As I entered the little town of *Lanuvium*, which is now called *Civitá Lavina*, Signor Fea pointed out to me the remains of two beautiful pillars that now ſupport a cellar in a wretched houſe, and which it is probable formerly belonged to the temple of Juno.

The modern name of this town has led many, even among the Italian antiquaries, into a whimſical error: they confound *Lanuvium*

* Cluv. Ital. Ant. † Liv. viii. 14.

with *Lavinium*; which is ſituated beſide the ſea; from which Lanuvium is diſtant two German miles. One error gave riſe to another, and it has farther been affirmed that the ſea, which actually has receded from the ſhore, formerly waſhed its walls. There is an iron ring in the wall of a houſe, to which, according to their account, Æneas, when he landed, moored his veſſel.

Near La Riccia, I ſaw at this time an almond tree in bloom. What a climate is this!

LETTER LIV.

Rome, 21ſt January 1792.

I HAVE ſeen the famous picture of Raphael, the transfiguration; which is in the church of *San Pietro in Montorio*. Confident in his own powers, he has been daring beyond imitation: or perhaps he has done that, of which, if it be blameable, he knew the defects would be overpowered by the beauty of the thought, and its execution. A genius like

Raphael

Raphael will ſtand in no need of pardon: he will rather enforce aſtoniſhment. He will deliberately bid defiance to rule; and will delight himſelf with his own daring.

The ſports of genius are proper to itſelf. Raphael has ſhewn us Chriſt high in the clouds: a little lower, above the mountain, Elias and Moſes are hovering: John, James, and Peter, lie extended in ecſtacy on its ſummit; and at the foot of the hill is the poſſeſſed man, out of whom the other diſciples could not drive the Devil during the abſence of Chriſt.

At what place could we be ſtationed, ſo as to ſee at once the ſignificant countenances of all theſe perſons? Raphael affords no time to the ſeverity of criticiſm. His illuſions are enchanting! Terror ſeizes us, at the aſpect of the poſſeſſed youth! We participate the embarraſſment of the diſciples, the attention of the ſpectators, the anguiſh of the enquiring eyes of the father, who wiſhes to know if his ſon can be relieved, and the bitter grief of the mother and the ſiſter! Our eye fearfully wanders farther: we are entranced with the diſciples: with the two great prophets, we ardently aſpire after heaven; aſpire with them

to approach him who aſcends in clemency, ſurrounded by the rays of eternal glory! him who beams with love, with grace, with dignity undeſcribable! his devotion riſing in ecſtacy; his mercy and infinite benevolence deſcending to bleſs the earth!

Snarler, where is thy ſting? Critic, where is thy victory?

LETTER LV.

Rome, 23d January 1792.

NO private perſon in Europe, and very few princes, poſſeſs ſo ample and excellent a collection of antiques as the Prince Borgheſe, in his villa; which is near the walls of Rome. A mere catalogue of them would fill many pages. I ſhall conſequently be obliged to follow my uſual cuſtom, of mentioning none but ſuch as I think are the moſt meritorious.

The very walls of the houſe, particularly toward the garden, are embelliſhed with ſeveral *baſſi relievi* of *ſarcophagi*, many of which would

would probably be the principal ornaments of a German or Northern cabinet of art. I much doubt whether any king poſſeſſes ſix pillars of *lumacello*, or ſhell marble *, in his moſt magnificent apartment, equal to thoſe which are placed in the entrance hall of the villa. You know that I do not ſet any extraordinary value upon things of this kind; the exceſſive pomp of which was eſteemed, by the nobleſt men of antient Rome, as the harbinger and the cauſe of its decline †: but I laugh, when I recollect how many of our little and our great

* A ſpecies of marble, mixed with petrified ſhells of periwinkles, which it is ſaid is no longer to be found. T.

† When Fabius had taken Tarentum, he left the citizens their beautiful ſtatues, concealing a ſerious thought in a jeſt. "Let us," ſaid he, "leave the Tarentines their angry Gods!" Cato of Utica, having conquered the iſland of Cyprus in the name of Rome, took no ſtatue but that of Zeno, "For Zeno taught me," ſaid this great man, "to prize that which was great greatly; and that which was little but little." Cicero, in the ſame ſpirit, ſpeaks with indignation of the exceſſive admiration in which the works of art were held, in ſeveral of his orations againſt the plunderer and connoiſſeur Verres. Cicero even capriciouſly vaunted of his ignorance of ſuch things; the beauty of which however he well underſtood. His letter to Fabius Gallus (Lib. vii. Epiſt. ad famil.), and his fifth paradox, are remarkable; and ought to be read to thoſe who affect to be *dilettanti*.

grandees

grandees boaſt of a collection of rarities which the people here, who are accuſtomed to what is really rare, would trample under foot.

The following works you will no doubt think intereſting.

A ſtatue; ſuppoſed to be that of Maſiniſſa, King of Numidia. Mr. Hirt believes it to be Segeſtus; who, unworthy of his great ſon, Hermanus, was the ally of the Romans. The breeches that he wears, the manner in which his hair is tied and the traits of his countenance, may well indicate an antient German; but certainly not a Numidian.

A baſſo relievo. In works of this kind, the antients repeatedly preſented the ſame perſon as acting, or acted upon, at different points of time: a fault with which ſome of our old painters are reproached. Of this fault the preſent baſſo relievo is guilty. The figure of Achilles is wanting: but we ſee the kneeling and entreating Priam, beſide the body of Hector, and, immediately afterward, in the middle of the marble, Hector is already brought back; and the weeping Andromache, the little Aſtyanax, with his nurſe, Helen, and others, are ſurrounding and contemplating the

the body. Caſſandra is turning toward Troy; with her head thrown back, and her arms ſtretched upward to heaven. In her we behold the lamenting propheteſs, foreboding the fall of Troy.

A ſtatue; which till lately was ſuppoſed to be that of Mars. Winkelmann himſelf was of this opinion. How could Achilles remain ſo long unknown? Who that ever read and felt the Iliad could fail to recognize the hero? It needed not the outward token, at the ankle; the part by which Thetis held him when, endeavouring to render him invulnerable, ſhe dipped him in the Styx, and, unknowing what ſhe did, by graſping the leg with her hand, left an entrance for death. For my own part, I wiſh the artiſt had omitted this tale of later times; and not of Homer: unworthy as it is of the Achilles of the Father of Poetry. The whole ſtatue is full of dignity, and beauty; of the activity, the power, and the fire, of Achilles. How characteriſtic is this form! this mixture of heroic courage and youthful impetuoſity! of native benevolence and iron inflexibility! So could Achilles have raged over the dead body of the noble Hector: and

ſo would have been obliged to melt, as he liſtened to the entreating Priam. While the monarch only entreated, he could ſtart paſſionately away; but, when he beheld the tears of Priam dropping over Hector, he could not forget that he had left an antient father at home. His ſoul was ſoftened; and ſympathetic tears began to flow. He could not reſiſt condoling with the afflicted Priam, taking him by the hand, and baniſhing all fear from the heart of the aged King.

A *baſſo relievo*, upon a *ſarcophagus*; repreſenting the death of Meleager. In this likewiſe the unity of time is not obſerved. You ſee Meleager in combat with his uncles, in one place; and in another you behold the enamoured lover of Tægea, by whom the two uncles, who took the ſkin of the wild boar from Atalanta, had already been murdered.

At a diſtance ſtands the mother, holding the brand on which the life of her ſon depended: for, after having been delivered of her child, ſhe beheld the *Parcæ*, who threw a brand into the fire, and ſang

Tempora, dixerunt, eadem lignoque tibique,
O modo nate, damus.

Ovid. lib. viii. 454.

——— To

——— To this red brand and thee,
Oh new born babe, we give an equal deſtiny.
So vaniſhed out of view—

DRYDEN.

The mother ſprang to the brand, ſnatched it from the flames, and preſerved it moſt carefully: but, in her rage for the murder of her brothers, ſhe afterward caſt it in the fire. One of the Furies is repreſented as exciting her wrath. Near the Fury ſtands the Goddeſs of Deſtiny, with her foot ſtopping her wheel.

——— *Dextraque averſa trementi*
Funereum torrem medios conjecit in ignes.

For the laſt time, the mother lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the brand.

DRYDEN.

In the centre of the baſſo relievo the ſick Meleager is lying; with his lamenting ſiſters by his bedſide, one of whom is adminiſtering medicine. An antient pedagogue ſtands mourning: but the affliction of his old nurſe appears to be the moſt clamorous.

A penſive man, ſitting wrapt up in a ſmooth mantle, negligently thrown about him, has been called a Beliſarius: but the declining arts could not have produced a work equal to this

this, in the age of Beliſarius. Mr. Hirt ſuppoſes it to be a Chryſippus. It appears indeed to be one of the ſtoic philoſophers: and who among them, after Zeno, was ſo celebrated as Chryſippus?

A vaſe; with maſks of ſatyrs, and *nebrides*, or ſkins of young deer, in which the Fauns were accuſtomed to clothe themſelves, hanging to *thyrſi*.

A capacious and very beautiful vaſe of Ariadne, playing on the lyre to Bacchus; with Fauns and Bacchantes dancing. The intoxicated ſtate of one of the Bacchantes is moſt excellently expreſſed, in all the parts of the body, in the head thrown backward, in the ſwelling neck, and in the floating hair. Silenus is ſupported by Fauns. The old drunkard is characterized as well by this paſſive incident as by the manner in which the conſequences of exceſs of wine are viſibly pourtrayed.

Had Leſſing examined more works of antient art, he would not have affirmed that the Greeks had only repreſented the beautiful. I acknowledge the poſſibility of imparting horrible beauty to the Furies; and probably of terror to the Graces. The antients had their terrible

terrible Graces (φοβερας χαριτας). A grand thought! But many of their Furies are armed with ſtill more horrid terrors: Furies like theſe, with their drunken Silenus, handled in a manner ſo diſguſting; a manner which ſurpaſſes nature itſelf, and the repreſentation of which is made durable in marble. They likewiſe had their Marſyas, flayed at the command of Apollo; and other repreſentations of the ſame kind prove that the antients, though comparatively ſeldom, have repeatedly employed their powers on the diſagreeable, and the terrible. The eternal principle of art was, and is, to combine the rigorous reality of truth with the utmoſt ſtretch of poetic reality. Happy the artiſt, happy the poet, who thus knows to unite the laws of truth with the ſelection of the ſublime and beautiful.

Theſe vaſes, and many others, are decorated with figures, ſome of which repreſent Bacchus, and others the perſons and things by which he was characterized. The Drama was conſecrated to Bacchus. Theſpis, whoſe vagabond car was the cradle of the tragic Muſe, at each repreſentation accepted of a goat;

goat; which was the enemy of the grape, and was ſacrificed to Bacchus. From the word *Tragos*, which, in the language of the Greeks ſignified a goat, Tragedy derived its name.

In later times, thoſe poets whoſe pieces gained the prize were preſented with a vaſe; and it is extremely probable that ſeveral of theſe vaſes, which are ornamented with Bacchantes, nebrides, thyrſi, the figures of Bacchus, Ariadne, Silenus, and others, had been the prizes of ſome tragic or comic poet.

A Boxer, with nothing but leather ſtrings round his hands and arms: the ceſtus therefore was not always furniſhed with knobs of iron. The attitude in which this pugiliſt ſtands is excellent. He ſtrikes, and throws back his body upon his guard. You imagine you behold his antagoniſt; whom, though the great artiſt could not repreſent, he knew how to make you ſuppoſe.

A Faun, ſuffering another Faun to draw a thorn out of his foot. To prevent himſelf from falling, he holds with both hands by the ſtump of a tree, on which he ſits; and, pitifully crying, turns back his head. The other Faun ſupports himſelf on one knee.

The

The very careful good will with which he is gently drawing the thorn from the foot has a very comic effect on his Faun countenance.

Three ſleeping Cupids; all of them lovingly lying one over another.

Two Cupids and a goat. One milks; and the other drinks out of a cup with infantine ſatisfaction.

The dancing Hours, in baſſo relievo, abound in grace. The Hours, painted by Guido in his Aurora, muſt have been taken from theſe.

Venus girding herſelf with the ſword of Mars; and Cupid trying on the helmet.

A common Venus (in oppoſition to the heavenly Venus, which was named *Venus Urania*) who has clipped the wings of Cupid, which ſhe is holding in her hand. The boy weeps pitifully. How charming is this ſubject; and how full of deep reflection!

The Gladiator; ſo called. This is one of the nobleſt works of Grecian art, and is very improperly called the Gladiator. The beſt informed connoiſſeurs have now diſcovered it to be a hero. The figure is perfectly beautiful: not the beautiful of imagination, but of nature, formed in her luckieſt moments; when,

to all that was beautiful, ſhe added all that was great; when ſhe was guilty of no exceſs; of nothing too little, nor any thing too much. With all the reality of life, the ſtrength of [illegible] in its prime, and the dignified cour[illegible] active power, he ſtands immoveable as manhood, agile as youth. He leans forward, ſupported on the right leg, the left ſtretched out behind. From the left ſhoulder to the left heel, you may draw a right line. With his left hand, he covers himſelf by his little round ſhield; and in his right, which is drawn backward, he holds a ſhort javelin. His attitude is the attitude of power in action, which cannot ſtand ſtill. How could the maſter ſeize the very moment when nature, in motion, ſhould aſſume this attitude! It would not be poſſible for man to ſtand thus for a minute before a painter. I may as well aſk how could Raphael paint the heavenly flight of the winged angels in Heliodorus, whoſe feet while they touch are quitting the earth, and whoſe flaming hair ſtreams backward? In inſtances like theſe, model is out of the queſtion.

In the ſtatue, we ſhould have diſcovered the hand and the genius of a Greek, though

the Greek maſter had not inſcribed his name on the work. He was called Agaſias, the ſon of Doſitheus; and was of Epheſus. It would greatly promote the knowledge of art, could we diſcover who were his contemporaries.

A Silenus, holding a young Bacchus in his arms, is very expreſſive. The boy looks with infantine kindneſs on Silenus: Silenus with anxious love on the boy. It is an excellent piece.

An old Centaur, with his hands bound behind him. A Cupid is riding on his back; whom the Centaur endeavours to bruſh away with his tail as a horſe does a fly; but turns at the ſame time with an entreating look toward Cupid. The thought is fine. The animal part uſes its arms often inſtinctively, when they cannot afford any help. The hands of man are bound by men: his proper limbs are impeded, by their own power, at the very time they entreat to be free. The ſympathy of regret and the abuſe of power are reciprocal.

The pictures of this palace are placed in the uppermoſt ſtories.

A Venus ſtanding, by Paul Veroneſe, is of extraordinary beauty.

A Venus lying, by Titian.

One entire apartment is filled with landſcapes by Van Blumen, or Bloemen, a Flemiſh painter. They are excellent, yet loſe of their effect by being thus aſſembled together. This painter's ſky has always the ſame deep blue colour. The ſimilarity of his horizons was ſo great that the Italians called him *Orizonte;* by which name alone he is known in Rome.

A John the Baptiſt, by Mengs. Mengs was a great maſter, and deeply initiated in the ſecrets of the art. It may no doubt be diſgraceful to me ſhould I ſay that his pictures, in my apprehenſion, always appear cold. Yes, no doubt it may; and yet ——

Some excellent animals, by Wenceſlaus Peter.

An apartment entirely filled with landſcapes by Hackert. The pencil of this great maſter is known to you. It is known how he embraces Nature, is favoured by her, and is an honour to her. His excellent choice of ſubjects, and his animated delineation of them, are equally known.

There are various ſtatues and *ſarcophagi* in the garden. I ſhall ſelect firſt a large chandelier,

delier, which ſtands on a triangular marble pedeſtal, in order to ſhew how eaſily miſtakes may be committed, reſpecting antient art. Three *baſſi relievi* repreſent the twelve ſuperior deities, under which the inferior are placed.

One baſſo relievo has been repaired, and badly repaired: on the lower part of a Vulcan, the upper part of a Juno has been placed; by which means the tongs of the limping God are put into her hand. Winkelmann ſuppoſed this to be the figure of a *Juno Lucina*, holding theſe tongs to aſſiſt in childbirth. I doubt if any ſuch inſtrument were known to the antients: but ſuppoſing it had been known, what an idea!

On another baſſo relievo, in the ſame garden, Jupiter is ſitting on the back part of a Centaur. Winkelmann ſays he is going to the chace. The connoiſſeur frequently formed his judgment from copies: had he examined the originals of all that he has deſcribed, he would in the firſt inſtance have ſeen the blunder of repairing that I have deſcribed; and in this the ſtar in the corner of the marble. He would have compared this *baſſo relievo* with two others that belong to it,

and would have diſcovered that the ſubject was aſtronomical; and that it was the planet Jupiter, repreſented in the ſign of the *Centaur Sagittarius*.

It is far from my intention to be guilty of detraction againſt this learned, this acute man; and, what is more, this man whoſe ſenſibility was ſo much alive. I honour his merit, and am not ignorant how highly he promoted the knowledge of art, and eſpecially of antiquity:

> ——— *neque illi detrahere auſim*
> *Hærentem capiti multa cum laude coronam.*
>
> HOR. Sat. lib. i. 10.

> Nor from his head ſhall I preſume to tear
> That ſacred wreath he well deſerves to wear.
>
> FRANCIS.

I ſpeak only to warn. The flowers which flouriſh in Rome decay and lie confounded in cabinets. Winkelmann himſelf ſtaggered. What muſt thoſe loud talkers do, who not only did not poſſeſs his intelligence, and good taſte, but who have never ſeen the remains of antiquity?

I have already mentioned to you the very ſpacious and pleaſant garden of the villa Borgheſe,

Borgheſe. Oh that we could ſtray together among its groves, together could wander among the ruins of Rome, and together recline on the banks of the lake of Nemi, beſide the ruſhing fountain of Egeria!

We have ſeen the Aurora of Guido, in the palace *Roſpiglioſi*. This picture is called the Aurora becauſe, of all the beautiful figures it contains, that of Aurora is the moſt beautiful. Phœbus is ſeated in his chariot, drawn by four foaming horſes, the flying ſpeed of which he is guiding. Round him dance ſeven lovely virgins, the Hours *.

Over the horſes, the figure of a boy, with a torch, hovers; denoting the morning ſtar: and, preceding them all, with flying drapery, her hair floating backward, and ſcattering flowers with both hands, Aurora glides along. She turns to look at the bright God of day, whoſe beautiful countenance beams upon and enlightens her lovely face. His ſpreading rays are diffuſed, in a joyous and che-

* Ὧραι, daughters of Zeus and Themis. They were the goddeſſes of the hours, of the ſeaſons, and of the life of man; particularly of youth: for which reaſon Homer, in his ſecond hymn to Venus, makes this goddeſs to be attired by the Hours.

riſhing manner, through the whole picture. The ſea has that deep blue with which, as the clouds diſappear at break of day, it is tinged, before the morning ſun burſts upon its waves.

A fine engraving has been made of this picture, by an artiſt of Rome; which, of all the pieces that I have ſeen of this kind, in the preſent day, appears to me the moſt excellent. The name of the engraver is Morghen. He is of a German family; though his father, who is now living at Naples, was an Italian born.

The following verſes, by my friend Puccini, are written under the engraving;

Quadrijugis invectus equis Sol aureus exit,
Cui ſeptem variis circumſtant veſtibus Horæ.
Lucifer ante volat. Rapidi fuge lampada Solis,
Aurora, umbrarum victrix ne victa recedas.

Drawn by four foaming ſteeds, bright Sol appears!
In varied veſts, the Hours come dancing round!
Lucifer flies! Fly thou, Aurora! Fly
The rapid ſplendour of his golden beams;
Leſt, conquereſs of the ſhades, thou conquer'd be.

This morning, we have a third time been to contemplate the apartments of Raphael, in the

the Vatican: Puccini went with us. This man of genius, of feeling, and of fire, has entered more deeply into the ſpirit of Raphael, and has better underſtood his immortal works, than perhaps even any painter. Dante would have ſaid of him *S' é internato nel Rafaello.* He is entombed in Raphael. What beauties, what thoughts, has he pointed out to me from theſe wonderful productions! How deeply has he dived into this ocean of delight! No painter ever like Raphael poſſeſſed equal wealth and equal frugality. He exhibits nature living and full as ſhe is, but not overflowing. The longer we look, the more we diſcover. Every part is a poem. Poets, beware how you paint too much! Learn the dignity of poetry! Raphael, from whom all painters are ſo infinitely diſtant, was thus inimitably great, becauſe, in his works, he was not only a poet, but a philoſopher. Perhaps he never wrote a line; yet few poets ever had ſo many poetical thoughts.

Since the death of Raphael, many of his thoughts remain unobſerved in theſe pictures. I hope that Puccini will benefit the public with his remarks, and his diſcoveries; which ſhould

ſhould he do, I ſhall be glad to have given you this notice.

In expectation of this pleaſing publication, I cannot prevail on myſelf to ſend you the poor remarks I am able to make.

LETTER LVI.

Rome, 26th January, 1792.

WE have been wandering over the Palatine hill, among the buried ruins of the great Lords of the world! We paſſed through a garden which, in the time of the Cæſars, was called the garden of Adonis; and which was very much embelliſhed by Domitian. We then proceeded to the baths of the imperial palace; which had long been buried under rubbiſh, and were firſt diſcovered in 1724.

Here we ſaw two ſubterranean rotundas, various apartments, and a hall. Theſe, as well as the rotundas, have ſquare niches; in which were the bathing veſſels: and round niches;

niches; in which ſtatues were placed: but theſe, as well as the other, and with them the marble with which the baths were faced within, were taken away by a Frenchman, who was the poſſeſſor of the garden.

In the times of Auguſtus, the water uſed for the baths was carried in; but under later Emperors it was ſupplied from the Claudian aqueduct, and the Anio.

The Palatine may figuratively be called the foundation, or corner ſtone, of antient Rome. Here Romulus began to build the immortal city; and we might imagine that he had a foreknowledge, in this beginning, of its immortality. About four hundred years before his time, Evander, on this height, had founded his little ſovereignty; and, above eleven hundred years after Evander, on the ſouth ſide of this hill, Auguſtus built his palace, and ſucceeding Emperors endeavoured to rival each other in their magnificent ſtructures.

Not ſatisfied with one hill, Nero extended his golden palace over three; the Palatine, the Eſquiline, and the Cœlius; with the whole ſpace that lay between them: which included the greateſt part of what was properly antient Rome,

Rome, whoſe citizens were compreſſed together in the ever increaſing ſuburbs.

Galba played but a ſhort part. Otho and Vitellius performed their characters on the great theatre of the world but wretchedly. Veſpaſian, Titus, and Domitian, once again limited themſelves to the Palatine: but Domitian built new palaces on this hill, from which hill the term *palace* is derived. From the Hippodrome of Auguſtus, which is now a fruit garden, you have a view of the whole circumference; with its walls and ruins.

What are called the baths of Livia, but which were probably the work of Auguſtus, in part are ſtill remaining. We deſcended into them with torches; for they are ſubterranean, and do not admit of day-light. On the upper arching, which is ſtill decorated with gold, we ſaw Arabeſc ornaments; and little pictures, the colours of which are almoſt gone and the drawing light.

On the eaſt, Domitian had built a great hall of audience: *Aulam Palatinam:* in which he received princes and foreign ambaſſadors, and probably likewiſe adminiſtered juſtice.

The barracks, for the Prætorian guard, were built

built round the hill; which, after the manner of the Romans, was terraced. Theſe terraces were erected on prodigious foundations of ſtone; under which were arcades, that ſerved partly as the habitation of ſlaves, and partly were embelliſhed to ſerve as cool walks.

Of the barracks high walls are remaining; which prove that they conſiſted of two ſtories. Auguſtus conſtructed a colonnade above them; from which he could overlook the greateſt part of Rome, and the ſurrounding country. The Aventine hill lies to the weſt; and between this and the Palatine the great Circus extends itſelf. The elder Tarquin was the firſt that began it; and he ſurrounded it with wooden benches. By Cæſar, it was ornamented with marble ſeats, and arcades. This Circus would contain three hundred thouſand ſpectators. Auguſtus gave it the additional decoration of an Egyptian obeliſk; and a ſtill much greater obeliſk was placed there by Conſtantine. The laſt now ſtands on the Lateran; and the firſt on the *Piazza del Popolo:* the place of the people.

Here we ſtill ſee the *pulvinar*, or the tribune of Auguſtus; and his *exedra* is ſtill ſtanding in the Hippodrome. The *exedra*

was

was a kind of building that was ſo called, by the Romans, and that was open in front, half circular, and arched like the choirs of many churches; or like the half ſection of a rotunda.

Of the moſt magnificent of the buildings of the Palatine hill, at leaſt the moſt beautiful that were there in the time of Auguſtus, the temple of the Palatine Apollo, there is now no remaining trace. It ſtood on a ſpot which is now occupied by a Franciſcan cloiſter. Propertius has given us a deſcription of this building, which ſufficiently inſpires us with an idea of its great beauty. The ſtatues of the fifty daughters of Danaus ſtood in the portico, between pillars of Punic marble: *giallo antico.* The marble image of the God was not merely beautiful, and animated, but appeared as if inſpired. The altar was ſurrounded by four life-breathing animals, the workmanſhip of Myron. I do not here ſpeak of the altar within the building; but of the altar without the temple. The temple itſelf was of white marble. On the frontiſpiece was the golden chariot of the Sun. The folding doors were of ivory, embelliſhed with *baſſi relievi;* one of which repreſented the expulſion of the Gauls from Parnaſſus, and the other

the

the ſtory of Niobe *. Within the temple ſtood Apollo, between Latona and Diana †.

Two libraries were on the ſide of the temple; one of Greek authors, and one of Latin. Celſus, a young poet, who, as it appears, was very willing to appropriate to himſelf the

* Pauſanias, b. x. 23, where, with the licence of fable, this defeat of the Gauls is deſcribed.

† *Quæris cur veniam tibi tardior? Aurea Phœbi*
Porticus a magno Cæſare aperta fuit.
Tota erat in ſpeciem Pœnis digeſta columnis:
Inter quas Danai femina turba ſenis.
Hic equidem Phœbo viſus mihi pulchrior ipſo
Marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra.
Atque aram circum ſteterant armenta Myronis
Quatuor artificis vivida ſigna boves.
Tum medium claro ſurgebat marmore templum,
Et patria Phœbo carius Ortygia.
Auro ſolis erat ſupra faſtigia currus,
Et valvæ Libyci nobile dentis opus.
Altera dejectos Parnaſſi vertice Gallos,
Altera mœrebat funera Tantalidos.
Deinde inter matrem Deus ipſe interque ſororem
Pythius in longa carmina veſte ſonat.

PROPERT. ii. elegia 29.

I know not on what tradition Propertius makes Ortygia the native place of Apollo. Homer makes Delos his place of birth, and Ortygia that of Diana. This has been the prevailing opinion; though later mythologiſts give Delos as the native country of both.

thoughts

thoughts of great writers, is thus warned to greater caution by Horace:

Privatas ut quærat opes, et tangere vitet
Scripta Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo.
HOR. i. ep. 3. ver. 16, 17.

Let Celsus be admonish'd, o'er and o'er,
To search the treasures of his native store,
Nor touch what Phœbus consecrates to fame.
FRANCIS.

Were this very temple of Apollo now standing, however it might have affected me, I should have been still more affected by the north west part of the Palatine, which is called *Velia*. Here it was that the noble Valerius, who had so great a part in the expulsion of the Tarquins, had built his house. That envy to which his renown had given birth was his calumniator: the people were told he was ambitious of the supreme rule, for his house overlooked the whole city, like a fortress. He heard the calumny with virtuous indignation, and caused the people to be assembled. Being Consul, he commanded the lictors to lower the fasces before the people, thus assembled, as an acknowledgment of their sovereignty: after which, he thus complained of the injustice of his fellow-citizens:

"Can

" Can virtue find no ſufficient proof, that " ſhall ſecure it againſt ſuſpicion? Is your " confidence in me ſo unſtable that it depends " more on where, than what, I am? No, " Quirites: the houſe of Publius Valerius ſhall " be no obſtacle to your freedom! You ſhall " be ſecure from Velia. Not only in the plain " but immediately under the hill will I build " my houſe; that it may be overlooked by " the ſuſpicious citizens. Let the man build " on Velia who is a better guardian of free- " dom than Publius Valerius."

Accordingly, he ordered his houſe to be pulled down, and built another in the place below; and the people honoured him with the ſurname of *Publicola*.

The new palaces of Domitian did not ſingly occupy the open place of the Palatine: he likewiſe built a *Forum* there, and Nerva incloſed it by building a greater. The *Forum* of Nerva exteriorly had an irregular form; as may at preſent be ſeen, by the very ſtrong and lofty walls that almoſt ſurround it. This building is of the ruſtic kind, and ſuggeſted the model of the palaces of Florence; which moſt of them are of ruſtic architecture. The intention of a *Forum* was properly a court of

juſtice: baſilics, or courts of juſtice, were built within it; and there are ſtill three large Corinthian pillars remaining of the baſilic of Nerva. The architrave is ornamented with beautiful *baſſi relievi;* which repreſent the figures of females, variouſly occupied.

We could not contemplate the remains of the Thermæ of Caracalla without aſtoniſhment. The golden palace of Nero excepted, this work, and the buildings that belonged to it, formed the greateſt of the works of Rome. Prodigious ruins of walls, which formerly were all coated with marble, ſtill point out the two temples, the two *ephebea*, the places where youths exerciſed themſelves in the gymnaſtic games, the place for the wreſtlers, the *piſcina*, or the pool for the ſwimmers, different diviſions for the houſes of the ſuperintendants, the *apodyterion*, or place where the wreſtlers undreſſed, the *coniſterion*, or place where the wreſtlers, after being anointed with oil, were ſprinkled with duſt, the *heliaſterion*, or place where they ſunned themſelves, the *veſtibulum*, which was a rotunda, the baths, which conſiſted of cold, lukewarm, warm, and ſweating baths, the theatre, two libraries, one Greek and one Latin, the courſe for racing, the

the place for playing at ball, a place which formerly was planted with the plane tree, and *exedræ*, for poets, philoſophers, and rhetoricians. The ſubterranean baths of the ſlaves ſerved as the foundation of a terrace; on which people exerciſed themſelves in throwing the quoit, or *diſcus*.

All theſe places, as well thoſe that were open as thoſe that were incloſed, were embelliſhed with ſtatues. The niches in which they ſtood are in part ſtill in exiſtence. The different baths were capable of receiving three thouſand people.

From this, we went to Mount Cœlius; another of the ſeven hills of antient Rome.

The gate, which leads out of the city to the antient ſuburb, was built by Dolabella, the ſon-in-law of Cicero, in the year that he was Conſul.

Not far from this place is the church of Lateran; the oldeſt church in Rome, and probably the moſt antient in Chriſtendom. This building was founded by Conſtantine. It is a baſilic of five aiſles, originally built in the ſtyle of St. Paul's church at Rome. Clement the Twelfth, if I do not miſtake, in later times entirely built up the large columns with

ſquare pillars; and thus injured the beauty of the architecture. Four columns of bronze ſtand fronting the altar, with which Titus had formerly decorated the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. They are of the Roman order. Tradition maintains them to have been brought by Titus from the temple of Jeruſalem; and the probability is that the bronze, of which they conſiſt, was brought by Titus from this temple, where he found that metal in abundance. The portico is large, and is outwardly ſuſtained by pillars. The entrance is ſupported by four large columns of white marble, of the Roman order. At the end of the portico there is a ſtatue of Conſtantine, of wretched workmanſhip.

Facing the Lateran ſtands the largeſt and moſt antient obeliſk. It was brought to Rome by Germanicus, and is ſuppoſed to be of the time of the antient Egyptian King Rhamſes, who was a powerful conqueror.

Another obeliſk, which ſtands in front of the council houſe, on the *Monte Citorio*, is ſaid to be of the age of Seſoſtris.

To the ſon of Seſoſtris, Pheron, who is ſaid to be Pharaoh, the oppreſſor of the Iſraelites, whom the power of God by the arm of Moſes deſtroyed

deſtroyed, the obeliſk is aſcribed which ſtands before the church of St. Peter. It is the only one which contains no hieroglyphics. This circumſtance has ſuggeſted a hypotheſis to Mr. Hirt, which appears to me ſo ingenious as to deſerve your notice.

Pheron, ſuppoſing him to be the Pharaoh who oppreſſed the Iſraelites, we are informed by holy writ, was arrogant and cruel. The ſame character is given of him by Herodotus*. Angry with the exceſſive riſing of the Nile, which the Egyptians held to be a ſacred ſtream, he threw his ſpear into the overflowing river. For this he was puniſhed by the Gods with ten years' blindneſs; and he was cured by a remedy, which was ſuggeſted by a ſoothſayer, but the execution of which occaſioned him to commit great cruelty.

A king like this might well become hateful to his people. You no doubt remember the excellent cuſtom of the Egyptians; who, after the death of their kings, brought to judgment and condemned them to open ſhame, or revered them with public honours. The opinion of Mr. Hirt is that this Pheron was

* Herod. lib. ii.

condemned to diſgrace; and that, for that reaſon, his obeliſk was without inſcription. And indeed this ſilent cenſure appears to me more ſevere than any ſentence that ſhould have been recorded in hieroglyphics; the ſacred characters of which the people did not underſtand.

The obeliſk which is on the *Piazzo del Popolo* is aſcribed, by Pliny *, to a much later King, Semneſerteus; in whoſe time Pythagoras viſited Egypt. Pythagoras was a contemporary of Cyrus and Solon.

Beſide theſe four principal obeliſks, there are ſeven others that ornament different places of Rome.

Thus did this antient Queen of cities collect within herſelf the labours and arts of many nations, and many ages. She adorned herſelf with the antient and modern works of her children, with the myſtic obeliſks of Egypt, and with the fineſt ſtatues that Greece produced. Many centuries before her foundations were laid, the hewers of ſtone on the banks of the Nile laboured for her; and, before her name was known beyond the narrow

* Nat. Hiſt. xxxvi. 9.

limits

After Piranesi

Outside View of the Pantheon or Rotunda

Letter LXII

After Pranesi

The Interior of the Pantheon, or Rotunda.

Letter LVII

limits of Latium, the artiſts of Aſia Minor, of Corinth, of Sicyon, and of Athens, were vying who ſhould embelliſh her moſt. Out of her duſt and aſhes, from which the Goths and Vandals had bedecked themſelves, again, after a weary winter, the youthful arts ſprung up; and, like the groves of Italy, once more appeared to bloom in eternal ſpring. To her Germany has ſent her Angelica; who now weaves young and not faded flowers into the antient and never withering garland of immortal Rome.

LETTER LVII.

Rome, 28th January 1792.

I HAVE now been four times to the Pantheon; and I feel ſatisfaction in ſending you an engraving, which may convey ſomething of an idea of the beauty of this temple.

It is the only monument that has withſtood the ravages of time; or rather of the barbarians, who ſo often deſolated Rome. It was built by Agrippa, after the battle of Actium,

and conſecrated to Jupiter the avenger, whoſe ſtatue was placed in the principal niche over the entrance. In the other ſix niches there were ſtatues of other Gods.

The architrave reſts on ſixteen large columns of *giallo antico*, or yellow African marble; the chapiters of which were of the bronze of Syracuſe. Over the cornice, according to Pliny, there formerly ſtood *caryatides:* by which word you muſt not here underſtand the female figures that with their heads ſupported a part of the building, but detached female ſtatues; which were the work of the Athenian, Diogenes. They were celebrated, by Pliny, as maſterpieces of art*. The cupola is perfectly hemiſpherical. The light falls entirely from above, through a circular aperture; which is twelve ells in diameter, and has a clear and pleaſant effect: for, as it falls in one maſs, it produces no falſe lights, but expands over all the beautiful objects of the whole temple.

In the wall between the niches, there were tabernacles; with frontiſpieces, ſupported by

* *Agrippæ Pantheum decoravit Diogenes Athenienſis, et caryatides in columnis templi ejus probantur inter pauca operum.* Plin. xxxvi. c. 5.

ſmall

ſmall columns of *giallo antico:* which, as well as the niches themſelves, now ſerve for altars. The brazen gates, which formerly were embelliſhed with *baſſi relievi*, notwithſtanding that they have been robbed of their ornaments, are beautiful in their grandeur. The architrave, with its poſts and entablature, are of the nobleſt architecture. The whole cupola was covered with gilded bronze; which, as well as the brazen ſteps before the portico, was carried away by Conſtans the Second, for the embelliſhment of Conſtantinople. The *pronaos*, or portico, before the temple, was ſupported by ſixteen columns of red granite. The frontiſpiece was adorned with a bronze *baſſo relievo;* and from what remains of this, the ſubject is ſuppoſed to be Jupiter in a war chariot, wielding the thunder againſt the Titans, whom he is hurling from heaven. This allegory, which was ſo well adapted to a temple that was dedicated to Jupiter the Avenger, had likewiſe a flattering alluſion to the victory of Auguſtus; which he gained over the enemy at Actium; he being by adoption the ſon of Julius Cæſar, who by Venus was of the race of Jupiter. The immenſe armament of Anthony might very

well be compared to the mountains heaped upon mountains of the giants, ſtorming heaven; and the wild valour of the man, his ambition, and preſumption, gave him an emblematical reſemblance to the mighty ſons of the earth.

On the top of the frontiſpiece, and at both corners, there likewiſe were brazen ſtatues of great beauty.

Whoever would wiſh to have a juſt idea of the purpoſes to which this building was dedicated, and of what it formerly was, ſhould read the hiſtorical architectural remarks of Mr. Hirt, on the Pantheon *.

It was connected with the Thermæ of Agrippa, as may ſtill be plainly ſeen. Some of the learned, in expreſs contradiction to the teſtimony of the antients, place the erecting of the Pantheon in the times of the republic; and, with as little reaſon and greater abſurdity, maintain that it was a bath. The baths were indeed adorned with the ſtatues of the Gods: but who could behold this maſterpiece of art, in which it had exerted its higheſt magnificence, and ſuppoſe the building to be

* *Die hiſtoriſch-architektoniſchen Betrachtungen, des Herrn Hirt, über das Pantheon.*

a bath?

a bath? Theſe viſionary conjectures have been ſilenced by Mr. Hirt; who has made it appear probable that, at firſt, the columns, which now ſtand facing the ſix great ſide niches, once ſtood beſide them; and ſupported the projecting of an architrave, ſimilar to the niches in the middle; which now ſtand detached.

Dion Caſſius is of opinion † that this temple was not called the Pantheon becauſe it contained the images of the Gods, but becauſe its cupola was arched like the firmament.

The columns of the portico bear deep traces of the conflagrations; to which calamity Rome was ſo frequently ſubject.

Some of theſe columns had been entirely calcined, and were fallen down; but were replaced by ſimilar columns, that had been found in the Thermæ of Nero.

The Emperor Phocas granted the Pantheon to Pope Boniface the Fourth; by whom it was conſecrated as a church. By degrees, it was embelliſhed with ſtatues and pictures: but why were not the moſt beautiful ſelected, for this purpoſe? The hand of Raphael ſhould have been exerciſed in this building.

† Lib. liii.

In

In the walls there are ſmall oval niches, that are faced with white marble, in ſome of which there are the buſts of great artiſts; and others of them are vacant. Raphael and Annibal Caracci were both buried here. Among the buſts, we find thoſe of Metaſtaſio, Nicholas Pouſſin, Mengs, and Winkelmann; and over the graves of Raphael and Annibal Caracci are the buſts of thoſe great maſters. The church is now called the Rotunda, and is dedicated to the Holy Virgin and all the martyrs.

Caſt your eye over the engraving. The church of St. Peter is much larger, and is truly a noble building: but how inferior is it, in that which characterizes real grandeur and beauty, to the Rotunda!

Place yourſelf in the centre of the Rotunda, and all your ideas are awful. You are inſpired with a profound ſenſe of the noble ſimplicity which every where meets your eye. Before you riſe the ages that have paſſed away, and the races of men that have deſcended to the duſt, ſince the foundation of this temple.

When Agrippa raiſed this monument to the power of Auguſtus, the earth was covered with the altars of idols. It was but the dawn

of

of that day which was to enlighten the earth: the temple of idols is now conſecrated to the living God. Imbued with ſolemn reverence, I looked upward and beheld the open vault of the azure and infinite heaven. Clouds here and there concealed its ethereal beams: but they were diſperſed by the all enlightening ſun.

Ever intent on the means of immortalizing their deeds, the thought ſuggeſted itſelf to the Romans of raiſing columns, which ſhould remain the monuments of their fame. The pillar of Trajan was erected on the *Forum* which bore his name. The ſhaft conſiſts of three-and-twenty large pieces; and there is a winding ſtair caſe within, that leads up it to the very top. This ſtair caſe, the interior of the pillar, and the whole of the outſide, have all been hewn from the ſame bed of marble. The ſteps of the ſtair caſe are high, and a hundred and eighty-five in number. The ſurrounding ſoil has been ſo increaſed, by the rubbiſh of houſes that have fallen, that it envelops the whole of the pedeſtal; ſo that you deſcend three-and-twenty ſteps to the foot of the pillar. Trophies are cut in the pedeſtal; and the acts of the Emperor embelliſh the ſhaft. The number

ber of the figures of men, which are three palms or ſpans high, are eſtimated at two thouſand five hundred; with numerous elephants, horſes, trophies, and other objects.

Theſe *baſſi relievi* repreſent the victories of Trajan, during his campaign againſt the Daci.

On the top of the pillar was the coloſſal ſtatue of Trajan, caſt in bronze, and gilded; which was placed on a pedeſtal, that had the form of a truncated cone.

Sixtus the Fifth replaced this ſtatue by a no leſs coloſſal ſtatue of the apoſtle Peter.

From the top of this pillar, we overlook the whole city and the ſurrounding country.

The pillar of Antonine was erected, by the ſenate, to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. This column is likewiſe embelliſhed with *baſſi relievi*; which repreſent the deeds of the Emperor againſt the Marcomanni and the Quadi: nations that inhabited Bohemia and Moravia.

Though theſe *baſſi relievi*, which are ſo projecting that they might almoſt be miſtaken for *alti relievi*, are very beautiful, yet the artiſt ſeems to have over-ſtepped the ſage laws of antient proportion. They are leſs excellent than the figures of the pillar of Trajan. The

pillar

pillar of Antonine, however, has been injured by fire.

One of the remarkable events that are here recorded was the danger in which the Romans found themſelves, during a battle, from thirſt and heat; and from which they were relieved by a miraculous tempeſt, by the rain of which they were cooled while lightning and hail fearfully annoyed the foe.

The rain, which revived the army, is typified by the Jupiter Pluvius; who is perſonified under the figure of an antient head, with a dripping beard, and dripping wings, hovering over the army of the Romans. The artiſt appears to have had the paſſage of Ovid in his recollection, where he deſcribes the blowing of the ſouth wind before the general deluge of Deucalion.

——— *Madidis Notus evolat alis,*
Terribilem picea tectus caligine vultum.
Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis:
Fronte ſedent nebulæ: rorant pennæque, ſinuſque.
Utque manu lata pendentia nubila preſſit,
Fit fragor: hinc denſi funduntur ab æthere nimbi.

OVID. lib. i. 264.

The ſouth he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are ſhaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two ſtreams he pours,
His head, and rheumy eyes diſtil in ſhow'rs.

With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy mists are low'ring on his brow.
Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist
He squeez'd the clouds, th' imprison'd clouds resist:
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound;
And show'rs inlarg'd come pouring to the ground.

DRYDEN.

The artist thought proper to give no more than the head and wings of the Jupiter Pluvius.

Sixtus the Fifth caused the statue of the apostle Paul to be placed on the top of the pillar, instead of the statue of Marcus Aurelius.

It had long been believed that this was the pillar which Marcus Aurelius Antoninus erected to the memory of Antoninus Pius. 'Tis strange that Marcus Aurelius could be so misconstrued. How could he dedicate a pillar to the memory of his great predecessor, and benefactor, and commemorate his own actions on this pillar? The pillar was erected by the Senate to Marcus Aurelius; and that which was erected by him to Antoninus Pius was discovered about fifty years ago. It was without *bassi relievi*; and was broken by an accident, while they were again attempting to erect it.

Beautiful as these works are, for their proportion, invention, and great labour, they yet appear

appear to characterize an age in which the arts began to degenerate. I think it at leaſt a miſtaken idea to place a ſtatue upon a pillar, or to inſcribe thoſe deeds upon ſuch a work, which by their height almoſt eſcape the eye.

How different is the genius of the antient Greeks! Follow me to the Quirinal. Behold with what animation, what power, the two coloſſal youths ſtand beſide the horſes that ſeem to fly! Heroic power, more than human, teſtifies Caſtor and Pollux to be the ſons of Jupiter. How daring! How dignified! The horſes indeed are not beautiful: but they are alive. They once ornamented the two extremities of the ſtone pier, which circled the haven of Alexandria. They were brought here by Conſtantine. There are inſcriptions of the age of this Emperor on the pedeſtals, which aſcribe them one to Phidias, the other to Praxiteles: but I do not ſo much truſt to the inſcriptions as to the character diſcoverable in the work. The ſtatue that is aſcribed to Phidias has that expreſſion of intrepidity, and power, which were the ſculptor's proper qualities. The other, no leſs full of life and genius, is wrought with greater delicacy, but leſs boldneſs; and might perhaps be acknow-

ledged by Praxiteles for his own work. The preſent Pope has cauſed an Egyptian obeliſk to be erected between theſe ſtatues.

The Quirinal mount has been called *Monte Cavallo*, or horſe hill, after theſe ſtatues. Above, on the ſame hill, the palace of the prince of Colonna is built; which contains a fine collection of pictures. Among others, there are two here by Raphael, in his firſt manner.

One of them is Mary, with the child Jeſus; and in this we perceive the ſcholar of Perugino. The more lofty ſpirit of Raphael however breaks forth.

The other is likewiſe a Mary and Jeſus: the latter bleſſing the child John the Baptiſt. The charms of infancy are equally conſpicuous in the bleſſing and the bleſſed, who appears to feel the value of the boon beſtowed. Peter and Paul are preſent; and properly characterized: eſpecially Peter. This deeply conceived and powerfully felt picture was painted by Raphael when he was but eighteen years of age.

In a gallery below is a famous *baſſo relievo*; the ſubject of which is the Apotheoſis of Homer. Jupiter, ſeated on the top of Olympus,

pus, graſps the thunder; with his eagle by his ſide. Below him, on different heights, ſtand Apollo Muſagetes, Mnemoſyne (the Mother of the Muſes) and the Muſes; one of whom, full of inſpiration, dances down the mountain. Below ſits Homer, with his chair ſupported, one on each ſide, by two female figures; the one holding a ſword in her hand, the other a rudder: the laſt denotes the Odyſſey, the firſt the Iliad. Behind the great poet ſtand the Genius of time and the Genius of the earth, placing a crown on his head. Mice are running round him, in alluſion to his poem of the war of the frogs and mice; and before him is an ox led to the altar. Nature, Wiſdom, and Memory, juſtly take part in the honour done to Homer. Hiſtory, in a ſacerdotal character, ſtands beſide the altar; and behind her Poetry, inſpired, with torches in her outſtretched hands.

The artiſt has inſcribed the name beneath each perſonage. I grant you that ſuch an inſcription is no ornament to a work of this kind; and I very well know the objections that may be alleged. I have no doubt but that the artiſt knew them likewiſe: but he

ſacriſiced this trifling inconvenience, or in ſome ſort conventional evil, to the greater advantage of not diſturbing the imagination.

Tell me what it is that more diſturbs us, than exerciſing the acuteneſs of divination on allegorical ſubjects. We are not only diſturbed by the exerciſe of the underſtanding, but we are aſſaſſinated by the ebullitions of vanity; which prides itſelf on its conjectural penetration. The pure feelings, that the poet and artiſt would excite, are killed by nothing ſo much as by conceited pretenſions to learning and connoiſſeurſhip. For my own part, nothing ſo effectually diſturbs my ſenſations as the vain prattle of thoſe who, while they make their remarks on the beauties of the artiſt, endeavour to turn the attention of others all on themſelves, on their own knowledge, and on that factitious flame by which they ſtrain to light up their falſe feelings.

I am much leſs offended by the apathy of an Engliſh My Lord and My Lady, who paſs a Raphael without noticing its beauties, than by a French Abbé, who, with as little feeling as the firſt, plays the part of an enraptured *dilettante*, or a diſcerning connoiſſeur. I even

prefer

prefer them to a lady who, having been taught to admire, makes a memorandum of the beauties in her pocket-book; and the next moment produces this ſecond hand opinion, this ſenſation which ſhe never experienced, this illegitimate foundling, as the child of her own heart and underſtanding.

All theſe are only ridiculous: but there are other feelings that are painful and diſguſting. Such to me is a woman, who ſacrifices the modeſty of her ſex to the vanity of being a *dilettante;* who expatiates with learned rapture on a naked Apollo, argues with men concerning the feminine charms of a Venus or a Danaë, and, regardleſs of the pain ſhe gives to her officious huſband, places her learned finger on the muſcular thigh of a Hercules.

The *Muſeum-Pium-Clementinum* is certainly beyond all compariſon the moſt beautiful collection of antiques now in exiſtence. At firſt, it only occupied ſome apartments on that ſide of the Vatican which, from its extenſive proſpect, has been called the *Belvedere.* Clement the Fourteenth enlarged the place, becauſe he improved the rich collection. The preſent Pope, who has built new galleries and

two charming rotundas in addition, and has likewiſe adorned it with numerous maſterpieces, has now called it, after himſelf and its former benefactor, *Muſeum-Pium-Clementinum.*

As I entered, I immediately perceived the great *Torſo;* in which Winkelmann (ſhall I call it penetration or delightful inebriety?) imagined he diſcovered ſo much which other eyes can with difficulty ſuppoſe, on examining the mere trunk and thighs of a ſtatue. What remains, however, is ſo inexpreſſibly beautiful, that the conjecture does not appear to me very abſurd which doubts whether the great maſter, leſs pleaſed with the head, the arms, and the legs, than with the remainder, did not deſtroy them himſelf; that the before imperfect work might enjoy the higheſt degree of perfection which the art affords. His name is on the *Torſo:* he was called Apollonius, the ſon of Neſtor, and came from Athens.

The *ſarcophagus* (removed from the ſepulchre of the Scipios) of Scipio Barbatus, who lived in the fifth century after the building of Rome, is ſimple, and remarkable for its antiquity; which is likewiſe proved by the antient Latin of the inſcription that it contains—

COR-

CORNELIUS. LUCIUS. SCIPIO. BARBATUS.
CNAIVO. D. PATRE.
PROGNATUS. FORTIS. VIR. SAPIENS. QUE
QVOIVS. FORMA. VIRTVTEI. PARISUMA.
FVIT. CONSOL. CENSOR. AIDILIS. QVE. FVIT.
APVD. VOS. TAURASIA. CISAVNA.
SAMNIO. CEPIT. SUBIGIT. OMNE. LOVCANA.
OBSIDES. QVE. ABDOVCIT.

He who has only ſeen the caſt of the famous Apollo Belvedere is but half acquainted with its beauties. Its dignified and not ſo much angry as godlike angry countenance loſes in the caſts many of its Olympian graces. And yet—Oh thoſe Greeks!—And yet, this ſtatue appears to be no more than a copy after an antient Greek ſtatue; for it is of the marble of Carrara. It was found in the ruins of the villa of Nero, at Antium.

The *Laocoon*, however, if any work of genius remains of antient Greece, is Grecian. The inſcription does not tell us the time, but only the names and the countries of the artiſts; and that they were all from Greece. Every part of this maſterly work would tell us that, without an inſcription. There were three maſters, who worked at this group. Ageſandros, of Rhodus, and his two ſons; Polydorus, and Athenadorus. What genius

was it, that preſented himſelf before Ageſandros in the attitude which he has given to the Laocoon! Nothing leſs than the pains of death, his ſtruggles to reſiſt them, and the ſufferings of his ſons, one of whom is at that moment bitten by the ſerpent that twines round him, could produce this diſtorted anguiſh: the perfect harmony of which is diſtinct in every part, from the riſing hair down to the ſwelling veins of the feet! The imagination of the artiſt has ſo faithfully ſeized on the reality of nature that every eye acknowledges it! Every tongue exclaims, Yes! Thus muſt Laocoon have appeared! Thus muſt he have wreſtled with death; thus have writhed, in the laſt moments of his mighty yet impotent ſtruggles, and have retained thoſe traces of fatherly affection which are apparent in the very midſt of his horrible anguiſh! This was the purpoſe of Ageſandros: and this purpoſe he has attained. The palm is due to him and to his ſons.

The collection of maſterly works is immenſe; and I can only take ſome ſlight notice of a few.

A Cow, of grey marble. This cannot be the work of Myron, for he only worked in braſs;

braſs: but it may be the copy of a cow by Myron; and perhaps the very cow for which he became ſo celebrated, by the Greek epigrammatiſts. In this gallery there are many figures of animals, which are moſt of them very beautiful.

The Nile; a recumbent coloſſal ſtatue, holding in his right hand ears of corn, and in his left a *cornucopia*. Sixteen children are at play round him; ſome with crocodiles; others ſitting on the curving of the *cornucopia*; on the rim of which one is ſeated, encircled with fruits and flowers, and with his arms thrown round another boy. The boy that is thus ſitting is moſt delightfully infantine. The God is extended upon a Sphinx. The ſixteen boys perhaps are types of the ſixteen canals, that flow from the Nile; or perhaps of the ſixteen degrees of the *Nilometer*. I am much inclined to the latter opinion: for the ſixteenth degree is ſignificant of the higheſt fertility; and for this reaſon a child is ſeated at the mouth of the *cornucopia*.

Oppoſite to this is the Tiber; with a *cornucopia* in the right hand, and a rudder in the left. Beſide him the wolf is placed; with Romulus and Remus ſucking at her nipples.

There is a charming repreſentation of two weeping Genii, on a *ſarcophagus*; one of them holding a butterfly, the type of the ſoul, over torches on the ground. A lovely allegory of the refined ſtate of man after death, when purified by pain.

A Hecate; with her quiver on her back, and her torch in her left hand. Her ſteps are terrible, her pace is winged, and her haſte menacing. Her hair flies backward; and the folds of her garments are ſwelled, and wafted, in the ſame direction by the quick-healing air.

Apollo, the Απολλων Σαυροκτονος, or the Lizard-ſlayer, after a ſtatue by Praxiteles, is very beautiful.

The nine Muſes, and Apollo in flowing robes, as Muſagetes, the leader of the Muſes. Theſe ſtatues are very fine: eſpecially Melpomene, and Thalia. They likewiſe intereſt us becauſe of their antient owner: they were found at Tivoli, in the villa of Caſſius.

An Indian Bacchus, of uncommon beauty. The heads of the Indian Bacchus are generally ſuppoſed to be the head of Plato. It is a charming miſtake! Why ſhould not Plato have had ſuch a head? Did not Plato poſſeſs that noble inebriety of imagination which is

aſcribed

aſcribed to the ignoble Bacchus? The Indian Bacchus holds the ſame rank, compared to the common Bacchus, as the Venus Urania to the common Venus.

A Triton, bearing a Nereid away. Oh how the charming Nereid ſhrinks, as ſhe ſtruggles! Two Cupids are ſeated on the monſtrous fiſh-tail; one of them laughing: the other, a ſatirical knave, puts his finger to his lip; with all the expreſſion of malicious, ſilent, and therefore the more bitter, irony.

The Fiſherman of Cyrene, as it is called: after which a loſt comedy by Menander was entitled. The good old man is almoſt naked; and the impotence of age is exhibited in the half opened mouth, the body bending forward, the ſinking knees, the relaxed muſcles of the thighs, the foldings of the ſtomach, and the wrinkles of the ſkin. The upper part of another body, ſimilar to this, was found; and was then and ſtill is held to be a Seneca in the bath, after his veins were opened: but Seneca would ſcarcely have continued ſtanding after this operation. Neither does the ſtatue poſſeſs thoſe characteriſtics which ſhould betoken a Seneca.

A Menander, ſeated. The keen obſerver, and

and the animated dramatic poet, are evident in his forehead, his looks, and his lips.

A Paris, ſeated; with the Phrygian bonnet, and holding an apple in his hand. We perfectly conceive Venus, in his aſtoniſhed enamoured aſpect.

Ajax, enraged: a coloſſal buſt. His helmet is on, his wrathful eye is caſt upward, and aſkance, his lips are half open, and his hair and beard are alive with paſſion.

A delightful Amazon, ſtanding.

A Chariot and pair. The driver has obtained the victory, and bears a palm branch in his hand. His body is tight bound, that the rapid force of the air may not produce ſpaſms.

Aſpaſia, as a Herma: which means only the head on a pillar, that, from its baſe, gradually extends itſelf. It is very fine, wholly Aſpaſia, all charming, all ſoul!

A coloſſal Melpomene: a ſtatue of extraordinary beauty.

An excellent Juno.

The Lanuvinian Juno: that is, a Juno that was worſhipped in Lanuvium. Her temple was very famous. She has a ſpear and a ſhield, and treads upon a ſerpent. Theſe attributes are given her from her hiſtory; according to which,

which, when ſhe was called upon for aid, ſhe appeared, and was the author of peace.

A beautiful horned Bacchus, as a Herma.

A Chloris: the only ſurviving daughter of Niobe. She was the mother of Neſtor. Her hair is cut ſhort, and her drapery is gathered up in ſhort folds; with the intention, as it ſhould appear, to begin the courſe in the Olympic games of Piſa. The firſt name of this Chloris was *Melibœa;* and ſhe obtained the name of Chloris becauſe ſhe turned pale with terror, and ſo remained. According to a paſſage in Pauſanias*, her ſiſter, Amycla, was likewiſe ſaved; becauſe they both called for aid on Latona. And, from another paſſage of the ſame writer, one of their brothers was alſo ſaved †. She bore the prize from the virgins in the Olympic race.

A little Cupid, with the Nemean lion's ſkin purloined from Hercules; the claw of which he has twiſted round his neck. He ſtaggers againſt the ſtump of a tree, holds a beaker in his hand, and looks ſo knaviſh that he appears as if he only counterfeited intoxication.

A young Mercury, with a purſe in his hand;

* Pauſ. lib. ii. † Pauſ. lib. v.

in

in which we behold the arch raſcal who, having ſtolen the cattle of Apollo, as a trial of ſkill, made the God laugh, when, looking round for his quiver with an intention to puniſh the theft, he found it was ſtolen likewiſe.

Te boves olim niſi reddidiſſes
Per dolum amotas puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
Riſit Apollo ‡.

Hor. lib. i. od. x.

When from the God, who gilds the pole,
E'en yet a boy his herds you ſtole,
With angry voice, the threat'ning pow'r
Bade thee the fraudful prey reſtore:
But, of his quiver too beguil'd,
Pleas'd with the theft, Apollo ſmil'd.

FRANCIS.

A remarkable baſſo relievo, on an urn, repreſents one Cupid holding a ſwine; another a butterfly. The idea of the *metempſychoſis* of the ſoul of a drunkard, the ſouls of whom, according to Plato, were condemned for a certain ſeaſon to the bodies of ſwine, here appears to be typified. Yet, is it not ſtrange that any thing ſo injurious, to the memory of a man, ſhould be repreſented on the urn that

‡ See the Hymn to Mercury aſcribed to Homer.

contains

contains his aſhes? Beſide, there is a third Cupid, with a bird in his hand: what does that ſignify?

A vaſe of baſaltes, made brown by fire, is a proof that all baſaltes, as ſome maintain, are not lava. Where were the volcanos of Egypt, in which country ſo much baſaltes is found?

One of the fineſt works of art is that which is called the *Antinous:* but, in the figure which ſo many have diſcovered to be the *Antinous*, it needs only an experienced eye to diſcover a hero. An imitation of this ſtatue, with wings at its feet, having been elſewhere found, the learned Abate Viſconti ſuppoſed it to be a Mercury. Winkelmann imagined he found in it the ſtatue of Meleager; and, in the opinion of Mr. Hirt, it is a Perſeus. This reconciles us to the wings on the feet of the imitation: which ſtatue was not found till after the death of Winkelmann. Hence we may infer that the feet of the original ſtatue were broken off, and afterward replaced; which was probably done to rob them of the wings of braſs. It is generally acknowledged that braſs was coveted by the Barbarians; and particularly by the Vandals.

In this Muſeum, there is a gallery of paintings;

ings; of which I will only mention the following.

Maria, with maternal rapture and folded hands, beſtowing her benediction on the ſuppliant John; who kneels to Jeſus, ſitting on his mother's lap. Elizabeth ſupports the hand which beſtows the bleſſing. Joſeph ſtands in the back ground, in earneſt meditation. This picture is by Raphael.

Two landſcapes, by Paul Brill: who was properly the father of landſcape painting. In aërial perſpective, he is excelled by modern painters of landſcape: his pictures, however, are full of life, full of nature; ſuch only as genius could imagine, ſuch only as genius could delineate.

LETTER LVIII.

Rome, 29th January 1792.

DEPART not from Italy, without viewing the pictures of Michael Angelo. Imagine not that the grandeur of this man's genius

genius may be entirely comprehended from his ſtatues.

In the chapel of Pope Sixtus IV. in the Vatican, his greateſt works are placed. The ceiling of this chapel was painted forty years before his great picture of the Day of Judgment; where God the father is repreſented on the flying clouds of the open heaven. In this principal figure, he has not been ſucceſsful. Oh that he rather had concealed him by the clouds than have painted him thus! Terror would have ſeized us, had we not ſeen the Judge of the world: for Michael Angelo has diffuſed the expreſſion of terror through every figure in the picture. The Virgin herſelf clings fearfully to her ſon. The dread of this moment is expanded, with a deep felt variety, over the juſt and the unjuſt. A tender maiden ruſhes into the arms of her mother. Below the dead awake and riſe, half ſkeletons, and half clothed with fleſh, at the ſound of the trumpet of the awakening angel. To many the ſound is rapture: to many deſpair. Above, the apoſtles and the ſaints ſurround the Judge: the martyrs ſhew him their wounds — The very beſt among them trem-

ble, at this awful moment! The moſt holy feel themſelves ſtill impure!

In the ſhady diſtance, two lovers are riſing upward.

Angels bear the righteous to heaven; while the condemned are ſeized, and caſt among the damned, by Devils.

In imitation of Dante, Michael Angelo has had recourſe to mythology; and has repreſented old Charon, and his boat. The old boatman is ſeen conducting condemned ſouls over a river. The painter had evidently theſe verſes of the poet in his recollection:

Caron, dimonio, con occhi di bragia,
Loro accennando tutte le raccoglie;
Batte col remo qualunque s'adagia.

DANTE, Inf. iii.

And as, in crowds on crowds, the ſinners came,
Charon, with lifted oar and eyes of flame,
Compell'd the ling'ring ſouls to haſte on board.

BOYD.

In the foreground on one ſide, the painter has introduced a certain *Monſignore della Caſa;* who, while he was preſent, had made remarks to the Pope on the naked figures that were in the picture. Michael Angelo has

clothed him with twining ſerpents. When La Caſa complained to the Pope, his Holineſs anſwered—" Had he placed you in pur-" gatory, I might perhaps have done ſome-" thing for you: but there is no releaſing you " from hell *."

Prophets and ſibyls, mingled with each other, are painted by Michael Angelo above;

* The following is the ſtory, as told by Pilkington; in his Dictionary of Painters. T.

" The picture of the Laſt Judgment employed him for eight years; and, in that celebrated compoſition, a multitude of figures preſent themſelves to the view; wonderfully invented, and grouped with great judgment; every muſcle, and limb, being diſtinctly, and curiouſly, marked, as the figures were repreſented entirely naked. That circumſtance, of ſo many nudities, occaſioned the obſervation made by *Biagio*, of Ceſenna, the Pope's maſter of the ceremonies, " that ſuch an exhibition of naked figures was more ſuitable to a brothel, than a chapel." But Michael Angelo revenged himſelf ſufficiently on Biagio, for that ſarcaſm; for he painted his portrait exceedingly like, and repreſented him as a demon with aſs's ears, encircled with a large ſerpent, and placed him in hell. The Pope indeed frequently ſolicited Buonaroti to deliver his maſter of the ceremonies from that place of torment; but he excuſed himſelf by obſerving to the Pope, " that, had he been only in purgatory, he might have been releaſed; but from hell there was no redemption."

on the ceiling of this chapel. Some among them are of very dignified beauty.

The moſt excellent of the pictures of this chapel are thoſe that repreſent the creation of the firſt man, and the firſt woman: in both of which Michael Angelo has diſplayed himſelf, in all his ſplendour.

God is ſuſpended in the clouds, and repreſented under the figure of a majeſtic fire. In the full courſe of his motion, he throws his mantle over him, and ſtretches out his arm with an almoſt inconceivable expreſſion of power; which power is viſible in the moſt minute part of his body. Adam is extended on the ground: there he lies, but newly called from non-exiſtence; yet beginning to raiſe himſelf, and holding out his hand toward the Eternal Father, to whom his eye is firſt directed.

A perſonification ſuch as this, eſpecially of the angels in the mantle, would have been inſufferable from any other hand than that of Michael Angelo; Raphael alone excepted. But theſe great maſters communicated ſuch potency of animation to all their perſonages, that we continually imagine we behold them

ſive. Raphael has imitated this Eternal Father, in the *Loggie di Rafaello* of the Vatican; where he is repreſented ſuſpended above the globe, touching the earth with his finger, and preſcribing the limits of land and water.

In the Creation of Eve, Michael Angelo has given her thoſe female graces which the pencil of Raphael himſelf could not have ſurpaſſed. Adam is on the ground, and aſleep. The Eternal Father ſtands before him. Eve is riſing, and already ſupporting herſelf on one foot, and bending the knee of the other leg. We behold her moving, through the power of the Creator, as cheerful as the morning dawn. To him ſhe ſtretches out her claſped hands. He looks benevolently upon her, and warns her with dignified rectitude.

Michael Angelo Buonaroti was born in the year 1474, in the Great Duchy of Tuſcany; a country which has produced ſo many great men of every kind. This was nine years before the birth of Raphael, whom he long outlived. Raphael died in his thirty-ſeventh year. Michael Angelo attained the age of ninety.

ONCE more I trembling ſnatch and ſtrike the lyre,
That trembles ſtill with theme too bold. The ſong
Was mighty and immortal Raphael's praiſe!

Again, with tears of ecſtacy bedew'd,
In majeſty the maſter roſe! The trance
Was holy! luminous! The gloom of ſhades
That glided by godlike creations all!
Like viſions of the night, they haunt me ſtill!

But, lo! earth heaves, and tempeſts rend the ſky!
Terrors appal my ſoul; and, burſting from
Concealing clouds, a phantom frowning ſtands,
Accuſing, threat'ning, dreadful in his ire!
With hair erect and eyes aghaſt, I cry,
"Speak, potent ſpirit! ſay! what is my crime?
"Oh! more puiſſant than thy brother ſhades,
"More terror ſtriking, ſpeak! What have I done?"

Paſſing, as if diſdainful of reply,
Back tow'rd his native heaven the ſpirit flam'd.
Not Ætna, in its wildeſt burſt, inſpires
Superior awe! 'Tis he! 'Tis Angelo!
"Jealous, perturbed ſpirit, be appeas'd:
"Avert thy wrath, for I confeſs thy pow'r.
"Deep of ſublimity thy ſoul has drunk!
"At thy command, behold! the marble lives!
"Thy colours, lo! in magic terrors move!
"In pallid horrors dipt, they ſhake the ſoul!
"I honour, feel, and own thy juſt renown."
The ſoften'd ſpirit heard, and paus'd, benign:
And as, the tempeſt paſt, the clouds diſſolve,
And ſmiling day with tenfold joy breaks forth,
So Michael ſmil'd, and beam'd, and melted into air.

LET-

LETTER LIX.

Rome, 1ſt February 1792.

THE *palazzo Borgheſe* is one of the largeſt and moſt magnificent palaces of Rome. It contains two galleries; one of which belongs to the Prince Borgheſe, and the other to his uncle Prince Aldobrandini.

In the firſt, which is very ſpacious, the following pictures will probably be thought principally to deſerve notice.

A Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome and St. Francis; by Perugino.

A Virgin in the clouds, ſurrounded by angels, with a woman who claſps her hands and looks upward; by Old Palma.

The Adoration of the Shepherds; by Angelo Bronzino. Above are hovering little angels, who ſupport a lovely garland of flowers worthy of being brought from heaven.

The celebrated Chace of Diana; by Dominichino. The Goddeſs is not beautiful, her attitude offenſive, and ſhe injures the picture ſo much at firſt view, at leaſt according to my feelings, that, after caſting my eye over it, I

was tempted to leave it: but I was to blame. The longer it is conſidered, the more beauties it will be found to contain. A Nymph, drawing her bow, is excellent; and another little plump Nymph is full of nature. She is *naïve*, frolickſome, and a little roguiſh.

The Roman Charity; by Guercino.

The portrait of Valentine Borgia. Were but the hand painted like the excellent head, who would have any doubt but that it is juſtly aſcribed to Raphael?

A Saint Catherine; in Raphael's firſt manner, while he ſtill continued to reſemble his great maſter, Perugino: though already more noble: *piu grandioſo*, as the Italians ſay.

The celebrated Cecilia; by Dominichino.

The ſtill more beautiful Cecilia, if I may truſt my own judgment, by Guido.

Chriſt borne to the ſepulchre; by Raphael, in his ſecond manner, before he came to Rome. His genius had by this time enriched itſelf; and was more dignified in compoſition than that of Perugino. The mother of Chriſt fainting, and the holy women that ſurround her, form a group in the high ſtyle.

A beautiful Mary, with her infant, by Raphael.

Another

Another Mary and child; which, although beautiful, is not characteriſtic. I ſcarcely ſhould be inclined to think it the work of the great Leonardo da Vinci, to whom however it is aſcribed.

A Mary and child, by Franceſco Raibolini, called *Francia*. In a letter that was written to him by Raphael, in the year 1508, he mentions this Madonna; and likewiſe ſpeaks of one ſtill ſuperior by this maſter.

Io pure le mirero con quel guſto, e ſodizfazione, che vedo, e lodo, tutte l'altre; non vedendone, da niſſun altro, piu belle, e piu divote, e ben fatte *.

I admire it with all the enjoyment, and ſatisfaction, with which I contemplate and praiſe all the others: for I find no one more beautiful, more devout, or better executed.

A Madonna, in company with a Saint; by Albert Durer.

IN THE GALLERY OF PRINCE ALDOBRANDINI.

A Sea piece; by Adrian Manglard, a French painter, the maſter of Vernet.

Two beautiful Landſcapes; by Locattelli:

* *Raccolta di lettere, ſu la pittura, ſcoltura, ed architettura.* Roma 1754.

or perhaps by Lucattelli; for theſe are names that are frequently confounded.

A charming Holy Family; by Benvenuto: to whom the name of *Garofano* * has been given, becauſe he generally introduced a gilly-flower in each picture. At firſt, they called him *Ortolano*, or Gardener, becauſe he was a gardener's ſon. The Italians in general only know him by the name of *Garofano* †. This is a very delightful picture. The Eternal Father is ſeen in the open heavens, ſurrounded by angels, looking down on the godlike child.

The Flight into Egypt; by Barocci.

Mary, the child Jeſus, and the little John the Baptiſt; by Raphael: an excellent performance.

Chriſt among the Phariſees; by Leonardo da Vinci. No painter, I will not except Raphael himſelf, has preſented us with a more noble and beautiful figure of Chriſt than this. Cunning and malice are excellently expreſſed, in four of the old Phariſees; by whom he is viſited.

* See *Allgemeines Künſtler-lexicon: von Füeſslin.* Zürich 1779.

† The author *twice* ſpells this word *Garofalo:* yet it was probably an error of the preſs. T.

Chriſt

Chriſt looks right before him, with the moſt diſpaſſionate ſerenity, placing a finger of his right hand upon a finger of his left, as if he would diſtinguiſh between two propositions. This direction of the hand denotes, in my opinion, that paſſage in holy writ which is recited by three of the Evangeliſts. I will give it you in the words of St. Matthew.

" Then one of them, which was a lawyer, " aſked him a queſtion; tempting him, and " ſaying,

" Maſter, which is the great command- " ment in the law?

" Jeſus ſaid unto him, Thou ſhalt love the " lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all " thy ſoul, and with all thy mind.

" This is the firſt and great commandment.

" And the ſecond is like unto it: Thou " ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf.

" On theſe two commandments hang all " the law and the prophets *."

This wiſdom, this impulſe of ſoul, this benevolence, beams in the eyes of the moſt beautiful and manly countenance which per-

* Matt. xxii. 35.

haps

haps was ever painted. The picture is in excellent condition.

Leonardo da Vinci, who may be placed in the ſame rank with Raphael and Michael Angelo, and in which rank, according to my judgment, no other painter can ſtand, though none ſo nearly approach them as Correggio and Dominichino—Leonardo da Vinci was born in the year 1445, in the Duchy of Tuſcany. He was of a noble family, and was one of the ſtrongeſt and handſomeſt men of his age. The Hours, the Graces, and the Muſes, had each preſented him with their gifts, in emulation of the other. He united the moſt extraordinary excellence, in all bodily exerciſes, with profound knowledge, and uncommon genius. This genius, guided by his judgment, was made ſerviceable to him in the acquirements which he attained, in mathematics, hydraulics, anatomy, optics, and mechanics. Like Michael Angelo and Raphael, he was a painter, a ſculptor, and an architect: nay more, he was a muſician and a poet. He invented a lyre, which was celebrated for its harmonious tone. He produced a lion, which was moved by ſprings. He undertook, and executed,

executed, the cutting of the canal, which is carried from the city of Milan to the river Adda, after ſeveral engineers had abandoned the enterpriſe.

Leonardo da Vinci died in the arms of Francis the Firſt, king of France.

In the *Palazzo Farneſina*, which muſt not be confounded with the *Palazzo Farneſe*, though they both belong to the king of Naples, is a ſpacious hall; the ceiling of which was painted by the ſcholars of Raphael, after the deſigns of their maſter. This great work contains, in many diviſions, the whole hiſtory of Cupid and Pſyche. One of the two principal compartments, into which the roof is divided, repreſents Venus and Cupid, demanding juſtice againſt each other of Jupiter, in a full aſſembly of the Gods. The other exhibits the nuptials of Cupid and Pſyche. Round theſe the whole charming hiſtory of Pſyche is given. Raphael died while he was employed in executing the drawings of this *epopeia* of his pencil. His ſcholars were great maſters; yet many of thoſe graces were loſt, which none but Raphael could have expreſſed.

Theſe paintings had ſuffered by time; and have been retouched by Carlo Maratti, who lived

lived at the latter end of the laſt century and the beginning of the preſent. How much more of the ſpirit of Raphael muſt thus have evaporated! And yet, we ſtill behold the numerous and ever blooming, rich, poetical, ideas, and deeply conſidered art, of this great man.

Here likewiſe is his Galatea, drawn in a ſea ſhell by dolphins, and ſurrounded by Tritons, one of whom is embracing a beautiful Nereid. Three Cupids hover in the air, and prepare to ſhoot. A fourth hides himſelf among the clouds, with a proviſion of arrows in his quiver.

This beautiful picture is deſcribed by Raphael, in a letter which he wrote to Count Balthaſar Caſtiglione, at the time that Leo the Tenth had entruſted the building of St. Peter's church to him, after the death of Bramante. Raphael's liberal feelings concerning himſelf, and the noble diſcretion by which they were guided, are apparent in this letter; the inſertion of which will ſcarcely be thought unintereſting.

Signor Conte,

HO fatto diſegni, in pui maniere, ſopra l'invenzioni

l'invenzioni di voſtra Signoria; e ſodisfaccio a tutti, ſe tutti non mi ſono adulatori. Ma non ſodisfaccio al mio guidicio; perche temo di non ſodisfare al voſtro. Ve gli mando. Voſſignoria faccia eletto d'alcuno, ſe alcuno ſará da lei ſtimato degno. Noſtro ſignore, con l'onorarmi, m'ha meſſo un gran peſo ſopra le ſpalle; queſto é la cura della fabbrica di S. Pietro. Spero bene di non cadervici ſotto; e tanto piu quanto il modello, ch'io ne ho fatto, piace a ſua Santita, ed é lodato da molti belli ingegni; ma io me levo col penſiero piu alto. Vorrei trovare le belle forme degli edifizi antichi; né ſo ſe il volo ſara d'Icaro. Me ne porge una gran luce Vitruvio; ma non tanto che baſti.

Della Galatea, mi terrei un gran maeſtro, ſe vi foſſero la metá delle tante coſe, che V. S. mi ſcrive; ma nelle ſue parole riconoſco l'amore che mi porta, e le dico con queſta condizione, che V. S. ſi trovaſſe meco a far ſcelta del meglio; ma, eſſendo careſtiá e de' buoni giudici e di belle donne, io mi ſervo di certa idea che mi viene alla mente. Se queſta ha in ſe alcuna eccellenza di arte, io non ſo; ben m' affatico d'averla. V. S. mi comandi.

Di Roma. *Raffaello Sanzio* *.

* *Raccolta di lettere, ſulla pittura, ſcoltura, ed architettura; ſcritte*

Signor Count,

I HAVE made deſigns, in various manners, after the inventions of your lordſhip; to the ſatisfaction of all who have ſeen them, if they do not all flatter me; yet not equal to my own deſire, leſt they ſhould not equal yours. I ſend them. Your Lordſhip will chooſe that which pleaſes you, if any of them ſhould be thought worthy. His Holineſs has done me the honour to burthen me with a great undertaking; the care of the building of St. Peter's. I hope I ſhall not ſink under it; and the rather becauſe the model, which I have made, pleaſes his Holineſs, and is praiſed by many ingenious perſons. Yet I raiſe my thoughts ſtill higher. I wiſh to equal the beautiful forms of antient edifices. I know not whether I ſhall have the fate of Icarus. Vitruvius has afforded me great light; but yet not ſufficient.

Reſpecting the Galatea, I ſhould conſider myſelf as a great maſter, were half the things your lordſhip has written to me but true. However, I recognize in your language the love you bear me; and accept it on this con-

ſcritte da' piu celebri profeſſori che in dette arti fiorirono dal ſecolo xv *al* xvii. Roma 1754.

dition

dition, that your lordſhip will aſſiſt me in the choice of the beſt: and, there being a ſcarcity of good judges and handſome women, I avail myſelf of thoſe ideas of the beautiful that have occurred to me. I know not whether I have attained any excellence of art; but I well know that I have uſed my utmoſt endeavours.

Your lordſhip's to command,

Rome. RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

In the Farneſina palace are two beautiful pictures, in freſco; by Sodoma of Sienna, whoſe proper name was John Antonio Verzelli.

The nuptials of Alexander and Roxana. Roxana is ſeated on the nuptial bed, and is undreſſed by Cupids that are very lovely: eſpecially a little knave, who, affecting modeſty, has concealed himſelf in the folds of the curtain, from which he peeps hypocritically, as from a friar's hood.

The other picture in freſco repreſents Alexander in the tent of the Perſian Princeſſes, his priſoners. It is the charming ſcene in which Syſigambis, the mother of Darius, throws herſelf at the feet of Hephæſtion; whom ſhe ſuppoſes to be Alexander. He-

phæſtion ſteps back, embarraſſed; and Alexander comes forward to the unfortunate princeſs, while we read in his countenance his immortal anſwer: "Mother, you are not miſtaken: he too is Alexander*." Pain and confuſion are finely contraſted, in the princeſſes, with the indifference of the concubines; who all appear to examine their new lord either with curioſity or ſome concealed hopes.

To-morrow we ſhall leave Rome; where there are ſtill ſo many remarkable things, which we have not examined. On our return, in autumn, we probably ſhall only continue here a ſhort time, and be able to collect a few gleanings. My intention however is not to leave the things beſt deſerving notice unſeen: nor am I averſe again to contemplate thoſe I have ſo frequently viewed. Neither ſhall I deeply regret the having ſacrificed ſome objects; which, though excellent, are leſs intereſting. I may ſome day perhaps wiſh the number had been more confined, that I had ſelected the moſt perfect of all kinds, had examined them oftener, and conſidered them

* Quint. Cur. iii. 12.

deeper.

deeper. Impreſſion is always weakened by exceſs. The Genius of the ſublime and beautiful is a jealous ſpirit, and only half reveals himſelf to thoſe who worſhip inferior objects.

I ought to have dedicated more of my time to the pictures of Raphael; and have delved more deeply into this mine of treaſure. I ſubmit the two following remarks, one of which relates to the interpreters of antient art, and the other to the works themſelves, to your penetrating judgment; and ſhall expect your opinion, after you have made your intended tour to Italy.

Many reaſons may be given for the miſinterpretation of antiquaries. Vanity, for example, a deſire of novelty, a blind confidence in the received opinions of certain perſons, or the weakneſs of thoſe whoſe peculiar folly it is to hunt after paradox.

They likewiſe are frequently led aſtray by the ſuppoſition that every work of antient art muſt be elucidated by the antient writers. They forget that ſo many of the antient writers, or rather beyond compariſon the greateſt part of them, have been loſt. If, inſtead of their numerous profound conjectures, they had the juſtice and the courage to acknowledge

their ignorance, they would be leſs liable to miſlead thoſe they mean to inform; and would obtain more reſpect for their own learning.

A certain character of ſeverity, a want of ſympathy, the gloom of melancholy bordering on anger, characterize moſt of the heads of the antient ſtatues: as well the gods as the men; as well the male as the female race. If I do not miſtake, the imagination of the heathen artiſts was thus worked upon by the recollection of the wide ſtretching power of death, παντελεος θανατοιο; and worked upon in different manners, according as the character of each artiſt ſteeled itſelf againſt, or nouriſhed, theſe impreſſions. The ſenſation was in the heart; and, from the heart, was communicated to the arm, and the marble. I appeal to the feelings of all diſpaſſionate perſons, though they ſhould only be acquainted with the works of the antients from engravings. The thought of death hovers like a black cloud even over the features of their gods, whoſe youth is eternal.

LET-

LETTER LX.

Naples, 8th February 1792.

ON the 2d in the forenoon, we departed from Rome. Our road to Naples led us through the pleaſant diſtricts, with which we were before acquainted, of Albano, Riccia, and Genzano, to Velletri; the antient *Velitræ*; which was one of the principal towns of the Volſci, and which is ſituated among the hills in a charming valley. The mildneſs of the air, and the clearneſs of the ſky, invited us to a walk by moonlight. We remarked the different ſituations of the ſtars, as ſeen in this place and as ſeen by us in Germany.

The pole ſtar here is much lower. Orion and Sirius riſe higher than with us; and below theſe we ſaw ſtars that are many of them inviſible to us, and others that but ſeldom riſe ſufficiently to be diſcoverable.

While we were obſerving theſe with pleaſure, ſuddenly a Will of the wiſp roſe over a marſh, which we ſuppoſed to be the beginning

of the *Pomptine* or *Pontine Marſh.* This drew our attention. I had never ſeen one ſo bright before. It frequently roſe very high, danced to a great diſtance, and always returned back to its former place.

On the following day, we found our travelling by no means ſo unpleaſant as we had expected. We had been deceived by the *ignis fatuus:* we ſuppoſed that the Pontine marſh began immediately beyond Velletri; but we continued our journey through pleaſant countries, ſaw varieties of agriculture, and came through a charming wood of the prickly oak to Ciſterne; the antient *Tres Tabernæ;* whither ſome of the firſt Chriſtians went to meet the apoſtle Paul *. Others met him in the *Forum Appii*; which muſt have ſtood on the place where the canal begins, that had been dug by Appius Claudius the Blind, when Cenſor, in the firſt fifty years of the fifth century of the Roman æra, along the road that leads through the marſh. From the narrative of Horace of his journey to Brunduſium, we learn that this place abounded in ſeamen and cheating landlords.

* Acts, chap. xxviii. 15.

Diſſertum

Differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis.

HOR. lib. i. sat. 5.

Stuff'd with rank boatmen and with vintners base.

FRANCIS.

The present Pope has restored the antient Appian way, and the canal; and people now may perform this journey in a boat, as in the time of Horace. We met one of these boats; but it was not, like that of Horace, drawn by a mule, but by men. Without seeing this canal, which now after the present Pope is called *Linea Pia*, it is impossible to know any thing of this part of the journey of Horace.

There is a vulgar prejudice, which blames the modern Romans; as if they had suffered this marsh to rise through neglect of culture. A very slight knowledge of antient authors would have corrected this mistake. In the year of Rome 591, the consul, Cornelius Cethegus, caused the marsh to be drained, and changed it into arable land *. About a hundred and fifty years before, when Appius constructed the Appian way, he certainly had done the same. A hundred and eighty years afterward, Cæsar died with the intention of again undertaking the work †; and it was

* Liv. Epit. 46. † Suet. in Jul. Cæs. cap. 44.

completed by Auguſtus. Probably, the commotions of Italy, during the firſt and third triumvirates, drove the inhabitants from this country, and favoured the ſtagnation of the waters. Whether Trajan, who repaired the Appian way, paid any attention to the improvement of the country is uncertain: but, had it been neceſſary, the work would certainly not have been neglected by ſo good and great an Emperor. Theodoric, king of the Oſtrogoths, and firſt king of Italy, drained the marſh. Several of the Popes were not deficient in that public ſpirit which undertakes great national works; but moſt of them were deterred through old age, and by the experience of former times: from which they learned how ſeldom it happened that any work which one Pope began had been completed by his ſucceſſor. The undertaking has been begun by the preſent Pope, Pius the Sixth; and is continued with great perſeverance. Much is already effected: May it not be renounced by his ſucceſſor!

The road is good, the canal broad and clear, and different lateral canals drain a part of the marſh. Thoſe verdant fields are contemplated with delight which, for ages, had been

covered

covered with ſtagnant water. Parts that are the moſt humid are either converted to paſture or planted with trees; and theſe plantations, and this culture, render a journey through the Pontine marſh, in a cool time of the year, very refreſhing and pleaſant. The Apennines riſe on the left; on the right, you frequently have a proſpect of the ſea, and ſeldom loſe ſight of the promontory of *Circe;* or *Monte Circello;* which has likewiſe been called by the inhabitants *Monte Felice.* And even thoſe, to whom the name of Circe is as little known as the name of the poet who rendered the enchantreſs immortal, have yet their narratives to detail, concerning the great ſorcereſs that once inhabited this mountain. But, oh, godlike Homer! It was not from her incantations but from thine that the memory of Circe is immortalized. Should the ſtream of ages inundate Europe with another race of barbarians, ſtill the untaught countryman of Italy will celebrate the memory of Circe, as long as the riſing promontory ſhall be viſible to him on which thy mighty ſpirit placed her abode.

Among other beaſts, we here ſaw the buffalo grazing. His colour is a dark deep red. He

He is ſmall, ſavage, and has ſhort horns bent backward; which rather ſerve him to butt with than to gore. When domeſticated, he ſtill is wild and ſhy; and it is long before the buffalo cow will quietly ſuffer herſelf to be milked. The traveller finds entertainment in the numerous eagles, kites, ſtarlings, wild geeſe, and other birds, which partly inhabit the marſh and partly viſit it for the ſake of prey.

Much yet remains to be done before this road from Rome to Naples will be paſſable at all ſeaſons in the year; and which you muſt paſs, if you travel in a carriage. The air is very dangerous, in the months of July, Auguſt, and September: particularly if you ſleep; to which you are prompted by its denſity. The drains ſhould be carried to the ſea, and always kept in repair. The drains already cut are beneficial; but not ſufficient to carry off the water, which annually deſcends from the hills, and remains ſtagnant at their feet. At the beginning of the marſh, we found the thermometer ſtanding at the ſeventh degree above the freezing point; and, after travelling a few leagues, it mounted to the twentieth degree: yet this is only the third of February.

Three

Three Italian miles from Terracina is the charming ſpring of *Feronia;* at which Horace diſembarked, and proceeded by land to the town. It riſes out of an advancing promontory of the Apennines, which lies immediately on the road. The diſtance of the town, which is ſtated by Horace at three miles, as well as ſome conſiderable ruins, point out the place of the Temple of Feronia: but I ſaw no trace remaining of its grove, which is mentioned by Virgil—

——— *Viridi gaudens Feronia luco.*

VIRG. Æn. vii. 800.

And where Feronia's grove and temple ſtands.

DRYDEN, vii. 961.

We had ſcarcely turned the corner of the hill before we ſaw Terracina facing us; ſtanding on a rocky ſummit—

Impoſitum ſaxis late candentibus Anxur.

HOR. lib. i. ſat. 5.

——— And climb the rocky ſteep
Where Anxur ſhines.

FRANCIS.

The name the Volſci gave it was *Anxur;* for this town likewiſe belonged to that warlike nation. By the Greeks, it was called, from a word that ſignified rugged, or craggy,

Tarracina: τρᾳχυς: and afterward *Terracina*. Previous to the taking of Veii, this town was conquered by a Fabius, and given up to plunder. At this time, Livy tells us, it was rich in antient proſperity. *Oppidum vetere fortuna opulentum* *. It appears, from his account, that one part of the town, at that time, was built on the mountain; and another part immediately on the ſea ſhore. A Roman colony was ſent here, in the year of Rome 425.

There was no need of a journey through a marſh, to be moſt agreeably ſurpriſed by the ſight of Terracina. Here we found the paradiſe of the ſouth of Italy. This charming little place, which rather reſembles a row of country houſes than a town, is built partly upon the rocks, partly beſide them, and is partly bathed by the ſea. It extends itſelf lengthways among orange and citron groves; which appear to form a little foreſt. Thoſe who have only ſeen our orange trees can have but little idea of the beauty of theſe; ſwelling as they are with the ſap of life, embelliſhed with their golden fruit, and growing in the friendly open air. Among them, we

* Liv. iv. cap. 59.

occa-

occaſionally find the noble palm tree. The almond was in full bloom; and there too the lovely Italian pine ſpread its branches: a tree which has a peculiar charm for the eye, and to the vivid foliage of which few of our pines can be compared.

I never before beheld rocks ſo beautiful. One of them, on the ſouth of the town, riſes to a great height; like a round tower. Its baſe formerly extended itſelf farther: but it has been levelled by the pick ax; and the hewn ſtone was numbered with Roman figures, by which the contents in palms were given. On the lower part, the number a hundred and twenty is cut. The ſection thus hewn away appears to me to contain about a fourth part of the height of the rock. The work is aſcribed to King Theodoric the Firſt; who turned the Appian way below along the ſea ſhore, which had formerly proceeded over the rock.

As ſoon as we arrived, we went and enjoyed the majeſty of the ſea; and the proſpect of its ſhores, and iſlands. Some well intentioned and friendly Franciſcan monks invited us into the garden of their cloiſter, to view the ſetting of the ſun.

This

This they did with that kind and noble humanity, which is as preferable to complacency as complacency is to politeneſs.

We cheerfully accepted their invitation, and found that theſe good men not only lived in Elyſium but were ſenſible of their happineſs. Their cloiſter is ſituated on the north of the town, and built on the ruins of antient *Anxur;* probably on the very place where formerly a temple of Minerva ſtood. A part of their wall was once the antient town wall; and, on the top of the hill that belongs to them, which is higher than the reſt, there are large ruins of an antient ſquare building; the twelve arcades of which afford a charming proſpect toward the ſea.

This building is generally ſuppoſed to have been a theatre: but I have never heard that the antients had ſquare theatres. Why may it not have been the temple of Jupiter, which was ſo celebrated? That it might have been built on this height would have been very probable, even had it not ſeemingly been glanced at by Virgil. Speaking of the people who were led by Turnus in perſon, he ſays:

—— *Queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis*
PRÆSIDET, *et viridi gaudens Feronia luco;*

Qua

Qua Saturæ jacet atra palus, gelidusque per imas
Quærit iter valles atque in mare conditur Ufens.
VIRG. Æn. vii. 799.

And thoſe who live where lake Ciminia ſprings;
And where Feronia's grove and temple ſtands,
Who till Feſcennian or Flavinian lands:
All theſe in order march, and marching ſing
The warlike actions of their ſea-born King.
DRYDEN, vii. 960.

Satura Palus ſignified likewiſe the marſh of Pomptina; and the *Ufens* is a river, which flows into the ſea not far from Terracina.

In the garden of the Franciſcans, we beheld thoſe plenteous gifts which nature pours down on this happy country. The *cactus opuntia*, or Indian fig, grows plentifully among the rocks. Fruitful trees ſtand one above another; which, by engrafting, bear two kinds of fruit, the citron and the dark orange, on the ſame trunk. Among them, we ſaw a high palm tree; and the almond in bloom; with various other fruits. One of the monks told us that they had gathered pears on the 24th of December, and ſent them to the Pope. Thus do productive harveſt and the flowery ſpring ſhake hands together, in a country, ſuch as our much-loved Fenelon ſang of his Abbey, in the ſouth of France,

Où le ciel ſerein nous donne
Le Printems, après l'Automne ;
Sans faire place à l'Hyvèr.

Where Spring ſucceeds to Autumn, each ſerene ;
And icy Winter dares not intervene.

The pea already is here in bloom ; and we ſaw, growing wild at our feet on its high ſtem, the beautiful flower of the *ornithogalum*, of the colour of the peach flower ; whoſe little pale ſiſter, in our gardens, is often falſely ſuppoſed to be a baſtard hyacinth. We ſaw the long verdant elder in bloom ; which, as you know, in the north of Germany, happens about the end of May.

The ſun was ſetting behind the promontory of Circè : before us lay the iſlands of Ponza, Palmarola, Zannone, and Ventotiene ; and, farther toward the left, Iſchia : then the promontory of Sorento, the mountain of Veſuvius, and, more near us, on its projecting cape, Gaeta, ſtanding on a rock.

We took leave of the friendly monks, who cordially invited us to pay them another viſit in a finer ſeaſon of the year. They are protected againſt the Scirocco wind by their mountain. They ſuffer but little from the bad air of ſummer, on their height, the in-

fluence

fluence of which is so prejudicial in the town that a traveller would not wish to remain there all night. The landlord himself, about the end of May, is annually obliged to remove to the *Mola di Gaeta.* He is a native of Avignon: but the natives of the place themselves suffer much from the unwholesome air; and many of them are sometimes cut off in the course of a summer.

Here we ate the *rhombus* of the antients, which still is called *rombo:* a fish which the voluptuous Romans valued very highly. It is our *steinbütt* *.

After supper, we sat on the rocks and listened to the roaring of the sea; and, between nine and ten in the evening, we took a boat and went on the water by moonlight. Our merry boatmen had brought a man with them, who sang to the mandoline, and had the pleasure of giving a serenade to a Spanish vessel. The captain had a light in his cabin; and, had all the men on board been asleep, the jocund shouts of our Italians would have awakened them. Their efforts however could not overcome Spanish gravity; though they several times rowed round the vessel, with

* Turbot. T.

their feſtive uproar. They were only anſwered by the watch dog, that barked and capered.

Büſching is miſtaken, when he tells us that the haven of Terracina was conſtructed by Antoninus Pius: it was only repaired by that Emperor.

Proceeding to Naples, you leave the ſea, after travelling about half a league, and arrive at the lake which, from *Fondi*, is called *Lago di Fondi*. It is ſhaded with trees; and ſurrounded on the ſouth-weſt by high hills.

Here are the boundaries between the kingdom of Naples and the ſtates of the Church. The difference of the ſtate of agriculture is ſtriking. There are no provinces of Italy in which tillage is ſo bad as in the ſtates of the Church *: in the kingdom of Naples it is excellent. Harveſt time excepted, the labour of the countryman is not ſo ſevere as with us. He cultivates a delightful ſoil; which, beyond the annals of hiſtory, has been turned by the plough, and is free from ſtones. His labour however continues through the year: at the

* I wrote this before I had ſeen the eaſtern provinces of the Church ſtates; the Duchy of *Urbino*, the *Romagna*, and the *Marca d'Ancona*, which are excellently cultivated, and very flouriſhing countries.

time that he is planting one thing he gathers another. Vegetables are continually in ſeaſon. Soon after he has houſed his cheſnuts, which are not plentiful here, his olive harveſt begins; and this laſts long, for the trees are very numerous, and the fruit is gathered partly ripe, for the making of oil, and partly unripe, for preſerving. The ſweet and Seville orange, as well as various kinds of lemons, then are fit for plucking. The land muſt be dug, for the ſeeds and plants of ſpring; and peas, flax, and beans, are ſoon afterward in bloom.

The friendly Hours ſcatter flowers and fruits over every ſeaſon of the year: but their favour muſt be obtained by aſſiduity; though they do not, as in colder climates, rigorouſly tax the huſbandman.

Fondi is ſeated among orange groves: it was the antient *Fundi;* a town of *Oſcian*, or *Auſonian*, origin *. The *Oſci*, or *Auſoni*, were the ſame people. The celebrated wine of *Cæcubum* was produced here; which is ſo frequently mentioned by Horace. After proceeding about a league, this flat country was changed for a valley ſurrounded by hills; ſome

* Cluv. Ital. Ant.

of which are very ſtony, but yet embelliſhed with the myrtle buſh, and the *lentiſcus:* others bear the olive tree, and beſide it the St. John's bread tree, or *carobs ceratonia;* the evergreen leaves of which refreſh the eye. This tree attains the medium height; and is frequently hollow, without appearing to be ſickly.

Juſt before we come to *Caſtellone*, there is an antient round tower; on which a ſmall ſquare wall is built. It points out the place where Cicero was murdered, by Herennius and Popilius, two of the dependants of Antony, when he endeavoured to ſave himſelf from the power of the latter. Soon afterward, you perceive large ruins, and terraced places; which point out the antient town of *Formiæ.* This place was built where the preſent *Caſtellone* and *Mola di Gaeta*, which join each other, now ſtand. You, likewiſe, perceive, as you enter Caſtellone, a circular portico, ſuſtained by columns, a bath, and arcades, which are precious remains of Cicero's villa. They lie in an orange grove on the ſea ſhore. Both the towns are built on the ſea ſhore, with their backs toward the Apennines. Formiæ was one of the moſt antient towns in Italy; and was long ſuppoſed to be the town

of

of the *Læſtrigons*, which Homer called *Telepylos*.

—— Ἱκομεσθα Λαμω ἀιπυ πτολιεθρον,
Τηλεπυλον Λαιστρυγονιην——

Od. b. x. 81.

The next proud Lamos' ſtately tow'rs appear,
And Læſtrigonia's gates ariſe diſtinct in air.

POPE.

The ſituation of Mola is one of the moſt beautiful imaginable. When I ſay Mola, I include Caſtellone; for they both together make only one long town. They are ſeated, on each ſide, among orange groves; behind which the rocky, lofty, and in part foreſt clothed, Apennines tower. The winding coaſt on the right, toward the north-eaſt forms a ſpacious bay; and, at the extremity of the cape, the fortreſs of Gaeta is built high on a rock. Before you ſtands the iſland of Iſchia, which riſes like a mountain in the ſea; to the left the iſland of Capri; and you afterward trace the winding coaſt beyond Naples, as far as the promontory of Sorento.

I looked for the fountain of *Artacia;* from which the daughter of King Antiphates, the Læſtrigon, drew water, to give the men who were ſent by Ulyſſes to diſcover the country,

and by whom ſhe was met. We were ſhewn two ſprings; one of which iſſued from the rocks at the end of Mola, and the other of Caſtellone, and each in an orange grove. The firſt bubbles below, from a ſtony cliff; the other ſprings from a rock under a laurel tree. Both are abundant in water, are limpid, and refreſhing, and equally deſerve the epithet of *fine-flowing*: καλλιρεεθρον: which is applied to the fountain mentioned by Homer.

My pleaſure, at having diſcovered theſe charming ſprings, was not a little increaſed by the belief that one of them was the ſpring of Homer: though I heſitated which it might be. Antient and modern writers conſider this town as the Telepylos of Homer. Horace, in his ode to Ælius Lamias, ſays, that the moſt antient records deduce the lineage of this Roman from the Lamos who had reigned over Formiæ and the ſhore of the Liris. But what is any authority, even that of Horace himſelf, compared to the ſingle teſtimony of Homer? He deſcribes, with all that imagery which was proper to himſelf, the haven of Telepylos—

Ἐνθ' ἐπει ἐς λιμενα κλυτον ἠλθομεν, ὀν περι πετρη
Ἠλιβατος τετυχηκε διαμπερες ἀμφοτερωθεν·

Ἀκται

Ἀκται δε προβλητες ἐναντιαι ἀλληλησιν
Ἐν τομαι πρηχθσιν· ἀραιη δ' ἐισοδος ἐσιν.
Ἐνθ' οιγ' ἐισω παντες ἐχον νεας ἀμφιελισσας.
Αι μεν ἀρ ἐντοσθεν λιμενος κοιλοιο δεδεντο
Πλησιαι· ου μεν γαρ ποτ' ἀεξετο κυμα γ' ἐν αυτῳ,
Ουτε μεγ', ουτ' ολιγον· λευκη δ' ην ἀμφι γαληνη.
Od. b. x. 87—94.

Within a long receſs a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high-pointing to the ſkies;
The jutting ſhores that ſwell on either ſide
Contract its mouth, and break the ruſhing tide.
Our eager ſailors ſeize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet:
For here retir'd the ſinking billows ſleep,
And ſmiling calmneſs ſilver'd o'er the deep.
Pope, Od. b. x. 101.

This whole deſcription does not agree with Mola, the ſituation of which forms no haven; except ſuch as it may afford to a few fiſhing boats *. But where muſt we ſeek for the

* Cluverius appeals to Tacitus, to prove that there had been a kind of haven in Formiæ: and the hiſtorian in reality ſays, Ann. xv. cap. 46, that ſhips ſailed from Formiæ: but a haven, ſuch as Homer deſcribes, was certainly never there. Add to this, Formiæ had been founded by Lacedæmonians, the companions of Caſtor and Pollux; and Caſtor and Pollux were the contemporaries of Ulyſſes, who landed on the Italian coaſt a few years after their death. How came he to find, in this newly founded Grecian town, barbarians, cannibals, and giants?

town of the Læſtrigons? The mariners of Ulyſſes rowed ſix days and ſix nights from the iſland of *Æolus*, which is the modern Lipari; and, on the ſeventh, came to the reſidence of Lamos. As this cannot be Mola, what other could it be, except Terracina; the origin of which is loſt in the annals of antiquity? Its haven lies among rocks formed by nature. The high rock, which riſes over it like a round tower, muſt have ſtrongly impreſſed an imagination ſuch as Homer's. The whole ſituation is in the higheſt degree poetical. Ulyſſes aſcended a rock; other rocks concealed the town from him, but he ſaw the ſmoke riſe. The antient wall of Anxur ſtill lies concealed behind a hill; upon which, long after the time of Homer, a temple was built, the ruins of which I have ſeen. The fountain of Artacia was the fountain of Feronia. Here the Læſtrigons hewed the wood from the mountains, according to Homer; and afterward, in the time of Virgil, there the nymph Feronia had her grove—

Viridi gaudens Feronia luco.

And where Feronia's grove and temple ſtands.
DRYDEN.

Homer farther ſays that Ulyſſes, after he had

had loſt his other ſhips and companions, eſcaped in a ſingle ſhip with his remaining followers. He thus makes Ulyſſes relate:

Ἔνθεν δὲ προτέρω πλέομεν, ἀκαχήμενοι ἦτορ,
Ἀσμενοι ἐκ θανάτοιο, φίλας ὀλέσαντες ἑταίρας.
Ἀιαίην δ' ἐς νῆσον ἀφικόμεθ'.——

Od. b. x. 133.

But the ſad fate that did our friends deſtroy,
Cool'd every breaſt, and damp'd the riſing joy.
Now dropp'd our anchors in th' Ææan bay.

Pope, b. x. 155.

He does not ſay that they had rowed all day long—Ἔνθεν ἀφικόμεθ':—"From thence we came."—The promontory of Circe is not in reality an entire day's rowing diſtant from Terracina.

In the afternoon, inſtead of purſuing our journey, we were rowed over to the fortreſs of Gaeta; which, according to Virgil, was formerly called *Cajeta:* after the nurſe of Æneas, who was buried here. This fortreſs is high, and built on a circular rock of the promontory. There is a ſmall iſthmus; by which this promontory is connected with the winding coaſt, on which the long and narrow ſuburbs of Gaeta are built, that contain fourteen thouſand inhabitants. In the fortreſs, there

there are only three thouſand; and its works are hewed in the rocks, and riſe very high above the ſea. Standing on the cape, you have a proſpect of the two bays which this promontory helps to form. As the aſcent was too difficult at preſent for my wife, ſhe remained below on the coaſt.

Here they ſhewed us a phenomenon ſo remarkable as ſeldom to be equalled. A rock of an incredible height ſeems to be burſt open from top to bottom: the two ſides are full three ells diſtant; and in the centre, where the opening is much the greateſt, there is a large ſtone which forms a natural bridge, and connects the two rocks. This ſtone lies on the outward ſide, next the ſea. Pious tradition relates that the rock was thus cloven at the death of our Saviour. A chapel has been built upon the ſtone; to which the people go through a paſſage that has been hewn in the rock, and which is fifty-ſeven paces in length. From the chapel, you look through a crevice in the rock down into the ſea; which beneath, with its emerald waves, daſhes foaming in the air. The deep blue horizon can likewiſe be ſeen through the cavity. In the clefts of the rock palm trees have taken root,

of

of the date bearing kind; among which we saw the white *tacett* *, and primrose, in bloom on the fourth of February, on a steep high stone on which there is no earth; some dust excepted, which falls from above †. As we passed under the fortress, we received an invitation from the commandant, General Von Tschudy, a Swiss from the canton of Glaris, whose messenger informed us that my wife was with him, and requesting our company. This worthy warrior received us with that dignified cordiality which characterizes his countrymen. He had seen my wife in the garden, and had invited her into the fortress. He would not consent that we should row back to Mola by night; and Nicolovius and

* An odoriferous flower of spring, something like a *jonquil:* the English name of which I cannot discover. T.

† With respect to the palm tree, I have no doubt been mistaken, and confounded the *Palma Chamærops* with which I was then unacquainted, with the date-bearing palm tree. The first is frequently found growing wild in the south of Italy, and still more frequently in Sicily: but the last will not grow wild even in Sicily itself, but must be under the care of man: and the foot of man never stepped on the declivities where I saw the tree growing, nor could it be conveyed thither by birds, because the seed is too large.

Jacobi

Jacobi eſcaped him with difficulty. When we returned, he accompanied us himſelf.

We unwillingly departed from the beautiful Mola, and ſoon loſt ſight of the ſea coaſt.

We ſaw the *aloe* planted in the ſurrounding country: or, more properly, the *agava.*

We arrived at the conſiderable ruins of *Minturnæ*, which conſiſt of the great remains of an aqueduct, and of ſeveral arches ſtill ſtanding, that are ſuppoſed to be the ruins of a theatre; though to us they rather appeared to be the ruins of *thermæ.* We ſuppoſed a hollow, that we ſaw in the earth, to have been the bed of a pool for ſwimmers; which the antients called *piſcinæ*, or fiſh ponds, although thoſe that were within the *thermæ* ſerved for the exerciſe of the young men.

The antient town extends itſelf to this ſide of the river *Liris*; which now is called *Garigliano.* Horace repeatedly mentions this river. We ſaluted the fields——

——— *quæ Liris quieta*
Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis.
HOR. od. 31.

——— that Liris laves
And eats away with ſilent waves.
FRANCIS.

We

We had ſcarcely croſſed the river, over a ferry, before, on the right ſide of the road, lapwings, and ſea gulls, denoted the watery parts where formerly the marſh of *Minturnæ* lay! in which Marius concealed himſelf from the horſemen of Sylla. However, he was diſcovered; and brought priſoner into the town of *Minturnæ*. A ſoldier was ſent to put him to death, who knew not the perſon on whom he was to exerciſe his office. He was a Cimbrian: and, during the glorious war which Marius had waged with that people, this man had been a priſoner. As he entered the dungeon, Marius raiſed himſelf up, and exclaimed, "Dareſt thou, man, put Marius to death?" Terror ſeized the Cimbrian, when he beheld the conqueror of his nation; he dropped the ſword with a cry, and ran away. The people of Minturnæ reconſidered the matter, and furniſhed Marius with clothing and proviſions, and likewiſe with a veſſel, on board of which he ſailed to Africa to his ſon *.

We left the hill *Monte Dragone*, the *Maſſicus* of the antients, on our right; the wine of which was ſo famous. On the oppoſite ſide to this hill, you ſtill ſee the great ruins of the

* Plut. Life of Mar.

antient

antient *Sinueſſa*; which the Greeks called *Sinope*; and its haven. This Sinueſſa of the *Aurunci* muſt not be miſtaken for the *Sinueſſa* of the *Volſci*; a large town, which was ſituated in the country near *Velitræ*, and *Cora*. On the left, we paſſed what is now the little town of *Seſſa*.

The diſtrict from *Monte Dragone* to the river *Volturno*, the *Vulturnus* of the antients, is that which produced the noble Falernian wine. The modern *Capua* is ſituated on the *Volturno*. This place was built about the middle of the ninth century. The antient *Capua* was founded by the *Etrurians*, eight-and-forty years before the building of Rome: its firſt name was *Vulturnum* * after the neighbouring river, *Vulturnus* †. In the year 332 after the founding of Rome, the Samnites, who had always been received as the friends and fellow citizens of the people, ſeized on this city by night, and murdered the antient inhabitants; and from them it received the name of *Capua*. Forgetful of their origin, in

* Liv. iv. 37.

† According to others, the river was firſt called *Alturnus*; the town *Alturnum*: but Livy ſays its firſt name was *Vulturnum*. Vid. Cluv. Ital. Ant.

the

the year of Rome 412, joining the *Sidicini*, they became the opponents of the Samnites *. The *Sidicini* were ſoon humbled; becauſe the Campanians, whoſe principal city was *Capua*, could not afford ſufficient aid. The latter were obliged ſingly to bear the burthen of the war. They had already been beaten, the enemy was at the gates of *Capua*, and, in this ſtate of diſtreſs, they applied to the Romans for aid. The Romans anſwered them that they could not march againſt the Samnites, their allies: but they would intercede in their favour. To this the ambaſſadors of the Campanians replied, "If you will not "defend us againſt violence, at leaſt defend "what is your own. Into your hands we "deliver the people of Campania, the city of "*Capua*, the lands, the temples, and all that "belongs to the gods and men. Whatever "we muſt endure we will endure as your "dependants."

The Romans ſent to the Samnites, and requeſted them not to oppreſs their friends: but their ambaſſadors were received with haughtineſs; and the chiefs of the Samnites, in their preſence, commanded their captains to

* Liv. vii. 29.

lay

lay waſte the lands of Campania. This was the origin of the obſtinate war of a hundred years duration, between the Romans and the Samnites: in which both people teſtified equal valour, though in the concluſion the Samnites were ſubdued. In the ſecond Punic war, after the battle of Cannæ, the Campanians went over to the Carthaginians. Hannibal gave repoſe to himſelf and his army, during the winter, in *Capua* *. Livy accuſes the Carthaginian of having here given himſelf up to pleaſure, and of having become effeminate: but the diſtreſſes which he for fifteen years brought upon Italy, and the deeds that he performed, ill ſupported as he was by his country, will vindicate Hannibal from this aſperſion.

The Romans marched againſt *Capua*; and, after a long ſiege, the Campanians having in vain hoped that their city would be relieved by Hannibal, the ſenate determined to ſubmit to the Romans. Vibius Virius, who had induced them to ally themſelves to the Carthaginians, made an energetic oration againſt this proceeding; which he repreſented both as pernicious and degrading. He concluded his

* Liv. xxiii. c. 1.

ſpeech

ſpeech with inviting all thoſe who felt like him to partake of a banquet, and of a bowl, which ſhould at once relieve them from ſhame and ſervitude *. Seven-and-twenty ſenators followed him, partook of his feaſt, drank the poiſon from his cup, embraced, and wept over the fate of their country. Some returned to die in their houſes; the reſt remained together, that their bodies might be conſumed on the ſame funeral pile. The poiſon did not take effect ſo quickly as was expected †: however, they all died before the gates were opened to the Romans.

The conſuls, Q. Fulvius Flaccus, and Appius Claudius, differed concerning the manner in which they ought to treat the people of *Capua*. Claudius, whoſe temper was mild, deſired that the Roman ſenate ſhould determine on their fate. Fulvius received the command of the Senate to ſpare the ſenators of *Capua* at the very moment that they were bound to the ſtake. He did not read it till the ſenators had been ſcourged, and beheaded; and in this manner eighty ſenators were put to death, three hundred nobles thrown into priſon, and the people ſold as ſlaves ‡.

* Liv. xxvi. c. 13. † Liv. xxvi. c. 14. ‡ Cap. 15.

Thus did the Romans indulge their revenge, againſt a people who probably would have ſuffered as much from the Carthaginians, had they not allied themſelves with Hannibal after the battle of Cannæ. The buildings of the city were preſerved and given to ſtrangers, who had not enjoyed the rights of citizenſhip, to freedmen, and to merchants. Theſe people had no magiſtrates properly their own *, but were governed by an officer annually ſent from Rome.

The ruins of *Capua* denote that it afterward became very flouriſhing, under the Romans. The amphitheatre, which was built in the firſt century after the birth of Chriſt, conſiſts, like the Coloſſeum, of the four orders of architecture; one above the other. The *arena* is a hundred and ſixteen paces in length, and ſixty-four in breadth: the lower arches are many of them ſtill ſubſiſting. The Romans, while free, never had a building that was equal to this in grandeur. It included all that luxuriant magnificence of which their Emperors were ſo prodigal. The temper of Rome, while a republic, was more beneficial, more circumſpect: though its undertakings

* Cap. 16.

were

were equally great, and more beneficial, in aqueducts, roads, and public works.

The plains of Campania maintain their antient renown for their abundant fertility, and are excellently cultivated.

We journeyed on to *Caserta*, where there is a royal castle; and there saw the great aqueduct which, in the true Roman spirit, was constructed by the late King. The water is brought through hills and over a valley by a walled aqueduct; in the deepest part of which there are three high arches, one above the other. It is so broad that it may be travelled over, from one hill to another: though the King reserves this privilege for himself, and such as he shall authorize. You may likewise walk on foot under the uppermost arches; for through each of the arches there is an opening left. This canal does not merely serve to supply a waterfall at Caserta, as a hasty and invidious traveller might think, but furnishes a great part of the city of Naples with water, passing over a tract of seven German miles.

As we wished to arrive at Naples in good time, we desisted from viewing the large castle

and the gardens; which are celebrated for being laid out in the Engliſh taſte.

We proceeded from Caſerta to Naples, which are about two German miles aſunder, through fruitful fields, and gardens, planted with vegetables; where we ſaw the vine plant continually twining round rows of high elms. Beyond the city, Mount Veſuvius and its exhalations roſe.

Many travellers go poſt, from Rome to Naples, in five-and-twenty hours: we have employed five days on the journey; five delicious days; not one hour of which I would have ſhortened.

How much could I tell you, already, of the wonderful proſpect toward the ſea, of the Poſilipo grotto, and of other matters!

Sed nos immenſum ſpatiis confecimus æquor,
Et jam tempus equûm fumantia ſolvere colla.

VIRG. Georg. ii. 542.

But overlabour'd with ſo long a courſe,
'Tis time to ſet at eaſe the ſmoking horſe.

DRYDEN, v. 793.

P. S. I think I have ſufficiently proved that Mola cannot be the Telepylos of Homer. The general ideas, which I had collected from the

the Greeks and Romans, have induced me to ſeek the country of the Læſtrigons on the coaſt of Italy. I am in like manner embarraſſed between the antients and moderns, when I conſider the iſland of Lipari as the iſland of Æolus. A map of the world, ſuch as it was laid down by the antients long after the time of Homer, and which appeared with Voſs's new edition of the Odyſſey, will prove, though this is but the leaſt merit of Voſs, the perſeverance with which he has traced the geographical documents of the antients. He is the firſt who has given us a clue, that will guide us on our journey with Ulyſſes; and lead us out of that labyrinth in which we have been wandering for centuries.

LETTER LXI.

Naples, 11th February 1792.

THE city of *Neapolis*, or Naples, is of high antiquity, and Greek origin: you muſt therefore expect that the wanton flowers

of fable twine themſelves round the old trunk of its early hiſtory. Some tell us that its name *Parthenope* was derived from a Syren; who threw herſelf into the ſea, becauſe Ulyſſes refuſed to liſten to her ſong; and that ſhe was buried, by him, on a hill in the city. If, however, we may truſt a paſſage in Strabo, the city pretends to a much higher origin than that of having been founded by Falernus: one of the Argonauts.

It is ſufficient for us to know that its founders were Greeks; and that it was either built or increaſed by the citizens of the neighbouring Cumæ; who were deſcendants from Chalcis, in *Eubœa*. Its name, which in the Greek tongue ſignified new city, was given it to diſtinguiſh it from its ſiſter *Palæpolis:* or old city. Livy attributes the ſame origin to both. He tells us that the people of Chalcis firſt landed on the iſlands of Iſchia and Procida *, ſoon made themſelves powerful by ſea,

* *Primo in inſulas Ænariam et Pithecuſas egreſſi:* I think we ſhould read, *Ænariam et Procidam;* for *Ænaria* and *Pithecuſæ* were two names given to the iſland of Iſchia, which likewiſe was called *Inarime*. Perhaps Livy merely called it *Ænaria;* and it may have been corrupted by a commentator, who, to explain it, introduced the word *Pithecuſas*.

and

and then ventured to eſtabliſh themſelves on the continent. Palæpolis ſtood between Neapolis and Heraclea; and, ſince the time of Auguſtus, who united the two firſt, they have formed only one city.

In the time of the ſecond Punic war, Neapolis had become a place of power. Hannibal made ſeveral attempts either to conquer or to win it over. He was pleaſed with the haven: but Naples remained true to the Romans, and Hannibal was deterred by its high walls. The city long continued to uſe the cuſtoms and the language of the Greeks *.

In the fifteenth century, it was ſubdued by the Goths; and reconquered by Belifarius. Totila next took it, and laid it in ruins: after which, Neapolis again fell under the power of the Empire of the Eaſt. It became tributary to the Lombards: but the Saracens vainly endeavoured to conquer it; though they laid waſte the neighbouring country, and an alliance was entered into with them by Sergius, Duke of Naples.

Forty Norman knights, on their return from the Holy Land in the eleventh century,

* Liv. xxiii. c. 1. 14.

gave a new form to all Lower Italy. Melon, a Lombard, endeavoured to aſſiſt the city of Bari; which was beſieged by the Greeks, and requeſted the aſſiſtance of theſe bold warriors. By them Bari, and afterward Salerno, which was beſieged by the Saracens, were relieved. The Italians invited them to remain in their country; and the Normans ingratiated themſelves with the people, willingly exchanging their own rude regions for the paradiſe into which they had been admitted. Thus connected, they drove away the Saracens and Lombards; and erected a new kingdom. In the year 1060, Robert Guiſcard took the title of Duke of Calabria. His deſcendants gradually acquired power; and, at laſt, aſſuming the regal title, ruled over the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. After the death of the laſt of the Norman Kings, William the Third, Conſtantia, the laſt heireſs of this kingdom, became the wife of the Emperor Henry the Sixth; who was of the Suabian line; and placed her ſon the Emperor Frederic the Second on the throne. Manfred, his natural ſon, after the death of his brother, Conrad the Fourth, took poſſeſſion of the kingdom.

The

The Pope, who hated the Suabian family, invited Charles of Anjou to ſeize on both kingdoms; and Manfred was killed in a battle. The uſurpation of Charles was followed by tyranny; but he was hated by the people, and they invited the ſon of Conrad the Fourth, the younger Conrad, who is better known by the name of Conradin, to take poſſeſion of the kingdom. The noble youth was impriſoned; and, with the concurrence of the Pope, beheaded in Naples: and Charles of Anjou remained King, under the title of Charles the Firſt.

The French, whoſe preſence even where they were not ſovereigns was welcome to no people, were guilty of pernicious tyranny, in Sicily. John of Procida, the poſſeſſor of the iſland of that name, was at the head of a conſpiracy which, among the antients, would have immortalized his name: a conſpiracy which, even under our milder manners, would have been celebrated and admired, had its end been to drive out the French from the iſland, and not to aſſaſſinate them. On the third day of Eaſter, in 1282, while the bell rang the people to veſpers, they were all put to death; and Peter of Arragon was choſen King: whoſe

ſucceſſors

ſucceſſors governed Sicily, till, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, it was again united with Naples. Only one perſon* eſcaped the general maſſacre; William of Porcelets, Signor of Arles, who was an adherent of Charles of Anjou; but who, by his wiſdom and virtue, had rendered himſelf beloved and reſpected. That an embittered people, in the exerciſe of vengeance, ſhould honour wiſdom and virtue in one, is a proof of the guilt of the reſt.

Charles the Firſt, his ſon Charles the Second, and Robert, grandſon of the firſt, remained in poſſeſſion of the kingdom of Naples. The grandaughter of Robert, Johanna, firſt married Andrew, King of Hungary; whom ſhe was ſuſpected afterward to have ſtrangled; then a Duke of Taranto; after him Jacob of Arragon; and at laſt Otho of Brunſwick. Her adopted ſon was Charles Durazzo: but he revolted againſt her, and had the kingdom of Naples conferred on him by Pope Urban the Sixth. The enraged Johanna then adopted Lewis of Anjou; on which Durazzo

* According to Henault, there were two; Porcelets, and Philip Scalambre. See *Nouvel Abrégé, &c. de Henault.* T.

marched

marched againſt her, beſieged and conquered her, and ſhe died in priſon. According to ſome, he put her to death.

Durazzo continued in poſſeſſion of the kingdom; and his ſon, Ladiſlaus, was ſucceeded by his ſiſter, Johanna the Second. She married Alphonſo, king of Arragon and Sicily: by which the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily were again united.

Ferdinand the Second, the fourth who ſucceeded after Alphonſo, was dethroned by Charles the Eighth, King of France. Ferdinand once more recovered his kingdom; and was once more deſpoiled of it, by Lewis the Twelfth.

Gonſalo of Cordova conquered the kingdom for Ferdinand, King of Spain, ſurnamed the Catholic; and it was governed by Spaniſh Viceroys, till the beginning of the preſent century.

In the year 1707, Count Daun conquered the kingdom of Naples for Charles of Auſtria; who was afterward the Emperor Charles the Sixth. In the year 1720, he likewiſe became King of Sicily; and, in the year 1734, the Spaniards conquered both kingdoms for Don Carlos;

Carlos; and the Emperor, Charles, ſolemnly renounced his pretenſions.

In the year 1759, when Don Carlos became King of Spain, he declared his third ſon, Ferdinand, King of Naples and Sicily; and from 1761 he has continued to govern both kingdoms, which have greatly ſuffered under the ſelfiſh and ſevere adminiſtration of the Spaniards. The preſent King, however, is beloved of both; and, by the goodneſs of his heart, is deſerving of their love. The wounds of the people, inflicted by the Spaniſh Government, though ſtill bleeding, begin to heal. The country is the moſt fertile in Europe. It is favoured by heaven, earth, and ſea; and is ſo well ſituated, for trade, that it only requires a little time, and wiſe encouragement, which ſhould rather entice than compel, to bloſſom in all that fulneſs of proſperity to which, if the will of nature be conſulted, it is deſtined. Above all things, the tyranny of the grandees muſt be repreſſed, the middle ranks more honoured, and commerce unreſtrained; that it may aſſume that animation which liberty alone can give. The wild and ſimple countryman muſt likewiſe be careſſed,

reſſed, and humanized; in order to exalt a nation which, from the time of the Normans, has been groaning under oppreſſion: a nation quick in conception, ardent in feeling, and certainly not wicked in propenſity.

A great city is a great evil. It is pernicious to population, the ſink of morality, and the wide diſpenſer of its own poiſon. Naples is very large, and extremely populous: it contains above four hundred thouſand, or probably as many as five hundred thouſand, inhabitants; yet, ſo excellent is the ſoil, that the neceſſaries of life are in great plenty, and very cheap. Among theſe neceſſaries, we muſt include ice: the want, or the dearneſs, of which would enrage the people. The common people of Naples, and indeed of all Italy, are very moderate in eating and drinking: they would rather ſuffer all the inconveniences of life than remove them by their labour. This appears a very natural inclination in a hot country. What enjoyment can be greater than that of repoſing in the ſhade? Thoſe, who repeatedly wonder at, and are diſguſted by, the indolence of this people, ſhew that their remarks are either the conſequence of haſte or incapacity. That the

the effects of indolence are prejudicial is undoubtedly true: but that the men, who, to satisfy some of their artificial wants, labour a few hours more than others are preferable to the last, who prefer the most natural of all pleasures, rest, and shelter from the heat, is what I cannot discover.

The principal wants of the Neapolitan are supplied by benevolent nature; without requiring him scarcely to stretch out his hand. Abstemious in eating and drinking, the clothing he needs is trifling, the fuel none, and he can even live without a habitation. The class of people called *Lazaroni*, some of whom you meet with even in Rome, are here computed at forty thousand. Many of these live in the open air; and at night, or in bad weather, take shelter under gateways, porticos, the eaves of houses, or under the rocks. They cannot easily be persuaded to work, while they have the smallest coin in their pocket. They think not of making provision for to-morrow. The serenity of the climate, and the ever generous, ever fruitful lap of earth, sympathise with their joyous hilarity. Their blood flows lightly through their veins: with care they are unacquainted. Should any one offer

money to a Lazaroni, when he is not preſſed by neceſſity, he raiſes the back of his hand to his chin, and toſſes his head upwards, being too idle to ſpeak, in token of refuſal: but, if any thing delights him, I do not ſpeak of his paſſions, which may be kindled and extinguiſhed as eaſily as a fire of ſtraw, if he be invited to partake any pleaſure, no man is more talkative, more alert, more full of antics, than himſelf.

Theſe people have wives and children. At preſent, there is one among them whoſe influence is ſo great that they call him *Capo de gli Lazaroni:* The chief of the Lazaroni. He goes barefoot, and in tatters, like the reſt. He is the orator for the whole body, when they have any thing to demand of the Government. He then generally applies to the *Eletto del Popolo:* the repreſentative of the people: a kind of tribune, as far as ſuch an office can exiſt in an unlimited monarchy, like that of Naples. He likewiſe appeals to the King in perſon. The demands of the Lazaroni are moderate: they have a ſenſe of right and wrong: which the people ſeldom want, when they are not miſled. To diſregard any juſt remonſtrance of this people, or not

not to comply without ſtating the grounds of refuſal, would be dangerous. They love the preſent King; and I am aſſured that, in caſe of neceſſity, he might depend upon their aſſiſtance: of this, however, he is in no need.

Before the King laſt year made a journey to Germany, Nicola Sabbato, for ſo is the preſent chief of the Lazaroni called, made him a ſpeech. He lamented that the King ſhould be abſent ſo long from his people: yet rejoiced in a journey that ſhould afford pleaſure to a prince, who took ſo much ſatisfaction in the good of his ſubjects. "We are," ſaid he, "thirty thouſand ſtrong; and, in your ab-"ſence, we will preſerve the peace of the "country. You certainly have nothing to "fear from any man: but, ſhould any one "have the inſolence to ſpread inflammatory "opinions, we will tear him into as many "pieces as we are men; and each of us will "have a morſel of him to ſmoke in our "pipes."

During the abſence of the King, this Nicola Sabbato viſited the Princes and Princeſſes; that, as he ſaid, he might give the people an account of their welfare. He likewiſe viſited the prime miniſter, Mr. Acton; and, on one occaſion,

occaſion, came to him breathleſs, demanding to ſpeak to him. "I have juſt ſeen a man," ſaid he, "in the dreſs of a pilgrim, in the "great ſquare, who is diſtributing French "hand-bills; the meaning of which neither "I nor any of us yet underſtand; and he is "kiſſing a ſtone, which he has brought from "the ruins of the Baſtille. He will certainly "excite an inſurrection. We would have "thrown him into the ſea, but I wiſhed firſt "to hear your opinion: though I think we "ought to have thrown him into the ſea."

The miniſter had much difficulty to make him conceive that a preliminary enquiry was neceſſary. He continually returned to the neceſſity of throwing the orator into the ſea; and, when the miniſter told him he would ſend ſoldiers to put the man in priſon, Nicola replied, "There is no occaſion for ſoldiers; I will undertake that buſineſs."

The man accordingly was taken to priſon, by the Lazaroni. The contents of the hand-bill were entirely ſeditious. The inſurgent was one of thoſe emiſſaries that were ſent, by the too provident care of the French clubs, over Europe; to enlighten, improve, and make the people happy. He had diſguiſed himſelf

like a pilgrim, and was ſubject to the gallows, according to the common rights of nations; but the Government only thought proper to baniſh him to the iſland of *Maritima*; one of the *Ægades*, on the weſt ſide of Sicily.

The Lazaroni are devoted to the preſent King. A body of many thouſand men, who have nothing to loſe, may reaſonably be dreaded; and may keep a tyrannical King in very wholeſome awe. A deſpotic conſtitution may perhaps need a remedy like this: the terror of which ſhall preſerve a balance between itſelf and a power that is equally blind, and unwiſe. A free conſtitution requires order; for order is the foundation of freedom. Bodies of people, like the numberleſs Lazaroni of Naples, or the hags of the halls, the fiſh-wives of Paris, could not exiſt among a people that ſhould be truly free.

The ſtreets are uncommonly crowded: yet the crowd is much leſs inconvenient here than in other cities. The coachmen too are leſs inſolent than ſuch gentlemen uſually are; when, mounted upon their throne, they look down with contempt on the multitude beneath. However, the number of coaches is ſo great that the foot paſſenger muſt be continually

tinually on his guard: which it is difficult to be, ſtunned as the ear is by the rolling of the carriage wheels. Yet the coaches are much leſs dangerous than the little one horſe cabrioles; which are driven through the city by the young gentlemen, who imagine that the foot paſſengers ſhould vaniſh before them, as eaſily, and as inſtantly, as the yielding air before the breath of their ſnorting horſes.

There is great oſtentation here of carriages and horſes: which laſt are juſtly famous. They are ſmall, but beautiful, full of fire, and are treated with cruelty. Nothing is ſo highly diſpleaſing, in the Italians, as the manner in which they treat their animals.

Horace called this city *otioſa Neapolis:* the indolent Naples. I, and my fellow travellers, were lately taking a walk on the ſea ſhore; when a great crowd of men and women made us imagine there was ſomething extraordinary in agitation. All preſſed forward to the ſame place; for curioſity is catching, and we got into the midſt of the throng. The object of enquiry was a fiſhing boat, the people of which were dragging up a large net; and the ſpectators were in eager expectation to know how many fiſh had been taken. Had

a man of war, after a ſea fight, returned to harbour, and had the mothers, wives, brothers, and ſiſters, all crowded together on the ſtrand, to enquire how many of their deareſt relations were on board, or how many were cut off, the emotion in their countenances could not have aſſumed a more animated appearance. The draught of fiſh was found not to be very great; and the people retired in a diſconſolate manner, with very evident tokens of diſappointment.

In general, the city is well built: you feel, however, the want of the better ſtyle of the Romans; and ſtill more of the more noble palaces of Florence. The houſes are moſt of them flat roofed. The pavement conſiſts, as in moſt of the cities of Italy, of ſquare flag ſtones of lava. The royal palace is capacious, and has a noble appearance. The ſituation of the city is inexpreſſibly beautiful. No great city in Europe, Conſtantinople alone excepted, can, in this reſpect, be compared with Naples.

There is a long extenſive walk on the ſea ſhore; from which the whole high mountainous coaſt is ſeen on the left, and oppoſite to the city the promontory of *Sorento*. Mount Veſuvius likewiſe riſes to the left; and *Portici* lies

lies at its feet. On the right of the city, the hill *Poſilipo* extends itſelf far into the ſea.

The fortreſs of *Caſtell del Uovo* is built on an iſland, which is connected with the city by a bridge. On this rock, which the antients called *Megaris*, and *Magalia*, Lucullus had his garden. From the walk, the proſpect of the haven is concealed by this fortreſs. On the right of the promontory of Sorento ſtands the high iſland of Capri; like a rocky mountain, in the open ſea.

This walk on the ſea ſhore would be ſtill more pleaſant, were it planted with lofty trees. Two long alleys of the *Ypreniis-Ulmus*, with its branches cut to form a trellis, and hung round with vine plants, afford it a neceſſary ſhade in ſummer. Small orange and oleander trees are planted on each ſide. In the centre of the place is the celebrated group of white marble, known by the name of the Farneſian bull; which is one of the moſt beautiful of the antiques.

This walk is called *Villa Reale*; and, between this and the rocky ſhore at the foot of the Poſilipo, there is a large place which is deſtined for the exerciſe of arms. What a delightful walk would this be, were it ſhaded

by the ſpreading plane tree! The way is open as far as the beautiful haven, and the coaſt of Portici, on the left. On the right, I amuſed myſelf among the rocks; which I now climbed, and now ſtood waiting till the waves ſhould retreat. The Nymphs of this bay are a little malicious. They ſuffer you peaceably to approach the edge of the ſea, and ſuddenly ſend a rolling wave that daſhes over your feet. You ſtep back, and the ſea aſſumes its former repoſe.

The water either feels, or appears to feel, the charms of the climate. Varieties of ſhell fiſh abound upon its ſhore, the forms and colours of which are enchanting. Many of the ſpecies are eaten; and ſome of theſe are very beautiful.

Upon and between the rocks, ever blooming nature buds and ſprouts; and theſe rocks ſtand at the foot of the hill Poſilipo, which is ornamented with trees and country houſes. I have not yet been upon this hill; but I have been through it: for a large cavern toward the ſea ſerves the city as a gate. When this cavern was made no man knows; but it is one of the moſt wonderful and greateſt of the works of men. Imagine to yourſelf a grotto

cut

cut through a volcanic rock, which grotto is nine hundred and ſixty paces long, nine broad, and of a very conſiderable height. Modern writers affirm that an inſcription has been diſcovered, which attributes this work to a perſon of the name of *Cocceius*. Strabo, who lived in the time of Auguſtus, is the firſt who, to my knowledge, has mentioned this grotto. It is evidently the work of man: but in what age was it executed? Was it by Romans or by Greeks? Were the inhabitants of the Greek town ſo powerful as to be able to execute this work? Would the Romans have been at ſo much labour, for the convenience of any city, except Rome? What muſt we underſtand from the ſilence of hiſtory? Windows from above had been cut in the time of Strabo. Seneca complains of its darkneſs. The cavern was widened by Alphonſo the Firſt, King of Naples; and after him by Charles the Fifth.

It is aſcribed by the people to Virgil. The memory of this great poet ſtill flouriſhes at Naples; where he lived ſeven years, and where his ſepulchre is ſhewn, over the entrance of the Poſilipo grotto. Some of the common people ſuppoſe him to have been

a Saint; others a Necromancer. When Robert of Anjou, King of Naples, once paſſed through this cavern with Petrarch, he aſked him whether it were really true that Virgil had effected this miracle by magic? To which the poet anſwered, "I have never "read that Virgil was a magician; and the "traces that I ſee are thoſe of the pickaxe, "not of the Devil."

The road through this grotto leads to *Pozzuoli*; the *Puteoli* of the antients, a neighbouring place which I ſhall ſoon viſit. Before you leave the road and enter the cavern, you find it ſurrounded with high rocks, and in a place which reſembles a hermitage. This appearance, this calm, has a good effect: eſpecially as, but the moment before, you have been ſtunned by the din of a city, the ſtreets of which are probably the moſt noiſy in Europe.

The magical proſpect of the ſea, from its ſituation and iſlands, which are inexpreſſibly beautiful, is heightened by the monotonous roar of its waves, the mildneſs of the healthy air, the ſerenity of the ſky, and the abundantly budding, ever blooming, ever ſwelling, ever ripening, fertility. Here, through the circling

circling year, the friendly Hours dance, with intertwining arms, to the ſong of joy. When the Greeks diſcovered this country, they were enraptured by its beauties; and ſuppoſed this the ſite of the enchanted Heſperian gardens, and the delightful Elyſian fields. It was here that Homer made his Syrens ſing; and his enchantreſs, Circe, inhabited an iſland on the Italian ſhores. Rocks, and whirlpools of the ſea, were changed, by the intoxicated imagination of the godlike Homer, to living monſters. All was breathing; all was life; fancy was ever fed, and the heart inceſſantly inſpired, by nature; which here flouriſhes in eternal youth.

Virgil mentions the time when he lived at the lovely Naples with emotion—

Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope ————

VIRG. Georg. iv. 563.

While I at Naples paſs'd my peaceful days.
DRYDEN, v. 815.

And, when Ovid ſends *Æſculapius*, concealed under the form of a ſerpent, from *Epidaurus* to Italy, while deſcribing the coaſt, he caſts a friendly glance on *Parthenope;* born for eaſe and enjoyment—

———— *in*

——— *in otia natam*
Parthenopen———

OVID. Met. lib. xv. 711.

Naples for ſoft delight and pleaſure born.

WELSTED, v. 1009.

The atmoſphere is here of a deep blue; and the moon and ſtars appear to aſſume a clearer light. All nature contributes to combine the moſt lovely benevolence with the higheſt grandeur. The Greeks, who had a keen ſenſe and deep knowledge of the beautiful, early went in ſearch of new lands on the ſouthern coaſt of Italy, and, ſeveral centuries afterward, their poetical deſcriptions of the wonders of theſe countries were abundant. Even the profound and ſerious Ariſtotle ſpoke, in his time, of this enchanting country as of a new world; which, from its native charms and intoxicating poetry, was long to the inhabitants of antient Greece a Peru: like as Peru, in the ſixteenth century, was ſuppoſed to be a necromantic Utopia.

LET-

LETTER LXII.

Naples, 14th February 1792.

TO the north weſt, and immediately facing the city, on a very commanding hill, ſtands the ſix ſided fortreſs called *Caſtello di Sant' Elmo;* which is entirely hewn out of a rock. From this, you look down on the city beneath your feet; with the haven, the ſurrounding country, Mount Veſuvius and the whole gulph of Naples. Turning to the left, you purſue the hilly winding ſhore, to the promontory of Sorento; to the right, the cape that extends itſelf and concludes in the hill Poſilipo, and beyond this the coaſts of *Baiæ*, and the high promontory of *Miſenum*, which is connected with the ſhore by a long iſthmus. The iſlands of Capri, Iſchia, and Procida, embelliſh this proſpect: the magnificence of which rivets the eye, and animates the whole frame.

All the iſlands of the Mediterranean that I have yet ſeen, Elva, Gorgona, Ponza, and their companions, Iſchia, Capri, Procida, and Niſida, have

have very high ſhores; and ſtand like rocks in the ſea. This ſeems to be the prevailing feature of all the iſlands of this ſea. The promontory of Circe has entirely the ſame appearance; it ſtands alone, ſeparate from all other hills: yet for a hill, in the midſt of plains, to riſe and ſtand thus detached is entirely contrary to the character of Italian mountains. This promontory not only appeared in Homer's time to be, but really was, an iſland. I grant that Veſuvius, likewiſe, ſtands ſeparated from other mountains: but Veſuvius is a volcano. You remember that Menelaus would have preſented young Telemachus with three horſes, and a handſome chariot; but Telemachus declined accepting the gift, becauſe they would have been of no uſe to him in Ithaca. After having expatiated on the fertility of the continent, he thus continues:

Ἐν δ' Ἰθακῃ ἐυτ' ἀρ δρομοι ευρεες, οὐτε τι λειμων·
Λιγιβοτος· και μαλλον ἐπηρατος ἱπποβοτοιο.
Οὐ γαρ τις νησων ἱππηλατος, οὐδ' ἐυλειμων,
Αιθ' ἁλι κεκλιαται· Ἰθακη δε τε και περι πασεων.

Hom. Od. b. iv. 309—312.

The courſers for the champion ſports retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:

Horrid

Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage, for the mountain goat to browſe;
But neither mead nor plain ſupplies, to feed
The ſprightly courſer, or indulge his ſpeed:
To ſea-furrounded realms the gods aſſign
Small tracts of fertile lawn; the leaſt to mine.
POPE, Od. b. iv. v. 821.

The urbane youth firſt gave due praiſe to the country of Menelaus: but then indulged the overflowing of his heart: Και μαλλον επηρατος ιπποβοτοιο. To him, the inconſiderable and ſtony Ithaca is more dear than all the world. The inhabitants of mountains and iſlands are characterized by their partiality for their own country. Ithaca is a mountainous iſland. How dearly muſt Telemachus love his country! Oh Homer! what poet like thee was ever ſo deeply inſtructed, in phyſical and moral nature!

Theſe proſpects are ſeen with ſtill greater effect from the top of the hill Poſilipo: for there the whole iſland of Niſida is open to the eye, and but a part of it can be ſeen from the *Caſtello di Sant' Elmo*. Add, to this, the charms of the place itſelf, and the diſtricts that it overlooks. In one direction on the land ſide, you ſee the rock *Gajola*, which the Alexandrian mariners, in antient times, uſed to call

call *Euplæa :* or good paſſage : becauſe they were then almoſt in port.

Lucullus had a country houſe, and fiſh pond, on the other ſide of the Poſilipo ; and, that he might continually ſupply it with ſea water, he cauſed a paſſage to be dug through the hill of Poſilipo. Conſiderable traces of this work are ſtill to be ſeen : for which the Stoic philoſopher, Tubero, called him a Xerxes clad in the *toga.* Remains of the building of the Villa of Lucullus are likewiſe viſible ; and are called by the people *La Scuola di Virgilio :* the ſchool of Virgil. The appellation is erroneous : but there is no doubt but that the finely feeling poet, when he lived at Naples, uſed frequently to viſit theſe places ; the air and the ſhady walks of which were delightful, and the proſpect one of the moſt beautiful in the world.

The name of Poſilipo was given to this hill by the Greeks : that is, they called it *Pauſilipæ :* Care calming : from παυειν and λυπη. A Neapolitan poet tells us it was a morſel of heaven, dropped upon earth. Its proſpect, its hills, and vales, which are partly covered with trees, partly with vineyards productive of excellent wine, and the fertility of the ſoil,

where

where the aloes and *cactus opuntia* grow wild, do indeed impart to this high cape a charm which, even in theſe regions of Paradiſe, is peculiar to itſelf.

The Latin and Italian poet, *Sannazaro*, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth and the beginning of the ſixteenth century, had a country houſe here; which was preſented to him by King Frederic. He lies buried in a chapel, which was built by himſelf, and dedicated to the Holy Virgin.

What is called the Tomb of Virgil is upon the Poſilipo; beſide the entrance of the cavern. Although ſo near a great city, it ſtands in a ſolitary place, among trees and rocks; from which there is a proſpect toward the ſea: a ſituation worthy the delicate ſenſibility of the great poet. How unwilling was I to refuſe myſelf the ſweet deception of imagining I ſtood beſide the tomb of Virgil! Addiſon, and before him Cluverius, have remarked that Virgil was buried on the ſide toward Veſuvius. Statius ſays the ſame. Donatus, in his life of the poet, tells us that he died in Brunduſium; and was buried near Naples, at his own requeſt. Of the famous laurel, concerning which two of the German literati,

as I am told, have waged a war that has not been productive of fame, there is no trace; unleſs the ſprigs of laurel that are found among the high graſs. The old root may probably have overgrown itſelf; and, if this be ſo, thoſe who have maintained that no laurel ever grew here, but that the owner of the place decorated the tomb with its branches, will indiſputably be wrong.

I quit with reluctance the deſcription of this care calming place, which in the Spring I ſhall behold in ſtill higher beauty, to ſend you an account of a feſtival, that has been repeatedly given during the Carnival; and by which the manners of the people are characterized.

On appointed days, gentlemen and ladies proceed, maſked, in open carriages, to the long broad and ſtraight ſtreet called *Toledo*. Here they wage facetious war; with each other, and with the ſpectators, who ſhew themſelves from the houſes and balconies. There is a balcony before each window in this ſtreet. The warriors hold a ſhield for defence in their left hand; and pelt each other with ſugar plums, and balls of bread ſugared over, with the right. That they may throw the farther

and ſtrike the ſurer, they make uſe of ladles; and are provided with full baſkets of ammunition. The carriages and horſes are in part fantaſtically decorated; and the whole ſtreet is thronged with ſpectators. The children run under the carriages, and the horſes feet, to gather up the ſcattered ſugar plums. Dragoons are ſtationed to maintain order; or rather perhaps to give the greater brilliancy to the feſtival. Thoſe that we ſaw from a balcony were a detachment of the body guard; which entirely conſiſts of the nobility. A troop of horſe was followed by numbers of the fine regiments of *Albaneſe;* and after them came the body guard, on horſeback. Both theſe and the Albaneſe were in the Hungarian uniform, and richly dreſſed. The beautiful Neapolitan horſes were ſhewn highly to their advantage; while their native fire was thus increaſed, by the clamour of the multitude. To the body guard ſucceeded a high carriage, drawn by eight horſes four abreaſt, which conſiſted of ſeveral ſtories; in which were perſons in allegorical habits, repreſenting Fame, Victory, Peace, and other poetic perſonages, who diſtributed papers containing a poem.

The whole feſtival was very charming in its kind; and the hilarity of the people was more entertaining to me than the ſpectacle. Neither the coachmen, who were often detained by the preſſure of the crowd, nor the people, who were pent up by the carriages, teſtified a moment's impatience. The dragoons were buſy in maintaining order; but with mildneſs and good humour. In any other city, ſuch a preſs and multitude of people as were here collected would have occaſioned fighting, much miſchief would have happened, and the ſhops would have been ſhut up: nothing of all which happened here. The ſtreet is full of ſhops; and they were all left open. This unſuſpicious mode of acting ſpeaks highly to the honour of the people; and eſpecially in a city in which there are forty thouſand men all in tatters; and which is without an army *. The feſtival was in honour of the Hungarian nation: for deputies from

* The author is miſtaken, in ſuppoſing this honour peculiar to Naples. The crowds, and, if you pleaſe, the mobs of London, and moſt probably of other cities, are equally great, and equally harmleſs; though not ſo full of whim and antick. In proof of this, we only need recollect illumination nights, in which party politics have no ſhare,

from the Hungarian nobility are here at preſent, and have brought the King a medal which they have ſtruck; in order to commemorate the viſit that he laſt year paid them.

We have ſeveral times viſited our countryman, the excellent landſcape painter, Philip Hackert. A painter of landſcape muſt here be in his true element: though a man of Hackert's genius knows how to take advantage of every ſituation. When he lived in Berlin, where the country has ſo few charms, the park with its trees was the place that offered itſelf to his imagination. This he aſſiduouſly ſtudied; and our thanks are due to him for the extraordinary excellence with which he has painted the trees. He is at preſent employed on the ſea ports of the two kingdoms.

We ſaw ſeveral noble paintings by his hand. Among others, a grand repreſentation of Mount Ætna; from its ſmoky ſummit, to the ſea that cools its foot. The difficulties of the lineal and aërial perſpective that oc-

ſhare, the chairing of a Weſtminſter election, and other public occaſions. Whether the mobs of Naples, London, or any other great city, are at all times placid, is a different queſtion. T.

curred, in executing this taſk, were greater than you can imagine.

The ports of Otranto, of Iſchia, and of Syracuſe, are excellent paintings: I ſaw him at work on the laſt. Who can refrain from coveting to poſſeſs, when he beholds, ſuch a picture?

Over the door of his bed chamber, he has painted a moon-light ſea piece, upon paper; which is reflected by double mirrors. When the chamber is dark, and the front chamber is lighted, the deception produced by this picture is enchanting. The light of his moon appears as clear as if it actually caſt all the other objects of the chamber into ſhade. You abſolutely believe you perceive its rays dazzling on the ſea; and its ſoft beams are diſperſed over the different maſſes with all the reality of truth. The trees of the foreground caſt ſhadows ſuch as are only proper to moon-light. The moon itſelf is repreſented with all its ſpots. The white clouds are ſo relieved as to ſeem illuminated by the dark blue of the atmoſphere. How ſoft muſt be the emotion, how ſacred the calm, of the ſleeper when he caſts a nightly glance at this picture before he cloſes his eyes!

The

The King honours the painter, and loves the man. He has very pleaſant apartments in a palace, with a proſpect toward the ſea. They are in the attic ſtory. From theſe he deſcends into a charming garden; thus equally enjoying the lofty and the low, at pleaſure, while the din of the ſtreet is below him, at a diſtance.

His views of the ports of the two kingdoms are engraved by his brother, George Hackert. He has a third brother, who lives at Geneva, and is likewiſe a good landſcape painter; and I have ſeen a very beautiful landſcape here, which is the work of another brother who died in England.

The director of the Academy of Arts, at this place, is likewiſe a German: his name is Tiſchbein. Naples has long been unproductive of good artiſts; yet the nation certainly has much intelligence: and what may we not expect from ſuch a ſoil and ſuch a climate?

This ſterility, in works of art, I aſcribe to Spaniſh tyranny; under which the country ſo long has groaned.

LETTER LXIII.

Naples, 18th February 1792.

ON the 15th, we viſited thoſe parts which hiſtory has rendered ſo intereſting, which, as the regions of poetry, are ſo delightful, and which are more intereſting and more delightful ſtill by the gifts of nature.

Paſſing through the long grotto of Poſilipo, we went by the ſea ſide to *Pozzuolo:* the *Puteoli* of the antients. This place was founded by the former inhabitants of the iſland of *Samos*, under the conduct of a certain *Dicæarchos*, at the time that the laſt Tarquin reigned in Rome; five hundred and twenty-one years before the birth of Chriſt *. Its Greek name was *Dicæa*, *Dicæarchia*, or *Dicarchia*. The Romans called it *Puteoli:* which name is probably derived from the numerous wells that are found in its vicinity. Its preſent name appears to me likewiſe to have this origin: for *Pozzo*, in Italian, has the ſame

* Cluv. Ital. Ant. iv. 2.

meaning

meaning as *Puteus*, in Latin, and ſignifies a well.

The town loſt its freedom during the ſecond Punic war. The Romans fortified it, and ſtationed a garriſon there of ſix thouſand men*. Hannibal, who had placed ſo great a dependance in poſſeſſing a haven on this coaſt, failed in taking Puteoli, as he had done in his attack upon Neapolis. A Roman colony was ſent hither after the war; and it became a municipal city, during the times of Roman freedom.

Large pillars were erected on the haven, to reſiſt the force of the waves: ſeveral of which are ſtill remaining.

Not far from the town, by the ſea ſide, Cicero's villa was built; which he firſt called his *Puteolanum*, and afterward *Academia:* for here he wrote his work entitled *Quæſtiones Academicæ.*

We proceeded leaving the hill *Gaurus*, which the preſent Italians call *Monte Barbaro*, on our right and near the road. It is no unuſual thing for the wine of this country to be confounded with that of Falernum: though the true Falernian was produced on the

* Liv. xxiv.

north of Capua. However, it is very good, will keep long, and has the name of *Falerno*; and indeed the grapes of *Gaurus* were celebrated by the antients.

The hill *Gaurus* has been unfruitful ſince the time of the great earthquake, which deſolated Pozzuolo in the year 1538. The terrified inhabitants fled naked to Naples; and the town would have been entirely abandoned, had not Toledo, the Spaniſh governor, cauſed it to be rebuilt; and, by that means, detained the people.

Monte Nuovo was produced by this earthquake. It has a pyramidal form; and roſe out of the Lucrine lake, after the earth had for ten days ſucceſſively been in commotion. The country town of *Tripergole*, which lay between the lake and the ſea, was ſwept away; engulphed by the waves.

We left *Monte Nuovo* on the left, and alighted from our carriage beſide the lake of *Avernus*. This lake is nearly circular; and, according to the teſtimony both of antients and moderns, is of aſtoniſhing depth. Its ſurrounding ſhores are very lofty. They were overgrown with thick woods, whoſe dark ſhades, in uniſon with the high ſhores and the

the depth below, rendered the lake awful. Poetry profited by this ſacred gloom. Homer makes the hero of the Odyſſey ſail, in one day, from the promontory of Circe to the Cimmerian abodes; and this lake was early held to be the entrance to the regions of Pluto. Here it was that Virgil brought his hero, when he began his deſcent to hell; and, from the foreſts which overhung the dark lake, he obtained the golden branch, that had been deſcribed by the Sibyl, and at the ſight of which Charon ferried him over the Styx. The high ſhore on the ſouth ſide was levelled, to a conſiderable breadth, by Agrippa; and from the north ſhore we overlooked the *Avernian* and *Lucrine* lake to the ſea. The latter lake lies between the former and the ſea*; with which it muſt formerly have had communication. The dam, by which it is ſeparated from the ſea, was aſcribed to Hercules. In later times, this dam muſt have been waſhed away by the waters.

When Auguſtus waged war againſt Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he ordered Agrippa to renew this dam; and accordingly part of the ſhore of the lake Avernus was cut away, to

* Dio. Sic. lib. v. vol. i. p. 267. ed. Weſſel.

make

make a communication by a canal with the Lucrine lake; and by means of both, to conſtruct a haven. This was called *portus Julius* *; or the haven of Julius; and muſt have had ſomething like the following form ∞. The antients were aſtoniſhed at the tranſparency and depth of the lake of Avernus. Ariſtotle remarks of it, as ſomething wonderful, that, though it was ſurrounded by high woods, not a fallen leaf was to be ſeen on its ſurface: but, as the banks were lofty and funnel formed, and the woods which were formerly here were defended on all ſides from the wind, it was but natural that the leaves ſhould fall to the ground and not into the lake. From the fable, that no bird could fly over it and not drop into the water, the Greeks gave it the appellation of *Aornos*: or birdleſs.

This quality is not aſcribed by Virgil to the lake; but to the cavern, which was the entrance to the ſhades below, and which poetry places at the undermoſt ſhore of the lake.

Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtoque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris:

* Suet. in Vita Oct. c. 16.

Quam

Quam ſuper haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis: talis ſeſe halitus atris
Faucibus effundens ſupera ad convexa ferebat.
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 237.

Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went,
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough deſcent;
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends;
And here th' unnavigable lake extends:
O'er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight.
Such deadly ſtenches from the depth ariſe,
And ſteaming ſulphur, that infects the ſkies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name *Avernus* to the lake.

DRYDEN, v. 338.

This deſcription was well applied, to a place where ſuch exhalations are frequent.

Not far from the lake of Avernus, a gate of the antient town of *Cumæ* is ſtill ſtanding. It is called the *Arco Felice*, is tolerably diſtant from the ſea, and denotes how large this celebrated antient Greek town, which was a ſea port, muſt have been. There are hills on each ſide of the gate, with ſteps; up which we mounted, to the top of the gate.

From this place, we had an uncommonly beautiful proſpect. To the right are the gulph of *Gaeta*, the town of the ſame name, *Mola*,

Mola, and the iſlands *Ponza* and *Ventotiene*. Right before us lay the *Spiaggia di Cuma*, or ſhores of *Cumæ*, and the high iſland of *Iſchia:* to the left the promontory of *Miſenum*, the whole bay of Naples, and in it the iſland of *Capri*.

The place where Cumæ ſtood, like the country round it, is embelliſhed with vineyards. How various is the fertility of this country! The vine clings round trees, which are many of them mulberry, and none of them uſeleſs: for their leaves will at leaſt ſerve as fodder for the cattle. Beneath theſe, the ſoil produces its manifold harveſt. Here the fig trees grow; and there the large bean is in bloom. The lupine, after the fruit is gathered, or the plant cut or eaten by the cattle, is now, as in the time of Virgil, ploughed up to manure the land. The aloe, which is plentiful, partly wild, and partly cultivated, is not without its uſe: its leaves are dried, it is left to die, like hemp, and the ſoft fibres that remain are uſed by thoſe who make artificial flowers.

On the antient haven of Cumæ, there is a fortreſs; in which there are a hundred men, who are relieved from Naples every fortnight.

night. They guard the coaſt againſt the inroads of the Barbary corſairs. The ſea-water, which, during the great earthquake in the year 1538, overflowed, and has but little communication with the ſea, made theſe fruitful diſtricts perhaps no leſs unhealthy for men than its exhalations are cheering to vegetation.

The antient town of *Cumæ*, Κυμη, was a colony from the city of *Chalcis*, in the iſland of *Eubœa:* the preſent *Negroponte:* but its origin is loſt in the darkneſs of antiquity. Cumæ was early a flouriſhing and powerful place. In the firſt year of the 64th Olympiad, at the time that *Miltiades* was *Archon* in Athens, 524 years before the birth of Chriſt, the *Etruſci*, the *Dauni*, and the *Umbri*, envying the proſperity of theſe free towns of Greece, made a combined but ineffectual effort to ſubject Cumæ. In the third year of the 76th Olympiad, the year 472 before Chriſt, the *Tyrrheni*, or *Etruſci*, the preſent Tuſcans, then lords of the ſea, according to the teſtimony of Diodorus, made another attack. The people of Cumæ demanded ſuccour of Hiero, the firſt King of Syracuſe *.

* Diod. vol. i. p. 442.

He

He ſent them a fleet; by the aid of which, with their own ſhips, they gained a great victory over the *Tyrrheni*. Pindar mentions this victory in his firſt Pythian hymn.

What is now called the bay of Naples was then the bay of *Cumæ*: ſo named by the antients after the city, although Cumæ was then ſituated at a diſtance, in the bay of Gaeta: but the people of Cumæ likewiſe poſſeſſed ports in the former bay. In the year of Rome 335, and 418 before the birth of Chriſt *, the people of Campania took Cumæ. The place muſt have ſuffered much from the antient arrogance of this people: yet, as late as the time of Strabo, there were many traces remaining of Grecian art, cuſtoms, and religion.

A road leads from this place to *Baiæ*; which has in part been cut through a hill, by the preſent King. We left the lake *Fuſaro* on the right, where the King often fiſhes, and by the ſide of which he has built an ornamental fiſhing houſe, and purſued our way to Baiæ. Of this town, which was ſo beloved by the antient Romans, nothing is remaining but its ruins: theſe however are conſiderable. They conſiſt of baths, ſome of

* Liv. iv. c. 44.

which are ſtill in uſe and have warm ſprings, and of the beautiful ruins of three rotundas. I ſuppoſe both theſe and the baths to be the remains of *thermæ*, which were built by the Emperors of the firſt century: though indeed the baths of Baiæ were celebrated even in the times of the republic. The whole neighbourhood was embelliſhed with country houſes, in which the Romans ſpent a part of the winter. We ſtill find many embankments of the high ſhore; and Horace, in various paſſages, reproaches the voluptuous pride of his contemporaries, for the folly of ſuch undertakings; the greatneſs of which but ill accord with the ſhortneſs of life: a remark that often recurs to the man who contemplates the remains of Roman magnificence.

This coaſt was the choſen reſidence of the luxury of the Romans. The poet thus complains:

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent; undique latius
Extenta viſentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu, platanuſque cælebs
Evincet ulmos:——

HOR. lib. ii. od. 15.

In royal pride our buildings riſe,
The uſeleſs plough neglected lies;

Ponds,

Ponds, broad as lakes, our fields o'erſpread,
Th' unmarried plane high waves the head
Above the elm——

FRANCIS.

In another ode he ſays:

Tu ſecanda marmora
Locas ſub ipſum funus, et ſepulcri
Immemor ſtruis domos,
Mariſque Baiis obſtrepentis urges
Summovere litora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid, quod uſque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos
In ſinu ferens deos,
Et uxor, et vir, ſordidoſque natos.
Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orci ſede deſtinata
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur,
Regumque pueris;——

HOR. lib. ii. od. 18.

But you, with thoughtleſs pride elate,
Unconſcious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to riſe,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies:
And, though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian ſhore.
The ſacred land-mark ſtrives in vain
Your impious avarice to reſtrain;

You

You break into your neighbour's grounds,
And overleap your clients' bounds.
Driven out by thee, to new abodes
They carry their paternal gods;
The wife her husband's sorrow shares,
And on her breast her squalid infant bears.

Yet destin'd by unerring fate,
Shall death this wealthy lord await;
Then whither tend thy wide domains?
For earth impartial entertains
Her various sons, and in her breast
Princes and beggars equal rest.

FRANCIS.

Horace elsewhere tells them, with ironical exaggeration,

Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt,
Jactis in altum molibus; huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominusque terræ

Fastidiosus; sed timor et minæ
Scandunt eodem quo dominus; neque
Decedit ærata triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

HOR. lib. iii. od. 1.

The fish affrighted, feel their waves
Contracted by his numerous slaves,
Even in the vast profound.
High though his structures rise in air,
Pale menaces, and black despair,

This haughty lord ſhall find,
O'ertake his armed galley's ſpeed,
And when he mounts the flying ſteed,
Sits gloomy Care behind.

FRANCIS.

The haven of Baiæ, which was known long before the town itſelf was built, derived its name from one of the companions of Ulyſſes: a teſtimony that at leaſt denotes its high antiquity. The ſea, at length revenging itſelf on Roman voluptuouſneſs, overflowed a part of the ſhore and very much injured the antient haven: but a new one has been built by the preſent King. The fortreſs, which ſtands on a height beſide the ſea, was the work of Don Pedro de Toledo: a Spaniſh governor of the ſixteenth century.

From Baiæ, we croſſed the bay to *Bauli*; a ſmall place, which lies about the middle of the cape, the end of which is the promontory of Miſenum. Here Hercules muſt have landed, when he brought the herds of the monſter Geryon from Spain to Greece. Many of the principal Romans, Hortenſius, Calpurnius Piſo, Pompey, Cæſar, and Lucullus, here had country houſes. Here too Agrippina, by the command of Nero, her ſon, was murdered during

during the night; after he had more than once vainly adminiſtered poiſon to her, and had ſent her on board a veſſel, which was ſo conſtructed that it would be overſet by the leaſt want of equilibrium. The circumſtances which preceded this mother's murder, and thoſe by which it was followed, are ſo inhumanly black, that the very deed itſelf, from the perpetration of which nature ſhrinks with horror, by theſe were rendered additionally deteſtable *.

Near Bauli are what were called the Elyſian fields. Lovely as they are, thoſe who are accuſtomed to the beauties of the environs of Naples will ſcarcely think this Elyſium itſelf extraordinary. Let us even ſuppoſe the delightful groves of the bleſſed, *amæna vireta*, to have been here, under the ſhooting vine which twines round the tall elm, yet no one, eſpecially thoſe who inhabit Italy, would think the dreaded ſeparation between life and death rewarded by this Elyſium.

How does it happen that Virgil could have been ſo miſunderſtood? How could the inventive poet have imagined that his whole

* Tacit. An. xiv. cap. 1—9, and Suet. in Vita Ner. cap. 34.

empire of Death, the regions of Acheron, of Styx, of Cocytus, of Phlegethon, and of the reſidence of the damned, were included in the Avernus; or his whole Elyſian fields in what are called the vineyards? I readily grant that he, faithful to antient fable, places the entrance of hell at the cavern of Avernus. Its deep waters, its high ſhores, and the impervious gloomy foreſts that ſurround it, impreſſed Æneas, impreſſed the readers of Virgil, a thouſand years afterward, with all the terrors of the ſubterranean empire: but the whole was ſubterranean. So were the mournful fields of the lovers, their ſecret ſolitude and myrtle ſhades; where Æneas ſaw the wandering Dido, or imagined he ſaw;

> Doubtful as he who runs thro' duſky night,
> Or thinks he ſees the moon's uncertain light.
>
> DRYDEN, Æn. vi. 614.

The ſeparate walk of the warriors was ſubterranean; as were the treble walls that impriſoned the condemned ſouls—

> ——— which Phlegethon ſurrounds
> Whoſe fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
> And, preſs'd between the rocks, the bellowing noiſe reſounds.
>
> DRYDEN, Æn. vi. 741.

All

All were ſubterranean; and ſubterranean likewiſe were the delightful green lawns, and happy groves, which were the reſidence of the bleſſed—

> The bliſsful ſeats of happy ſouls below:
> Stars of their own, and their own ſuns they know.
>
> DRYDEN, Æn. vi. 871.

Could the poet have better guarded himſelf againſt miſinterpretation? Thoſe, who impute to him an abſurdity ſo groſs, do not probably themſelves perceive how incapable he was of ſending his countrymen to ſee the ſhades of the bleſſed in places that were familiar to them, and which he deſcribes as ſurrounded by the ghoſts of the condemned: yet, ſo ſtrong is the current of prejudice, that many even of the learned readers of Virgil have imagined they could diſcover the whole of the kingdom of Pluto within the circumference of the little lake; and the Elyſian fields in the vineyards of the ſtagnant ſalt water, which has but little outlet into the ſea below, and which is itſelf called the dead ſea.

Be it granted that Virgil was right in following antient tradition, and profiting by the natural gloom of the places, and the diſmal ideas of the religion of the people concerning

theſe places, the *religio loci*, as he elſewhere terms it: let it be proved, and nothing more can be proved, that the entrance to his hell was at Avernus: it yet appears to me, however great the authorities may be to the contrary, that the opinions of thoſe are unfounded who ſuppoſe the hell of Homer to have the ſame ſituation. There is ſcarcely any hypotheſis which acuteneſs may not render probable: as this ſeems to have been rendered. Cluverius himſelf, a very intelligent reader and commentator of the antients, encourages this dream.

"Homer," ſays he, "makes Ulyſſes ſail "from the country of Circe, to that of *Cim-* "*meria* in one day; and likewiſe with a "north wind. Put theſe circumſtances toge- "ther, and he could only ſail to theſe parts. "The grove of Proſerpine and the gloomy "palace of Pluto, as mentioned by Homer, "were at the lake of Avernus; and the nar- "row ſhore was what was called the dam of "Hercules: that leads from the Tyrrhene "ſea to the Lucrine lake."

In his treatiſe on the wanderings of Ulyſſes, he ſays, "By the ocean, Homer here under- "ſtands the Lucrine lake and that of Aver- "nus."

Various

Various circumſtances are thus brought together; and, in a certain ſenſe, it would give me great pleaſure now to be perſonally preſent on the places where theſe ſcenes have paſſed. How intereſting would it be, for a paſſionate admirer and lover of Homer, to viſit thoſe countries that have been honoured by his boldeſt flights! But the moſt intereſting of all things is truth.

By the *ocean* of Homer, we now generally underſtand the ocean properly ſo called. Our learned Voſs * has taught us that Homer, and other poets, who lived long after Homer, by the word *Oceanus*, underſtood the great ſtream: which, according to their opinion, flowed round the earth. Now, in whichever ſenſe we underſtand it, we ſhall find how impoſſible it was that the poet, in the above paſſage, could deſcribe the Lucrine lake and the lake of Avernus by the term *Oceanus*.

He was unacquainted with the Avernus, for he did not go up the country; and before Agrippa had levelled the high ſhore of this lake, on the ſide next the ſea, and had united

* A German poet, who has tranſlated Homer and Virgil. T.

it with the Lucrine lake, it was not viſible from the ſea.

And even if Homer had aſcended this high ſhore, he would have been convinced of the ſmall circumference of the lake, and certainly would not have called it the ocean.

That in later ages, though long before the time of Virgil, the reſidence of the dead was ſought for in this country, I very well know. It was later ages that dedicated to Proſerpine her grove, and to Pluto his gloomy palace. Livy tells us * that Hannibal led a part of his army to Avernus, under the pretext of ſacrificing there; but in reality to make an attempt upon *Puteoli*, and the Roman garriſon that it contained.

I believe it is a very antient opinion that Homer led his Ulyſſes to this place. The idea was flattering to the Greeks, who inhabited theſe coaſts; and very ſlight grounds would make it credited, by the people of Cumæ, Puteoli, Baiæ, and Parthenope: the preſent Naples. They were likewiſe intereſted in a political view: it made them reſpected. Beſide, offerings no doubt were

* Liv. xxiv. cap. 12.

brought

brought to their temples; and the nature of the country favoured the prejudice. The inundating, noxious, vapour-exhaling, water of the ſea and the rivers, the at that time fiery Epomeus of the iſland of Iſchia, the caverns exhaling ſulphur, the volcanic traces of the country, where the inhabitants ſtumbled as it were over the ruins of nature, the frequent earthquakes, and add to theſe the vicinity of all the delights of nature contraſted with all her horrors, theſe circumſtances, taken collectively, gave riſe to, and food for, the imaginary fables and terrors of the Empire of Death: an empire in which, according to the relation of Homer, the abodes of the bleſſed border on the confines of the damned.

As an attentive reading of the Æneid has long vindicated Virgil from the abſurdity of having placed his entire hell in regions well known upon earth; ſo likewiſe, had the travels of Ulyſſes been attended to in the ſame ſpirit, they would not have led the reader to diſcover the ſhades of death in this place. Without having recourſe to the ſtrange confuſion of the lake of Avernus with the ocean, this hypotheſis is ſelf-deſtructive.

What

What reaſon could Ulyſſes have to return from the ſhades of hell to Circe? Had he paſſed the Avernus, his navigating back to the goddeſs was unneceſſary. His route led him ſouthward, to the iſland of the Sirens: Why did he ſail back to the north, when he muſt a ſecond time have neceſſarily ſailed paſt the Avernus? Why did Circe tell him, when he entreated her to ſend him back to Ithaca, that he muſt previouſly go another way, ἄλλην ὁδὸν, to the abode of Pluto, *Aidaes*; and to the terrible Proſerpine, *Perſephoneia*; to queſtion the ſoul of the prophet *Tireſias* *? Ulyſſes informed his companions of this other voyage. The intelligence grieved them to the heart; ſo that they wept, and tore their hair. And why? The danger of the deſcent into hell was the taſk only of Ulyſſes: but this unknown voyage, over ſeas which none of them had yet navigated, was equally terrible to them all.

Neither did theſe clamours in the leaſt agree with a voyage to the ſhores of Avernus, which lay in their way: and the ſecond viſit to Circe was ſtill more abſurd. Should it be anſwered that Ulyſſes returned to inter *Elpenor*,

* Od. x. 490.

who

who had broken his neck in the palace of the goddeſs, and whom, oppreſſed by other cares, he had left unburied, his meeting with the ſoul of Elpenor in the lower regions will ſhew the error of this opinion. He entreated Ulyſſes to remember him, and to ſee him buried: "for I know," ſaid he, "that thou "wilt land on the *Ææan* iſland *."

Ulyſſes promiſes a ready compliance, as a thing eaſily to be performed. Had he been excited by other cares, which had induced him to leave him unburied the firſt time, a ceremony that at the utmoſt would have required only the delay of a few days in order to afford him this token of his affection, what could now induce him to perform ſuch a voyage for his ſake? Elpenor well knew that Ulyſſes would not unneceſſarily wander over an unknown ſea: but would more willingly return by a route that he had already navigated, and afterward continue a coaſting voyage.

Where then was the hell of Homer ſituated? In anſwer to this I muſt refer you to the map of Voſs, which contains the countries deſcribed by Homer; and to his own inquiries

* Od. xi. 69.

concerning

concerning antient geography. The empire of Death may be concealed in that terrific and diſmal gloom in which the poet found it, among the records of tradition : or he might have purpoſely enveloped it in the darkneſs of amazement, and of horror. As ſagacious in the conduct of his poem as he was rich in imagination, he might welcome this holy horror as the proper element for the creation of his boldeſt imagery. The characteriſtic marks of melancholy and gloom predominate through the whole of the eleventh book of the Odyſſey.

Whether the people of Cimmerium and their city, as deſcribed by the poet——

> There in a lonely land and gloomy cells
> The duſky nation of Cimmeria dwells.
> The ſun ne'er views th' uncomfortable ſeats,
> When radiant he advances, or retreats.
> Unhappy race! whom endleſs night invades,
> Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in ſhades.
>
> Pope, Od. b. xi. 15.

whether the dark kingdom of this benighted people was the creation of Homer, or, which to me is much more probable, the picture of more early fable, I cannot determine: but it does not appear to me that this paſſage is applicable to the Cimmerii of Italy ; who lived under

under ground. The latter, whether they actually buried themſelves in ſubterranean caverns or not, were probably ſo called from the Cimmerii deſcribed by Homer.

I ſhall again have occaſion to ſpeak of the Cimmerii of Italy; and of the light under which they have been conſidered by the laſt commentators on the antients; particularly the Italians.

Whoever has a juſt notion of the ſtate of geography among the Greeks in much later times than thoſe of Homer, whoever is familiarized with *oceanus*, in the *Prometheus* of *Æſchylus*, with the *Arimaſpi*, and with the daughter of *Phorcus*—he, I ſay, who is but ſlightly acquainted with the antient Ionic bards, the contemporaries of Homer, will know that they might imagine thoſe places, though they were but a day's ſail beyond the promontory of Circe, that is, a day's ſail to which the goddeſs lent favourable winds, to be the limits of the earth. Later times have thrown back Cimmerian darkneſs farther to the north. Hence the inhabitants of Jutland, and the Daniſh iſlands, have at length been called the *Cimbri*.

The fables of the antients have frequently

wandered from place to place; and the motley multitudes of ſyſtem makers have been eager to wander in their company.

Great ſhade of the greateſt of poets, out of whoſe ever youthful imagination the Iliad and the Odyſſey ſprang, blooming, wouldſt thou not, from thy real not fabulous Elyſium, look down, and laugh, didſt thou, three thouſand years after the exiſtence of thy Cimmerii, who were thy own offspring, behold a tribe of learned inſects, induſtrious bookworms, point out thy empire of hell on the map of Homan? An empire which thou, with all the caution of wiſdom, haſt placed beyond the ken of cold curioſity, in the necromantic darkneſs of legend; whoſe nonexiſting phantoms, embodied by thee, are pointed to as realities, and as the traces of geographical truth!

During the whole peregrinations of Ulyſſes from people to people, we can follow him without difficulty. How greatly is the poetical truth of the Odyſſey realized by this circumſtance! The wonderful phenomena of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, which deterred the companions of the hero from near enquiry, contribute to the poetical fiction of their being living

living monſters. The Læſtrigons, a wild people inhabiting the northern ſhores of Sicily, were probably by the contemporaries of the poet ſuppoſed to be giants: and was it a poet's buſineſs to repreſent them as common men?

How ſublime was the, ſhall I call it poetical fiction, or, tradition of the iſland, which was governed by the prince and lord of the winds, Æolus! Homer took good care, that we might have no trace of any ſuch iſland, to leave it floating in the ſea. Both modern and antient commentators ſuppoſe the largeſt of the Lipari iſlands, near Sicily, to be the place. What I have ſaid of the Læſtrigons is equally applicable to the *Cyclops*. Homer might well, three thouſand years ago, with apparent probability people an iſland with giants in which only two hundred years ago Fazello, a valuable Sicilian author, was perſuaded of the truth of the ſkeletons of giants having been found near Trapani, in the year 1342; and that one of them was the giant Eryx, ſlain by Hercules*.

The cautious poet likewiſe left the ſituation of the iſland of *Ogygia*, the reſidence of the

* Fazello, Hiſtoria di Sicilia, l. i. c. 5.

goddeſs Calypſo, ſo undetermined that ſome have ſuppoſed it to be *Maltá*, others *Gozo* near Malta, others again a little iſland below the bay of *Taranto*, and others an iſland near *Albania*, the antient *Epirus*.

Yet who ſo determinate and circumſtantial as Homer, when he can by that means promote poetical effect? Who ſo lively, in deſcribing and producing the ſcenery, when he can thus give greater animation and reality to his characters? Who knows like him to favour poetical illuſion by light clouds, or by dark, that now conceal, now magnify and render objects dreadful, and now glimmer round them; while they communicate thoſe tender trembling lights, which enchant the curioſity that they excite?

Children cry for the rainbow; and the childiſh in underſtanding are diſſatisfied with the poet, whoſe narrative is not as circumſtantially barren as a Gazette, or as talkative as the tales of old women.

Near what are called the Elyſian Fields, there are great remains of antient tombs.

The *Piſcina Mirabilis*, as it is called, a ſubter-

ſubterranean vault which repoſes on five rows of high arcades, is ſuppoſed to have been a water ciſtern of the antients. What the purpoſe of the ſteps was, which lead from the outward arcades to the inner, I am unable to divine: but I am not of the opinion of thoſe who imagine that this *Piſcina* was a bath; for I certainly have ſeen no bath to which this bears the leaſt reſemblance. Beſide, you evidently perceive that the depth of the water was far greater than the height of a man.

Not far from this there are ſubterranean walled avenues, which are called *Le cento camerelle:* the hundred little cells: and *gli carceri di Nerone:* the priſons of Nero: names that have been given them by a people among whom the cruelty of the tyrant is ſtill remembered. What the uſe of theſe was is uncertain. The moſt probable opinion ſeems to be that of thoſe who ſuppoſe them the lower part, or foundation, of ſome antient building; the upper parts of which are deſtroyed by time.

We again proceeded, by ſea, from *Bauli* to *Pozzuoli.* Before we entered our carriage, we ſaw an antient ſquare pedeſtal; on which for-

merly a ſtatue of the Emperor Tiberius ſtood. It was erected to him by the towns of Aſia, that had been deſtroyed by an earthquake, during his reign, and were again rebuilt. It appears that flattery aſcribed a merit to the Emperor which, according to Tacitus, was much rather due to the Senate. There are fourteen towns, in baſſo relievo, on this pedeſtal; which, after the antient manner, are perſonified by women, in drapery. The names of the towns are inſcribed under the allegorical figures; ſome of which are defaced. I read the following: *Philadelphia*, *Tmolus*, *Cyma*, *Cibyra*, *Myrina*, *Epheſus*, *Apollonidea*, —— *Cæſarea: (Hierocæſarea)*.

According to Tacitus, the number of the towns was only twelve: but probably two others were added to them, from adulatory motives, which might have received ſome little ſhock; and that there were only twelve which had greatly ſuffered. *Epheſus* is not mentioned by Tacitus. This writer tells us that earthquakes, horrible in themſelves, were on this occaſion more horrible, by the midnight darkneſs that then happened: for it rendered all flight from the gaping earth impoſſible. He relates that mountains were

ſwallowed

ſwallowed up, that the earth heaved, and that as it opened it vomited flames. Addiſon remarks that various learned men were of opinion that this was the earthquake which happened at the death of Chriſt.

Caligula, whoſe idiot ideas of greatneſs continually led him into ſome unheard of folly, cauſed a bridge of boats to be built from *Puteoli* to *Baiæ*, on the oppoſite ſhore, and paved it like the Appian way. He employed two whole days in traverſing this ſhort diſtance, which only conſiſted of a few thouſand paces, backward and forward. The firſt day he was mounted on a capariſoned horſe, crowned with an open garland, armed with a hatchet, ſword, and ſmall ſhield, and dreſſe in a gilded robe of war. On the ſecond, he ſeated himſelf in a chariot, drawn by two horſes, which was followed by his Prætorian guard. Suetonius tells us that he was attended by his friends: but neither fools nor tyrants are capable of acquiring friends. Caligula was both; and his friends were courtiers. Some imagine that he imitated Xerxes: others that, it being his intention to make war on the Germans and Britons, he wiſhed to appal them by the fame of his mighty exploit. Suetonius, how-

ever, remembers to have heard his grandfather relate that this Emperor wiſhed to accompliſh the prophecy of the mathematician, *Thraſyllus;* who, to appeaſe the ſuſpicious Tiberius, told him that Caligula could as eaſily be Emperor as horſes could walk over the bay of Baiæ *.

* Suet. Cal. c. 19.

END OF VOL. II.